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THE WORKS OF THE AUTHOR OF THE NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

VOLUME THE FIFTH

A NEW EDITION.

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THE

THE

LIFE

OF THE

REV. DR. EWARD YOUNG.

DR. YOUNG was the ſon of a divine of the church of England, ſuperiorly eminent as a chriſtian and a ſcholar. Of this worthy man there remains two volumes of Sermons upon various occaſions, which are reckoned ſome of the beſt in our language. Such learning, and ſo good an example, were not ſlow in exciting the emulation of our author; who was taught by his father the arts of morals and humanity. When qualified for the univerſity, he was matriculated into All-Souls College, in

Oxford, and deſigning to follow the civil law, took a degree in that profeſſion. It was while in this ſituation that he wrote his poem on the Laſt Day, which, coming from a layman, gave univerſal ſatisfaction; and this was ſoon after followed by his poem, entitled, *The Force of Religion*; *or*, *Vanquiſhed Love*, which was well received by the public, and particularly pleaſing to the noble family for whoſe amuſement it was chiefly calculated; and ſuch was the ſucceſs of theſe two poems, in an age when the nobleſt productions were common, and even the meaneſt rewarded, that he was taken particular notice of by ſeveral of the nobility; and the turn of his mind leading him to the church, he went into orders, and was made one of the king's chaplains. He afterwards obtained the living of Welwyn, in Hertfordſhire, worth about five hundred pounds per annum; and though ever in the full blaze of favour, he never had the fortune to riſe to greater preferment. Indeed, it muſt be allowed, that during the

laſt

the laſt reign the arts of poetry, or of real eloquence, were but little promoted or encouraged from the throne.

For ſome years before the death of the late prince of Wales, Dr. Young, who was in favour with that prince, attended the court pretty conſtantly: but, upon his deceaſe, all hopes of church advancement vaniſhed, and towards the latter end of his life the deſire of fortune ſeemed to forſake him. For in his *Night Thoughts*, mentioning himſelf, he obſerves, that there was

> one in Britain born, with courtiers bred,
> Who thought even wealth might come a day too late.

Notwithſtanding, upon the death of the late Dr. Hales, he was taken into the ſervice of the Princeſs Dowager of Wales, and ſucceeded as her privy chaplain.

When pretty far advanced in life, he married the lady Elizabeth Lee, daughter of the late earl of Litchfield. This lady was a widow, and had two children, a ſon and a daughter, who were

both extremely meritorious, but both died young, and within a ſhort time of each other. What he felt for their loſs, as well as for that of his wife, we may eaſily perceive, by his fine poem of the *Night Thoughts*, in which they are characterized, the young lady under the name of Narciſſa, her brother by that of Philander; and his wife, though nameleſs, is frequently mentioned. He thus deplores his loſs, in an apoſtrophe to Death:

> Inſatiate archer, could not once ſuffice!
> Thy ſhaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was ſlain,
> And thrice, ere thrice yon moon renew'd her horn.

Though in orders, he ſtill continued to cultivate the muſes, and at different times he publiſhed his tragedies and poems, each of which were reckoned excellent in their way. His ſatires, entitled, *The Love of Fame, or, The Univerſal Paſſion*, are by many conſidered as his principal performance, and were written

ten early in life. If terſeneſs of ſtyle, brilliancy of wit, or ſimplicity of ſubject, can enſure applauſe, Dr. Young may demand it upon this occaſion.

Our author ought alſo to be conſidered as a tragic poet. *The Revenge* is undoubtedly his beſt performance. This play, as a modern critic informs us, met, and juſtly, with great ſucceſs. The plan of it ſeems to have been borrowed partly from Shakeſpeare's *Othello*, and partly from Mrs. Behn's *Abdalazar*; and it will not ſurely be ſaying too much, when we affirm that Dr. Young has, in ſome reſpects, conſiderably improved his originals. In a word, we may aſſign this piece, with great juſtice, a place in the firſt rank of our dramatic writings; and were we to point out to foreigners a tragedy as a proof of Engliſh genius, after two or three others, perhaps this might be conſidered as a proper ſpecimen.

We mention the tragedy of *Buſiris* after that of *The Revenge*, though it was acted

acted before, viz. in the year 1719; but its merit being much inferior to that of the former, juſtifies the placing it here. In this piece, as in all Dr. Young's writings, there are many admirable lines, though frequently tinctured with the falſe ſublime.

His laſt tragedy is entitled *The Brothers*, and written upon the plan of a French piece of great merit: Dr. Young, however, deſerves more commendation for the occaſion on which this tragedy was acted, than even for its merit as a poetical performance; ſince the whole profits which were gained by its repreſentation, were given by the author to charitable purpoſes. It will be ſufficient therefore to ſay, that though it did not increaſe his reputation for genius, it added to the character of his humanity.

Let him now be conſidered as a moral and plaintive poet, who wrote the *Night Thoughts*, a ſpecies of poetry peculiarly his own, and in which he has been

been unrivalled by all thoſe who attempted to write in his manner. The applauſe which he has received for theſe are unbounded; "the unhappy bard, "whoſe grief in melting numbers flow, "and melancholy joys diffuſe around," has been ſung by the profane as well as the pious. Theſe, as we have already obſerved, were written under the recent preſſure of his ſorrow for the loſs of his wife, daughter, and ſon-in-law; they are addreſſed to Lorenzo, a man of pleaſure, and the world; and who, as it is inſinuated by ſome, is his own ſon, then labouring under his father's juſt diſpleaſure. In theſe admirable poems there are flights of fancy almoſt ſuperhumane; ſuch is his deſcription of Death, from his ſecret ſtand, noting down the follies of a Bacchanalian ſociety, the epitaph on the departed world, and the iſſuing of Satan from his dungeon on the day of judgment.

Our author's proſe works, which chiefly form this volume, muſt convince

vince the moſt rigid critic, that his ſtyle and ſentiment were maſterly in proſe as well as verſe. His *Eſtimate of Human Life* was dedicated to queen Caroline, and very well received by the public; which, in 1754, gave riſe to a ſecond part, written by Dr. Hill, entitled, *The New Eſtimate*. His *Conjectures on Original Compoſition*, are full of judicious remarks on ancient and modern writers, were wrote at the age of eighty, and are a proof of his great talents, which ſhone with great luſtre even at that advanced period of life. This work was, indeed, a brightening before death, and that taper which blazed as it declined, appeared at laſt to the public as burning in the ſocket, in a work called *The Reſignation*, the laſt, and perhaps the worſt, of all Dr. Young's performances; of which he ſeemed to be conſcious: and, it is well known, the ſubject was impoſed upon him.

But this failure in old age could no way diminiſh the fame that he had earned

ed by a life of more than ſixty years of excellence. As a poet, he was ſtill conſidered as the only palladium we had left of ancient genius; and as a chriſtian, one of the fineſt examples of primeval piety. The turn of his mind was naturally ſolemn; and he uſually, when at home in the country, ſpent many hours of the day walking in his own church-yard among the tombs; his converſation, his writings, had all a reference to the life after this *, and this turn of diſpoſition mixed itſelf even with his improvements in gardening. He had, for inſtance, an alcove with a

* The Altar-piece in the church of Wellwyn is the moſt curious in this or any other kingdom, being adorned with an elegant piece of needlework, wrought by his wife. In the middle is inſcribed, in capital letters, the following ſentence; "I AM THE BREAD OF LIFE." On the north ſide of the Chancel is the following inſcription, ſuppoſed to be placed there by the order of Dr. Young, "VIRGINIBUS; Increaſe in ſtature and in Wiſdom:" and on the ſouth ſide, "PUERISQUE, and in favour with God and Man."

bench,

bench, near his houſe ſo painted, that at a diſtance it looked a real one, which the ſpectator was then approaching; upon coming up near it, however, the deception was perceived, and this motto appeared: *Inviſibilia non decipiunt*, "The things unſeen do not deceive us." Yet, notwithſtanding this gloomineſs of temper, he was fond of innocent ſports and amuſements; he inſtituted an aſſembly and a bowling green in the pariſh of which he was rector, and often promoted the gaiety of the company in perſon.

His wit was generally poignant, and ever levelled at thoſe who teſtified any contempt for decency and religion. His epigram, ſpoken extempore upon Voltaire, is well known, who happening in his company to ridicule Milton, and the allegorical perſonages of Death and Sin, Young thus addreſſed him:

Thou art ſo witty, profligate, and thin,
Thou ſeem'ſt a Milton with his Death and Sin.

One

One Sunday preaching in office at St. James's, he found that though he ſtrove to make his audience attentive, he could not prevail. Upon which his pity for their folly got the better of all decorum, and he ſate back in the pulpit, and burſt into a flood of tears.

Towards the latter part of life, he knew his own infirmities, and ſuffered himſelf to be in pupilage; for he conſidered that at a certain time of life the ſecond childhood of age demanded its wonted protection. His ſon, whoſe follies were long obnoxious to paternal ſeverity, was at laſt forgiven in his will; and this good and great man died, April 5, 1765, univerſally regretted, having performed all that man could do to fill his poſt with dignity.

Previous to his death, Dr. Young ordered all his manuſcripts to be commited to the flames. Thoſe who know how much he comprized in a ſmall compaſs, thoſe who recollect that he never wrote on trivial ſubjects, muſt lament both his modeſty

modeſty and the irreparable loſs to poſterity; when they conſider that he was the intimate acquaintance of Addiſon, that he himſelf was one of the writers of the *Spectator*, and, excepting Dr. Pearce, the preſent biſhop of Rocheſter, the laſt ſurviving genius of that incomparable aſſemblage of authors.

A TRUE

A

TRUE ESTIMATE

OF

HUMAN LIFE.

IN WHICH

The PASSIONS are conſidered in a NEW LIGHT.

TO THE

QUEEN.

MADAM,

IF the following diſcourſe is as happy in its execution, as it is important in its deſign, it will not be (give me leave to ſay) altogether unworthy of a royal patronage.

The deſign is of great conſequence, and, I think new: it is to remove a prevailing and inveterate miſtake, which firſt ſprang, and now thrives in a ſoil too indulgent to it, and a ſoil too difficultly ſubdued, the pride, and ill-nature, and melancholy, and vice of mankind. I mean, madam, that falſe opinion, that reflection on providence, "That this world is "in its own nature, that is, by God's appoint-"ment, a world of ſorrow, a ſcene of miſery, "a vale of tears; and that to be in it, is to be "wretched unavoidably." Whereas this treatiſe ſhall endeavour to make it manifeſt, that Providence is not only gracious in the

compoſition, ſtudious of the accommodation, preventive of the accidents, corrective of the miſtakes, and liberal to the wants, but laviſh alſo to the luxuries of man; and that God does not only permit, but enable us, and not only enable, but enjoin us, to be happy; happy, to a much greater degree than we are, that is, than we chuſe to be.

Nor is that error I combat, an error of the vulgar, unlearned, or ſinful only; but the learned, wiſe, and good, have fatally contributed their ſacred authority towards the propagation and eſtabliſhment of it: either through inadvertency, or the reſentment of preſent pain, or an indiſcreet, though well intended zeal, in the recommendation of a better world.

Moſt of them have, as it were caſually, let fall from their pens, which purſued ſome other principal point, too ſevere and unguarded intimations to the diſcredit of our preſent ſtate: many have made an invective on this life, a general drift that mingled itſelf in all their diſcourſes and converſations: and ſome have made it their particular theme, and avowedly, determinately, and ſtrictly drove at this very point; without adjoining the true cauſes, the proper cures, the right uſes, and ſalutary effects

of

of our misfortunes and pains; and thus have left grounds of future argument againſt the goodneſs, and thrown a preſent cloud over the glory of the Great Diſpoſer of events, the king of time, and of eternity.

Let, madam, one of his moſt ſhining repreſentatives on earth patronize and vindicate a vindication of his providence; let one of the principal ornaments of human life indulge a true eſtimate of it; let her graciouſly defend a refutation of an error which flows from a decay of that faith, of which our dread ſovereign is the great defender; and which leads to a corruption of that morality, of which her own correct conduct is the diſtinguiſhed glory. Let that queen, who is nearly concerned in the ſad occaſion that turned my thought on this ſubject, take it into her protection; her protection will recommend it to the world, and her example will ſupply the defects of this compoſition on it.

And, madam, as your example will aſſiſt me, ſo that good Providence, whoſe ways I preſume to aſſert, grant, that your fortune may too! That your moſt ſacred majeſty, from this joyful and unclouded morning of your reign, may ſhine forth a long and illuſ-

trious day, as an unanſwerable inſtance of temporal happineſs, and an unqueſtionable heir of eternal, is the conſtant and fervent prayer of,

MADAM,

Your Majeſty's moſt obedient,

And moſt dutiful ſubject.

E. YOUNG.

THE

PREFACE.

I KNOW not well why, but the paſſions are a favourite ſubject with mankind: the reaſon may poſſibly be, becauſe men are much concerned with them, both as to themſelves, and others; and where we have a ſelf-concern, we have an attention. Or, becauſe they are ſuch powerful and univerſal ſprings, that almoſt all the pleaſures, pains, deſigns, and actions of life are owing to them; and therefore it is our intereſt to know them well: or, becauſe every man carrying them in his own breaſt, he thinks he knows them well already, and is therefore an able judge of ſuch compoſitions; and thus his pride has a fondneſs for them: or, becauſe the paſſions, like the boy at the fountain, fall in love with their own repreſentation: or, becauſe many are all paſ-

ſion, and if men conſider a treatiſe on the paſſions as a hiſtory of themſelves, it is no wonder they read it with pleaſure. Or, becauſe what a moſt celebrated ancient writ on this ſubject is loſt, to the great regret of the learned and polite world, which is ſtudious of ſome reparation of that loſs; and the more ſo, becauſe what other antients have left on that head, is imperfect and ſhort.

Being ſenſible how difficult it is to gain attention for works of divinity, I have inſiſted more on the paſſions, than any other head of the following diſcourſe; in hopes of a more welcome reception prepared for it, by that general taſte or diſpoſition of heart, which I have mentioned. I have marked the diſtinctions and peculiarities of the paſſions, with ſome care.

A French author has treated of them with ſuch accuracy and applauſe, that it conciliated to him the particular favour of a celebrated queen, who wept for the death of the author of that piece, though ſhe had never ſeen the man.

But he had a wrong byaſs on him through the whole to the prejudice of it; nor could I reap any advantage from him beſide that of having ſuch an example of induſtry and diſcernment; of which,

what

what uſe I have made, I do not hope, but fear the reader will too eaſily perceive. That author indeed diſplays the paſſions at large, and purſues them into all their ſeveral branches, whereas I could find room for the primary, or radical paſſions only, at preſent; but they may one day ſhoot, under her majeſty's benign influence (who like the queen above-mentioned, is the greateſt encourager of arts), and give that one tree of human knowledge its entire growth.

But as imperfect as the diſcourſe now is (of which I am very ſenſible), I perſuade myſelf the reader will find an uncommon variety in it: and that the obſervations, which are by no means drawn from books but the life, are ſo far juſt, that any one who is at the pains of looking on them, may poſſibly find truths which his own experience can atteſt, and thus be a witneſs, as well as a judge, of what is here written. He may find ſome traces, ſome features of his own condition, as the Trojan met his own picture on a foreign ſhore. I wiſh (a rare wiſh in a writer) that I could be refuted in what is here advanced, for ſome of the truths are very melancholy. I hope the great length will be excuſed, ſince the nature of the ſubject might eaſily have betrayed me into a much greater tranſgreſſion againſt the common limits of this kind of writing.

PREFACE.

If this piece in any tolerable degree anſwer its title, a peruſal will not be thrown away upon it. For I look on it as one of the deſiderata in literature, and that of the neareſt, and moſt general concern to man.

COLLOSS. iii. 2.

Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth.

WE by no means queſtion, but that the birth, and life, and death, and reſurrection of our Lord, were acts of infinite merit; merit ſufficient to ſatisfy God's juſtice, and bring ſinners to the terms of reconcilement and ſalvation: but we muſt not imagine that they wrought any change or confuſion in the nature of things. God is as pure as ever, and inquity is as much his averſion: though he can be reconciled to ſinners, he cannot be reconciled to ſin; and though the ſinner may be ſaved, he cannot be ſaved unleſs he, firſt, be changed; for Heaven has no more admittance for corruption, than it had before. And, therefore, the unchangeable holineſs of God requires, that, notwithſtanding all our Lord has done to ſave us, we ſhould ſtill work out our own ſalvation, by a conformity to his example, as well as a dependence on his merit: nor, moſt impiouſly, make his merit an encouragement of ſin.

For this reaſon, the Chriſtian is called on to be born, to live, to die, and to riſe again, in a moral ſenſe; for in the natural, all theſe acts are acts of neceſſity. Theſe expreſſions import ſo many ſeveral ſtages in the Chriſtian courſe.

By nature we are born of fleſh and blood, which gives us a conſtitution fond of what is preſent, and careleſs of what is future: and therefore, to ſecure the future, we are told, that the ſpirit of God is a new principle of life, which, when received into the ſoul, will impreſs on it new thoughts, new aims, and new deſires; and to receive this principle, and theſe impreſſions, is the Chriſtian birth.

By nature we live a life of ſenſe and ſelf-will, which is deſtructive of our eternal intereſt; and therefore we are enjoined to take the will of Chriſt for our rule, and his practice for our example; and this is the Chriſtian life.

By nature we die through a ſeparation of ſoul and body; but this ſeparation makes it well with none, with whom it was not well before; and therefore we are enjoined to die to ſin; and this is the Chriſtian death.

By nature (or by God's appointment in nature) we are to riſe again, whether we will or no; but nothing that is of pure force can produce an effect to any one's ſpiritual advantage; and therefore are we to riſe by choice; that is, by ſetting our affections on things above; and this is the Chriſtian reſurrection:

tion: the perfection of the Chriſtian ſtate, and that which the text particularly calls for.

I ſhall begin with explaining the words. The firſt word in the original text contains the whole act of our duty: we tranſlate it, "ſet your affections;" but more is implied in it. We cannot love any thing without judging of its worth; nor can we judge of the worth of any thing, without taking it into our thoughts; and the word ſignifies each of theſe acts, to * think, to † judge, to ‡ love. Thus the whole ſignification of the word not only teaches us the whole act of our duty, but likewiſe the method neceſſary for the practice of it; think, judge, and then love.

The next words are "things above:" ſhewing the object of our duty. Now things above, in the ſtyle of ſcripture, ſignify the things of grace, and the things of glory. The things of grace are holineſs, juſtice, temperance, charity, and all other Chriſtian virtues. Prov. xv. 24. "The way of life is above to the wiſe, that he may depart from hell beneath;" that is, every wiſe man will be religious; for this is the way above, that upper, exalted way, that leads to life: but ſin is the low and ignominious way; ſo low, that there is nothing beneath it but hell, to which it leads.

Secondly, by things above, are meant the things of glory; as the beatific viſion of God, the preſence of Chriſt, the converſation of angels, the fellowſhip of ſaints; bodies glorified, ſouls ennobled, faculties en-

* Rom. xii. † Rom. xiv. 6. ‡ In the text.

larged,

larged, and entertained with tranſporting objects, and repleniſhed with unmixed joys! All theſe things are meant by things above; and one would imagine, that an injunction could not be ungrateful, to ſet our affections on things like theſe.

And yet it is ungrateful to moſt of us; and that for this reaſon, becauſe there are things on the earth too, things contrary in their nature, and inconſiſtent in their choice, with the things now mentioned: pleaſant things, and ſuch whoſe pleaſures are preſent, and palpable, and always at hand: pleaſures of appetite and ſenſe, thoſe winning maſters, under whoſe dominion we ſpend the firſt of our years for want of reaſon, and (too often) the reſt, in ſpite of it: pleaſures, that through their number, and opportunity, and prepoſſeſſion, and cuſtom, get ſuch a fatal aſcendant, that unleſs we are always on our guard againſt them, our love of things above will either never ſpring, or (what is all one) never come to maturity. And this is the reaſon of that caution ſuperadded in the laſt words of the text, "not on things on the earth."

Having thus explained the words, I proceed to ſhew the particular method of practiſing the duty contained in them; which conſiſts (as I have already intimated) in theſe three acts; firſt, thinking of; ſecondly, judging; thirdly, loving the things above.

To think of them is the beginning of our duty. Nothing can act on the ſoul but by the mediation of thought; that which we think not of moves us no more than that which is not: and therefore it is not

ſo

ſo much the beauty, or excellency, or gratefulneſs, or fitneſs of an object, as thought that makes us love. The object brings in the matter, but thought gives the form to the paſſion; and if we think not of a thing, it is impoſſible we ſhould love it, be it never ſo lovely.

If therefore we would work ourſelves to a proper zeal for things above, it is neceſſary that we ſhould allow ourſelves ſtated ſeaſons of thinking on them; we muſt call them into our mind, and make them the matter of our ſerious contemplation, and then the moſt deſirable things will certainly move in us a ſuitable deſire.

Nor is it ſtrange that thought ſhould be neceſſary to give us an affection for things ſpiritual and remote, when it is neceſſary to give us a perception of things ſenſible and at hand. The eye may be open on an object which it does not ſee; and the ear ſtruck with ſounds which it does not hear, if thought is intenſely engaged another way. But ſmall attention, indeed, is neceſſary, to give things ſenſible and preſent their full force on us, and this is the reaſon of that advantage which earthly things have on our choice above heavenly: they are immediate; their preſence is their power. But religious thought, and that only, can rob them of this fatal advantage; which is a ſtrong argument for the practice of this duty. Thought can make abſent things preſent, take away the diſtance between earth and heaven, and make an eternal good, though future, a better entertainment, and fuller

ſatisfaction

ſatisfaction to the mind, than all the pleaſures of ſin, though at hand.

I confeſs, indeed, ſince heaven forces itſelf on our thoughts, from a thouſand occaſions, whether we will or no, that many think of heaven, and yet do not deſire it as much as they ought; but this I affirm, that every man deſires it in proportion to his thinking: for no man but wiſhes for heaven, while heaven is on his mind; and if every tranſient glance of thought can procure a wiſh, it is a good argument, that a fixed and frequent contemplation would produce no leſs than an effectual will. If therefore we affect not heaven enough, it is becauſe we contemplate it too little.

Indeed there is one ſtrange conſideration which offers itſelf on this ſubject: ſince our common notion of things above repreſents them as infinitely preferable to all other, how is it poſſible that they ſhould not ever engage our thoughts? how is it poſſible, that mankind, which toils out a weary life in eager purſuits of every appearance of good, ſhould forget that which we confeſs the ſupreme? For it is too manifeſt, that as the thoughts of heaven, and heavenly things, enter moſt rarely into our minds, ſo they hang the moſt looſely there, and are ſooneſt diſlodged from their ſlender hold on us. Every new object, though never ſo trifling, foreign, or abſurd, is ſufficient to divert us from the importance of them.

The holy ſcripture is frequent in aſſerting, that the devil is actually and perpetually converſant among us; his end and buſineſs being to ſeduce, deceive, and deſtroy: Nor can there be a greater human demonſtration of this truth, than this inſtance of our thoughts, with regard to the contemplation of eternal happineſs; wherein their ſlackneſs, avocations, ſtartings, wanderings, and interruptions, are ſo unaccountable, ſo contrary to their nature and manner of attention, when applied to worldly objects, that they cannot ſeem to receive their conduct from any principle, either voluntary or mechanical, that is purely within ourſelves, but from the extrinſick influence and injection of that evil ſpirit. And accordingly we find him charged, Matt. xiii. 19. with this very fact of ſnatching away good thoughts from the heart of man.

And, indeed, if men but grant that there is ſuch a power, and that he can tempt us (which, if we deny, we muſt ceaſe to be Chriſtians), the other follows of itſelf: for the region of the ſoul, in which the devil forges his wiles to deceive us, is the imagination; and his manner of working is by forming images, or exciting motions there, which become the immediate matter of our thought; and his time of working is then particularly, when he perceives our minds are religiouſly diſpoſed; for then he is moſt afraid of loſing his hold on us. And thence comes to paſs (what I fear all of us have perceived) that at the ſeaſons of devotion, a languor and inattention often comes

comes over us, which we feel neither before nor after: for then eſpecially, he attempts our imagination, and throngs it with foreign matter. As therefore my text requires the "ſetting our thoughts on things above," in order to create ſuch a reliſh, and kindle ſuch a deſire as is due to them: ſo, in order to ſetting our thoughts on them, it is neceſſary to ſuperadd this rule; that in the ſeaſons aſſigned for ſuch contemplation, we ſhould always guard our thoughts with that petition in the Lord's Prayer, "deliver us from evil," that evil-one (as it may be rendered) who is ever hovering round us, to ſnatch away good thoughts from our hearts.

But a perſuaſive to ſerious contemplation (and nothing leſs than ſerious contemplation is ſufficient) muſt ſeem ſtrange to ſo gay an age, which has diſtinguiſhed itſelf by nothing more, than by carrying diverſions to their greateſt and moſt expenſive height; diverſions, which are the reverſe of ſerious thought: An age, which particularly may be ſaid with Sempronia, * "Pſallere, & ſaltare elegantius quam neceſſe eſt probæ. Pecuniæ, an famæ minus parceret haud facile diſcerneres." I cannot therefore but repeat what cannot, I think, fail of ſome effect on all that hear it attentively.

"Ah! my friends! while we laugh, all things are "ſerious round about us: God is ſerious, who exer- "ciſeth patience towards us; Chriſt is ſerious, who "ſhed his blood for us; the Holy Ghoſt is ſerious,

* Salluſt.

"who

" who ſtriveth againſt the obſtinacy of our hearts; the " Holy Scriptures brings to our ears the moſt ſerious " things in the world; the Holy Sacraments repre- " ſent the moſt ſerious and awful matters; the whole " creation is ſerious in ſerving God, and us; all that " are in heaven or hell are ſerious; how, then can " we be gay?" To give theſe excellent words their full force, it ſhould be known that they came not from the prieſthood, but the court; and from a courtier as eminent as England ever boaſted.

I ſhall now proceed to my ſecond head, judging of the things above; which is the ſecond act of our duty. As judging of them, without thinking, which ſome do (or our converſations and preſſes would not be ſo guilty as they are), is prepoſterous; ſo thinking of them, without judging, is incompetent and ſhort. We muſt therefore judge likewiſe of the things above; that is, we muſt think of them comparatively, weigh them againſt all other things that may poſſibly ſtand in competition with them; and ſo, on a rational and mature deliberation, give them that preference which they ſo well deſerve.

Now this ſecond act of the ſoul is neceſſary for the fixing our affections, for this reaſon, becauſe the ſimple act of thinking, indifferently raiſes our love to every thing that is pleaſureable; but when judgment comes to examine, and diſcern between thoſe pleaſureable things, it will find that ſome of them muſt be foregone, and rejected of neceſſity, becauſe they are inconſiſtent with, and deſtructive of each other. And this,

this, in a particular manner, is the caſe between things above, and things upon the earth; both of them offer pleaſures, and ſuch pleaſures as muſt neceſſarily engage our affections, on our firſt contemplation of them: but thoſe two kinds of pleaſures are inconſiſtent; ſo contrary to each other, both in their nature and their means, that it is impoſſible for one ſoul to purſue both; ſuch, therefore, as entertain a diſtracted inclination for both of them, are called, in ſcripture, men of two ſouls.

Since, then, it is neceſſary to chuſe one, in order to enjoy either, let our judgment examine theſe two competitors for our affections, things above, and things upon the earth, and ſee which of them is moſt likely to bring in the fulleſt ſatisfaction to our ſouls.

Firſt, let us put this world in the balance; and to avoid confuſion in ſo wide a ſubject, let us ſeparately conſider the different orders, ages, aims, relations, conſtitutions, tempers, and paſſions of men; and ſee this variety united in uneaſineſs and complaint.

Firſt, As to their orders. The peaſant complains aloud; the courtier in ſecret repines: in want, what diſtreſs? In affluence, what ſatiety? The great are under as much difficulty to expend with pleaſure, as the mean to labour with ſucceſs. In retirement, what oſcitancy, what heavineſs? In the world, what conflict, what fatigue? The ignorant, through ill-grounded hope, are diſappointed: the knowing, through knowledge, deſpond. Ignorance occaſions miſtake,

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miſtake diſappointment, and diſappointment is miſery: knowledge, on the other hand, gives true judgment: and true judgment of things below, gives a demonſtration of their inſufficiency to our peace. Good fortune makes the will undiſciplined and diſſolute, the imagination vain, the paſſions ſtrong, and the underſtanding weak: a miſerable ſtate! Affliction is the beſt ſchool of wiſdom; no volumes are an equivalent for the neceſſity of reflection that lays us under: but then it muſt be confeſſed we pay dear for its inſtruction: and ſince the end of wiſdom is to lead us to pleaſure, what ſignifies that wiſdom which is accompanied with pain?

The marriage ſtate only may be the moſt happy, but is the moſt dangerous; as fruitful of calamities as it is of relation; whoſe capacity of being our greateſt pleaſures, is likewiſe their capacity of being our greateſt pains. And if we conſult experience more than reaſon in this point, we have grounds to fear the worſt. Nor is reaſon entirely on the other ſide; for if there are more vices than virtues, more unfortunate than fortunate accidents in life, the balance, in this ſtate, will probably turn againſt us. The good in it we look on as our due, and therefore receive it coldly, and without a proper emotion of heart; the bad is unexpected, and therefore keen the reſentment of it: the ſhaft is ſharp; the ſurpriſe dips it in poiſon, and doubles our anguiſh. Both parties look on all that the other can do for them as an abſolute debt: this notion leaves both a much leſs power to oblige,

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than to diſguſt; and conſequently makes diſquiets almoſt unavoidable.

The ſtate of celibacy, unleſs it can work out an artificial happineſs from the abſence of evils (which requires a peculiar ſtrength of mind), is a deſert, melancholy, and diſconſolate ſtate. At the maturity of life, tender affections awake in the heart, which demand their proper objects, and pine for the want of them. In this ſtate of celibacy, they muſt either be extinguiſhed, or continued without gratification. The firſt is a great violence to nature; the ſecond, her laſting pain; and a pain of that kind, which furniſhed the Platoniſts with their principal idea of hell. Our paternal affections muſt be drawn off, like a mother's milk, or they will corrupt and turn to diſeaſe.

Huſband, and father, are the titles of honour which nature diſpenſes, and endows them with greater pleaſure, than any titles which fortune can confer. They that reſiſt the impulſes of nature, are reſiſted by her, in their new ſchemes of enjoyment; and nature is a powerful adverſary. He that has children multiplies himſelf, and gives happineſs many channels by which to flow in upon him. Letting the heart ſtream out in tenderneſs on its proper objects, as it is the greateſt duty, ſo it is the greateſt bleſſing of life. To have no one, to whom we moſt heartily wiſh well, and for whom we are warmly concerned, is a deplorable ſtate. It may be ſaid, that wiſdom will provide us with ſuch objects, in every condition: it may; but

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it would coſt us leſs pains, if we ſuffered nature to eaſe her of that trouble.

Perſons of birth, riches, power, and talents, thoſe ſhining and envied characters, have all their peculiar evils, the growth of their reſpective ſtates.

Firſt, perſons of birth. Theſe have their eye on their anceſtors, and would have their glory ſubſiſt on the merit of the dead. This the world will not agree to, but thinks that an argument for attainments of their own, which the great by birth look on as their exemption from the labour of them: thus are they pained, where they expect homage, to find reproach. They contemn thoſe of mean extraction; and by that contempt, as it were, exact their hate; and generally have what they exact, with the bad conſequences of it. Ardently they deſire honours, becauſe it is natural to men to deſire an accumulation of that good, of which already they enjoy a ſhare: hence a diſappointment in this purſuit, is more ſtinging to them than others. Who is truly more noble for his high birth? He that deſpiſes it: he that deſpiſes it as a poſſeſſion, but values it as an incitement to virtue. Their appellations are their inſtructors: they are ſtyled noble, on a preſumption that they retain the virtue; their blood is ſtyled generous, on a preſumption that they retain the high nature of their anceſtors; their riches are not ſufficient.

Secondly, men of riches. Theſe men, which is natural, are ſo high in their opinion of what they largely poſſeſs, that they think to have riches is to

have every thing; that, they think them the price for, and title to all the world can give, or man enjoy. Hence high expectations, and high reſentments, and every evil is aggrandized by theſe. Every wrong accident is a calamity, and not only a calamity but an injury too; for have not they a title to better things? Others, when they are ſick, are ſorry; but theſe are angry alſo, and look on a gout, or a feve[illegible] as an object of reſentment; which is ſtill the ſtrang[illegible] cauſe, for the moſt part, they invite them to th[illegible] habitations.

Thirdly, men of power. They that have it in their power to make the fortune and reputation of others, may have, and often have as many enemies, as thoſe whoſe fortune and reputation they do not make. For men are ſo fond of themſelves, as to think that all others can do, they ſhould do for them. This is unjuſt, but this is true. And hence it is, that all the uneaſy, inſtead of venting their paſſion by ſtriking the air, as it is natural for the peeviſh in their guſts of rage to do, vent it often on men in power, by ſhooting their arrows at them, even bitter words; becauſe men are apt to think they contract an importance, from the importance of thoſe they injure. Whereas it is rare that men in power give juſt offence to ſuch as theſe. If they injure, they ſtoop not to theſe; they level at the great, for that gives their dignity the higheſt ſatisfaction. The great often juſtly are, the mean often unjuſtly will be, their enemies. Where then are their friends? They muſt be few, and thoſe

few

few are more likely to be ſecret enemies to them, than to any others with whom they paſs for friends. Becauſe, firſt, men of power create the createſt envy, which is our ſtrongeſt paſſion: ſecondly, their ruin would afford the largeſt plunder, and our own emolument is our chiefeſt aim.

Fourthly, men of talents. If they exert them, it will coſt them much pains, and they may probably fail of ſucceſs, through malice of accident, or indiſcretion of choice. Or if they ſucceed in their labour, their labour may not ſucceed in its reputation; or if it does, it is only ſetting themſelves a hard taſk for the future; for it is double ſhame to fall beneath themſelves. Fame is generally theſe mens aim; and to fail of our aim, be it never ſo idle, is infelicity. An author at his lamp tells himſelf in triumph, now the toil is almoſt over, the purchaſe at hand, he is within a month of immortality. But on publication he finds the payment deferred, deferred to the day of his death; too late a payment of that which he cannot transfer to his heir. There is no ſtronger infatuation than this deſire of chimerical immortality. It is very ſtrange; but the ſecret of it is this: God implanted in the ſoul a violent deſire of approbation, in order to ſtimulate man into an attainment of his own approbation, which is the moſt valuable; as he implanted in the ſoul ſtrong hope and fear, and love, that he himſelf might be the object of them, as my text directs. But as theſe affections, when they ſtop ſhort on temporals, become pains; ſo this violent deſire of approbation,

when it ſtops ſhort at men, becomes, though moſt admirably wiſe in God's deſign, that ridiculous and ſeemingly unaccountable folly of which I ſpeak: and the wiſeſt of men, not attending to this, have ſometimes ſtarted in ſurprize and ſhame, on diſcovering that ſome of their nobleſt deſigns had their riſe and termination in that moſt deſpicable point, the opinion of men. Thus you ſee that the thirſt of approbation, when miſapplied, becomes a folly, and incurs ſhame, which it would moſt avoid. And this is the ſtate of the greateſt gifts that Omnipotence can beſtow, when turned on improper ends. This, therefore, which might ſeem digreſſive, is not ſo; it tends to demonſtrate the miſeries of this life, ſince hence it appears, that we have reaſon to ſtand in dread of the very excellencies of our nature, as well as the imperfections of it.

Secondly, conſider the different ages. Young men deſire paſſionately, and therefore are afflictively diſappointed. They deſire chiefly gratifications of ſenſe, and therefore ſoon impair their appetites for them, and anticipate old age by infirmities.

They are extremely mutable in their inclinations, and th[illegible]fore, as ſome things by nature cannot, others, th[illegible] their own temper, ſhall not, pleaſe them lo[illegible]

They are faſtidious in their pleaſures, as thinking the moſt delicate and exalted, the prerogative of their time of life: thus they reject many, and impair the reſt.

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They are prone to anger, becauſe unſubdued by fortune, and unapprized by wiſdom of what they ought to expect: hence are they diſpleaſed with others without cauſe, and then with themſelves for being ſo; for generally their ſenſe of being in the wrong is as quick, as their propenſity to it is ſtrong.

They have not a ſufficient regard for things of utility (becauſe they never wanted), and find the bad effects of it; what pride can better taſte, pleaſes them more: hence they are very tender of their honour, before they have gained any; and thus are they pained, not only about things that are, but things alſo that are not.

They are credulous, becauſe unexperienced; deceived, becauſe credulous; and outrageous, becauſe deceived: and hence, from too fond an opinion, they are apt to conceive too inveterate a diſlike for mankind; as fruitful a ſource of evil, as their firſt miſtake.

The young man's field of reflection is ſmall, for little is paſt; his field of hope is large, for much is to come; which falling in with vivacity of ſpirits, and vanity of heart, he indulges it to the excluſion of neceſſary fear, which is the ſhield of life; and hence is he perpetually wounded in his peace, fortune, reputation, or health, or all.

He delights in extremes, whereas virtue is in the mean, and happineſs dwells with her. He is a ſquanderer of wealth, as well as of health, peace, and repu-

tation; and by the guilt of youth, lays up poverty for age; of which I am now to ſpeak.

Age is infeſted with ſuſpicion, exceſs of caution, diſaffection, puſillanimity, illiberality, querulouſneſs, immodeſty, garrulity, want of compaſſion, ſolid hatred, moroſeneſs, inordinate ſelf-love, extreme covetouſneſs, and diſtempers.

An old man is ſuſpicious becauſe experienced. For the knowledge and diſtruſt of mankind are inſeparable. Now he that lives in perpetual ſuſpicion, lives the life of a centinel, of a centinel never relieved: whoſe buſineſs it is to look out for and expect an enemy, which is an evil not very far ſhort of periſhing by him.

Allied to ſuſpicion is exceſs of caution: wiſdom, coldneſs of temperature, and ſometimes ill-nature, are mixed in this. I ſhall chuſe one inſtance that includes them all. In points of ſpeculation he rarely affirms or denies any thing poſitively, though he is beſt able to do it: he knows nothing, but is of ſuch an opinion on moſt occaſions; by which, one thing he means, is, to call younger men fools (who delight in a more ſanguine ſtyle), and thus, artfully, to gratify his diſaffection to them.

He is all diſaffection: I ſpeak in general. He loves no body, becauſe formerly, very probably, his good inclinations have been abuſed; beſides, the affections as naturally contracted in the evening of life, as flowers at the departure of the ſun. Now he that

that loves none enjoys none, nor is loved or enjoyed by any.

He is puſillanimous, from decay of ſpirits, and the blows of fortune. Now puſillanimity is the want of hope, and hope is the cordial of life.

He is querulous, which is the voice of puſillanimity; and an infallible ſource of contempt.

He is illiberal, as knowing how hard it is to gain, and how eaſy to loſe; as likewiſe, from a growing paſſion for the ſecurity of to-morrow; whereas to-day is the miſtreſs of youth. Now illiberality is the ſource of hatred, as generoſity is of love.

He is immodeſt, I mean hardened to the eye, and unaffected with the opinion of others, becauſe he diſeſteems them: and diſeſteems them, becauſe he knows them; and praiſe and diſpraiſe we diſeſteem, when we diſeſteem thoſe from whom they come. Now this immodeſty is a ſource both of hatred and contempt. Beſides, virtue is always enfeebled by a neglect of praiſe, which is a food of it.

He is talkative, becauſe his largeſt ſcenes lie backward; and his talk on the paſt is always a cenſure on the preſent. Now he that cenſures is diſpleaſed. Beſides, this talkativeneſs is diſguſting on two accounts: firſt, as he is generally his own theme; ſecondly, as it runs counter to the fire and activity of younger men, to whom he ſpeaks.

His compaſſion is ſlight, from his familiarity with misfortunes; and his hatred is ſolid, more apt to

vent itſelf in deeds than words, from the maturity of his wiſdom, which loves things effectual, and to the purpoſe. His former qualities put him in a ſtate of war with mankind: this, in a ſtate of war that gives no quarter.

He is moroſe, and an inordinate lover of himſelf. The firſt, becauſe he envies the pleaſures which he cannot partake. There is no ſuch thing, at leaſt in our climate, as a gay old man: a fly in winter is for nations nearer the ſun. He is the ſecond, becauſe men riſe in fondneſs for things, in proportion to their hazard of loſing them; and his life is on the departure. Hence abſurdly his paſſion for it increaſes, as its value fails. Now from all that has been ſaid,

His extreme covetouſneſs is accounted for. Money has two excellent qualities for him. Firſt, it will do that for him which no one will, willingly, do: it will keep him company, as it always does; it will flatter him; it will go on his errands; it will procure him ſmiles and bows, and all the outſide of affection and reſpect. Secondly, as it is a thing inanimate, it can give no offence. But not to aggravate this matter, (which it little needs!) granting, that as youth is the reign of vehement deſire, and vehement deſire is a diſeaſe, a fever, a pain; ſo age, indeed, brings on a ſerenity; experience makes us able pilots in the waves of fortune, and vigour impaired no longer ſcorches us with the violence of deſire; granting, that the mind gains that ſtrength which the body loſes,

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and intellectual pleaſures are then in their full force; yet ſo, it muſt be confeſſed, are

Diſtempers too; and what comfort is there in an hoſpital, or a ſtorm? In youth, what diſappointments of our own making? In age, what diſappointments from the nature of things? Human life has then its morning and evening; but the evening and morning are one day; a day of ſorrows! different indeed in ſort, but in eſſence the ſame. And this is the reaſon why men, always unhappy, are always expecting happineſs. For had we no change of ſcenes to experience one after another, we ſhould ſooner be convinced of the vanity of our expectations: whereas we now are amuſed with hope, which, for pleaſure, gives us change of pain; we are wretched and deceived, which increaſes our wretchedneſs; for every ſorrow receives a new ſting, from our expectation of the contrary.

Thirdly, conſider our aims: if we let looſe our wiſhes at things above our deſert, how rarely we ſucceed? Or if we ſucceed, how are we pained with the fears of expoſing our inſufficiency? How ſhall we make good the promiſe our fortune has made to the world? We muſt live in perpetual conſtraint; be for ever ſweating under a maſk of form and artifice, which, in ſpite of all our care, the wiſe will ſee through; and at their mercy we lie, for the precarious character we preſerve. And how ridiculous a ſight it is to ſee a man embarraſſed by good fortune, and ſtruggling with his own ſucceſs? To take up

more money than our eſtate can anſwer, in time, is certain ruin: to take up more reputation than our merit can anſwer, in time, is as certain ſhame.

If our fortune, on the other hand, falls below our deſert, how careleſs are we of exerting thoſe capacities we are really maſters of, and of levying that advantage and reputation which is due to them? Our preferment is our puniſhment; and the conſciouſneſs of our worth is at once our pride and our affliction: how unpromiſing a ſcene is that for happineſs, where our merit increaſes the number of our pains?

If our aims are proportioned to our deſert, we may indeed ſucceed; but our ſucceſs will ſoon grow inſipid, nay, painful, when we ſee (as ſoon we ſhall!) our inferiors in merit get the ſtart of us in place and fortune; when we find our wiſdom and modeſty leſs advantageous, than the raſhneſs and confidence of other men.

If we ſtand alone and independent, it is a proud, but a ſolitary and uncomfortable dominion; unrefreſhed with hope, which is the life of life itſelf. If we have our attachments, and lean againſt our ſuperiors, it is often a ſhining ſervitude, a promiſing anxiety, that excites indeed our ſpirits, but torments them too, during the ſuſpence; and as often deceives as ſatisfies in the end. Which has moſt happineſs? A ſervile hope, or a hopeleſs independency? He that has many hopes, has many poſſibilities of diſappointment: he that has few, has few occaſions of joy.

If

If we converſe with our inferiors or equals only, we ſacrifice the advancement of our fortune to preſent eaſe and complacency: if with our ſuperiors, we, in ſome meaſure, ſacrifice our eaſe and complacency to our fortune; our caution muſt be always awake, our abilities always on the ſtretch; and converſation, which was deſigned to recreate, muſt become a diſcipline, and an enterprize.

Moreover, it is expectation from ſuperiors, that is apt to give a painful and unreaſonable awe of them; an awe due rather to God than man. It is that which annoys our breaſts with puſillanimous doubts and fears; that makes the little heart play its ſervile paſſions in all their force, at a ſmile or a frown; which he that does not expect, is free from himſelf and in others moſt juſtly contemns. The moſt deſpicable weakneſs any one man can be guilty of, is an undue fear of another, which expectation is apt to ſubject him to.

Obſcurity has its obvious diſadvantages; and a great name is the mark of envy and reproach: or if reproach ſpare it, it muſt be nurtured or loſt. Time itſelf will work decay in glory, as in other things, unleſs it be kept in repair at the expence of returning pains, and a ſucceſſion of deſerts: and if preſerved, it has its moral evils; fame from letters makes a man unſociable and overbearing; fame from political wiſdom, deſigning; and fame from arms, incorrect of life. It has likewiſe its natural evils. For ſince fame is the general miſtreſs of mankind, he that en-

joys it has almoſt as many rivals as men, and often as many foes as rivals.

One man aims at making his happineſs by philoſophy, another by fortune. The firſt is ſtemming the ſtream of the world, and his own nature, with endleſs labour; the ſecond is carried away by that ſtream with endleſs hazard, and every wave is maſter of his peace.

One follows fancy, and by that time the thing fancied is attained, his fancy for it is fled. Another follows cuſtom, and is faſhionably pleaſed in contradiction to his own heart. Seeming to be happy, is his happineſs; now ſeeming happineſs implies the want of it. A third follows reaſon; and reaſon puts us out of humour with almoſt every thing about us.

If men have no purſuits, they are a burthen to themſelves; if they have, diſappointments are a greater. What diſappointments interrupt the moſt ſucceſsful proſecutions? And, what is worſe, poſſeſſion is the greateſt diſappointment of all; it deſtroys the very phantom of happineſs, our pleaſing error, our ſweet flatterer, hope, which before we enjoyed. The man of ſucceſs, and of the higheſt advancement, firſt indeed laughs at others; but ſoon he revenges them, by laughing at himſelf. He wonders how he could be ſo paſſionately fond of what ſo little deſerved his fondneſs: he is grieved, he is ſurpriſed, he is angry, that the abſence of thoſe things was able to give him ſo much pain, the preſence of which can afford ſo little

little enjoyment. But he uſually keeps the ſecret, in poor hopes of that enjoyment from the miſtaken envy of others, which the things envied cannot give him, and takes a malicious pleaſure in ſeeing his unwarned followers deceived as well as himſelf. There is ever a certain langour attending the fullneſs of proſperity: when the heart has no more to wiſh, it yawns over its poſſeſſion; and the energy of the ſoul goes out, like a flame that has no more to devour. Who is ſo wretched as the man that is overwhelmed with a multitude of affairs? He that is relieved from them, and has none at all. But granting ſuperiority of fortune ſhould give ſome ſuperiority of happineſs, let it be remarked, that he who increaſes the endearments of life, increaſes, at the ſame time, the terrors of death. Which leads me to

The fourth conſideration, that of our relations in life. A wife, a child, dear to us as our own boſoms in which they lie, what cowards do they make us? What are their endearments, their ſoftneſs, their charms, but new terrors in the frown, and new ſhafts in the quiver of misfortune and death? There is ſomething truly formidable in having ſuch tender bleſſings as theſe, and every wiſe and feeling heart, while it is tranſported at the thoughts of them, muſt tremble too.

But all relations are not pained through tenderneſs of affection. While the father is ſolicitous for the welfare of his ſon, how ſolicitous and impatient is the ſon (very often) for the death of that very father?

What are alliances of blood, but titles for expectation? And what are titles for expectation, but expoſures to diſappointment, and aggravations of its ſmart? All that ſeeming family-endearment, comfort and complacency, which we figure to ourſelves at a diſtance, what is it (too often!) but mutual attacks on the peace, plots on the riches, hopes from the ſickneſs, and joy from the deaths of each other.

The ſervant envies his maſter, and ſometimes the maſter his ſervant, and perhaps with more juſtice; but, juſtly neither. For if we well knew how little others enjoy, it would reſcue the world from one ſin, there would be no ſuch thing as envy upon earth; envy, which is a double folly; folly as it is a ſin, and folly as it is a miſtake; for it reſults from the ſuppoſition of that, which is not the ſuperior happineſs of others; which is not, I mean, in that degree we conceive of it; and we envy that which we conceive.

Fifthly, As to conſtitutions and tempers. In health, what temptation? In ſickneſs, what pain? The miſery of many is wrapped up in their very veins, how then ſhall they fly from it? How many inherit, how many create, how many purchaſe diſtempers? Earthquake, ſtorm, war, ſweep not half ſo many, as diſeaſes, which we knowingly contract by careleſſneſs and exceſs. Women, as they are leſs ſubject to pains of mind, are more ſubject to pains of the body than men, to balance that account.

He that is infirm dies daily, and loſes all the pleaſures of life: he that knows no infirmities, obſerves not

not the lapſe of time, grows old unawares, and is unprepared for death: but ſuppoſe a man has health and wiſdom too, how many find in their tempers an enemy to peace?

The tempers are, as I take it, leſſer paſſions, or various fainter ſhades or blendings of thoſe ſtrong colours on the ſoul of man. The gloomy, peeviſh, ſanguine, phlegmatic, good-natured, impatient, improvident, wary, haughty, remitting, courteous, arrogant, ſuſpicious, refining, reſerved, affable, fearleſs, timid, modeſt, proud, delicate, and inſenſible temper, have all their peculiar evils.

A gloomy temper ſurveys every thing in the worſt light, and can diſcover no bleſſings.

A peeviſh temper quarrels with the bleſſings it diſcovers, with its friends itſelf; and defeats the labour of Providence for its ſatisfaction.

The ſanguine overſhoots; the phlegmatick deſponds; the mild tempts inſults; the cholerick is its own tormenter.

If a man is good-natured, his friends devour him; if not, his foes.

The impatient feels as much uneaſineſs from the ſlow approach of pleaſure, as others from the deſpair of it.

To the thoughtleſs and improvident, the ſurprize of every diſappointment doubles its pain.

To the wary and foreboding, the conſtant expectation of calamity, is a calamity itſelf.

If a man is haughty, and too tender of his honour, he gives the power of hurting him to every wretch that can ſhew diſreſpect: and who cannot? If he is remiſs and negligent of reſpect, men will with-hold real ſervices, becauſe their ceremonial was not ſufficiently welcome: he loſes the ſubſtance, becauſe he will not catch at the ſhadow. But forms are more than ſhadows, they are the robe and defence of realities, which will ever run ſome hazard when we throw them off.

The very courteous leſſen their favours by giving them the appearance of a debt, through their frequent profeſſions of kindneſs. The favours of an arrogant man are received unthankfully; becauſe, through too great a conſciouſneſs of them, he is his own paymaſter. And yet he who does not ſometimes aſſert his own merit, will ſoon have painful ſuſpicions that the former is in the right.

The ſuſpicious, in ſome meaſure, juſtify thoſe injuries they expect. A perſon of ſmall merit is anxiouſly jealous of imputations on his honour, becauſe he knows his title is weak; one of great merit turbidly reſents them, becauſe he knows his title is ſtrong.

The refining temper is expreſly a maker of evils. Not to be obliged by ſuperiors, it conſtrues an injury; to be obliged by inferiors, an affront. To have its wants relieved, it conſtrues an affectation of ſuperiority in its benefactor; not to have them relieved, a contempt. It can work wonders to its own diſadvantage,

tage, and make a look or geſture it diſapproves, a ſerious misfortune.

Reſerve may procure reſpect, but it gives a diſpoſition to hatred; becauſe that reſpect is involuntary, and, as it were, extorted; and we hate every thing that invades the freedom of our choice.

Affability procures good-will, but may give a diſpoſition to contempt; becauſe it gives us cheaply that which we deſire, and the difficulty of the attainment enhances the value of things.

A fearleſs temper impairs our caution, and makes us careleſs of exerting our utmoſt ſtrength; a timid, gives our underſtanding the ſtrongeſt arguments for exerting our ſtrength, but at the ſame time enfeebles the heart in the execution of what appears ſo reaſonable.

A native modeſty in men may conciliate love from the many, but forbids eſteem from the wiſe: becauſe with them no act has merit but what has choice; and theſe chuſe not modeſty by their reaſon, but ſuffer it from their conſtitutions.

Proud men are apt to be injurious, becauſe it is a mark of ſuperiority: they ſtrike more through vanity than malice; but then, as it is a mark, it is a mutilation of ſuperiority too; for it throws down our reſpect for them, which is a conſiderable ſupport of it.

Too great a ſenſibility creates pain, where by nature it is not; too little perceives not bleſſings where they are: and there is a too great ſenſibility from fortune,

tune, as well as temper. Rank gives ſome perſons, ſuch a delicacy, that they have a ſet of inquietudes entirely their own, the prerogative of their high ſtation, to which their inferiors muſt not preſume to pretend. If humour and paſſion are indulged, how domineering are they? If denied, how rebellious? Which leads me to

The ſixth and laſt conſideration, the paſſions of men.

An account of the paſſions is properly a hiſtory of the active part of the ſoul, as an account of the underſtanding is of the contemplative. They may be conſidered as ſo many ſtandard-bearers, round each of which many miſchiefs are ranged in array againſt us, and lay waſte the tranquility of human life. They have by others been conſidered phyſically, as they conſtitute part of our nature: morally, as they influence virtue and vice; and rhetorically, with regard to compoſition: but I do not know that they have been conſidered in a ſyſtem, or with any accuracy, as the pains, and promoters of the pains of life. In this view I ſhall ſpeak of them, with as much light and diſtinction as I can. It is the paſſions that give the perpetual motion to human life, that roll us from place to place, from object to object, nor will the grave itſelf afford them reſt.

Firſt, anger. It is elegantly ſaid, the king's anger is as a roaring lion. Which deſcription of it is confined to kings, only as to its efficacy; it is as ſtrong, though not as ſucceſsful, in other men. By a king it is let looſe into the large field of power; in others

others it bites the bars that confine it, and, in both, it laſhes itſelf. This ſhows it to be a pain; and it likewiſe proceeds from pain; for no one is angry, but who has, or fancies he has received an injury in himſelf, or his; for which he is, firſt, grieved. So that anger may be called the daughter of ſorrow, and the mother of revenge, which often has fatal conſequences. Thus this paſſion has paſt, preſent, and future pains belonging to it.

Anger is frequent; for among enemies it is the natural habit of the mind; and where are not enemies? Among friends, it is unnatural, and therefore, when it happens, more tormenting.

As pride is predominant in man, the principal cauſe of anger is diſreſpect; the queſtion therefore is, if the angry man acts not againſt his own ſupreme purpoſe. If anger is impotent, that is a blow directly on his pride; if it ſucceeds by unworthy means, that is a blow on his general character. Anger therefore is not only an evil itſelf, proceeding from, and leading to evil, but, often, to the very evil it would moſt avoid. It falls on its own ſword.

Two ſorts of men are moſt ſubject to this paſſion; men of felicity, and men of affliction. One becauſe their expectations are high, the other becauſe their uneaſineſſes are many. The firſt make their ſuperiority their anxiety, counterballancing by their own reſentment the favours of nature and fortune; the ſecond inflame the ſeverities of them both.

Allied

Allied to anger is hatred, which is a laſting anger; now hatred is always accompanied with diſguſt, and diſguſt is pain.

Allied to hatred are contempt and abhorrence; contempt is hatred without fear, but it is hatred, and therefore pain. Abhorrence is hatred with fear, and therefore its pain is double.

Invective indeed eaſes the heart, as a diſcharge the ſtomach, but it alſo proves it very ſick before.

I do not deny that there is ſuch a thing as a malicious pleaſure; but I affirm it is a pleaſure like that of violent ſcratching, or ſtriking ourſelves in ſome diſpoſitions; it ſuppoſes a diſtemper, and leaves a wound, both in our reputation and our peace.

Anger has under its banner, invective, aſſault, ruin, and death.

Secondly, love. By love I mean not the deſire of what is uſeful or honeſt, but more particularly of what is pleaſant. With philoſophers it includes the two former, with the world it is often limited to the laſt. It implies diſcontent, that is pain; for he that deſires, is diſſatisfied with his preſent condition, be it what it will. And the pain is in proportion to the deſire.

To ſay the leaſt to the diſadvantage of this paſſion. It is putting your peace in the power of another, which is rarely ſafe even in your own.

There are two things, I think, peculiar to this paſſion, and what makes them more remarkable, is, they

ſeem

ſeem ſomewhat inconſiſtent. One is our deſire of it; the other is a condition that makes it very undeſirable. As to the firſt, we do not ſeek, nay, we avoid occaſions of anger, hatred, fear, ſhame, or envy, but we ſeek occaſions of love. As to the ſecond, love is all the paſſions in one: it is anger that it cannot, ſhame that it does not, fear that it ſhall not enjoy its object; it is envy of, and hatred to, thoſe that poſſibly may. For envy, hatred, and ſuſpicion, form love's conſtant companion, jealouſy; which therefore ſtings deeper than either of them, becauſe it is all. Now as many paſſions as love has, ſo many pains. Be it therefore a maxim, he that was never pain'd, never lov'd.

But though this paſſion has pains, leads it not to pleaſures? It may fail of them, and then it is deſpair, which is moſt terrible; if it attains them, they may not be laſting; for moſt pleaſures, like flowers when gathered, die.

Love has under its banner, watching, ſickneſs, abaſement, adulation, perjury, jealouſy; and ſometimes it liſts anger's moſt dreadful followers; the only difference is, there, they are ſtanding troops, here, caſual recruits; there, they are volunteers, here, they are preſſed occaſionally into the ſervice; for they do not naturally belong to love.

Thirdly, fear. This is a moſt diſmal paſſion; a mind haunted with fear is a hideous night-piece of ſtorm, precipice, ruins, tombs, and apparitions; it is not content with the compaſs of nature, as if too ſcanty for evil, but creates new worlds for calamity, things

things that are not. But very timorous natures only ſuffer to this degree; and it is well they do not; for ſuch a fear alone is capable of taking in an ample vengeance of an incenſed God. Inſomuch that ſome have thought that hell conſiſted in the ſevere extremity of this paſſion only.

All, that fear, have proportionable pain. It is an anticipation of evil; and has under its banner, confuſion, ſupplication, ſervility, amazement, and ſelf-deſertion particularly.

For I think it a peculiarity of fear, that it defeats its own purpoſe more than any of the paſſions. Anger ſtrikes, and if unſucceſsfully, it only loſes a blow; love purſues, and if unſucceſsfully, it only loſſes a purſuit; fear makes us fly, but makes us ſtumble too, and the more precipitate our flight, the farther are we from an eſcape. Hence, ſays the holy ſcripture, it betrays the ſuccours of reaſon; meaning, that it betrays it more than any other paſſion, for all betray it in ſome degree.

Fears are the ſhields of life; but if they are too many, they are an oppreſſion, and, like the maid at the Capitol, we periſh under them.

Fears we have many, but there is but one that came from heaven (as the Romans fabled of their Ancile), which is the fear of God; all the reſt are falſe; and this ſevenfold ſhield will ſave us from them. A falling world cannot affright him, whom that ſhield has under its protection.

Fourthly,

Fourthly, there is alſo falſe ſhame; when, through an affection of the eſteem of bad men, we are aſhamed of what God approves; or if aſhamed of what is truly ſhameful, when we are aſhamed with regard to men, not God. The firſt is blaſphemy in thought; or ſuch a thought, as if expreſſed in words, would be blaſphemous. The ſecond is ſacrilege, giving God's due to man. This is a ſhame to be aſhamed of; and contrary to the apoſtle's repentance not to be repented of; for ſhame is a repentance, or ſomething very like it.

Shame is a ſenſe of eſtimation impaired, and of our ſinking in the opinion of men; I wiſh I could add of God too; for men are not aſhamed of injuſtice or profaneneſs, at the ſame time that they bluſh for an omiſſion in faſhion or complaiſance: nay, I wiſh they are not often proud of the former; now pride is ſhame's reverſe. As ſhining in the opinion of others is the ſupreme aim of almoſt all men, ſhame muſt be exceeding painful, as it implies the loſs, or diminution of their greateſt fancied good.

Shame has under its banner, ſelf-condemnation, puſillanimity, regret, lying, confuſion of face.

Which laſt puts me in mind of what I take to be peculiarities of this paſſion. Which are three. Firſt, other paſſions fly to men for redreſs of their grievances, this flies from them: anger flies to ſtrike, love to embrace, fear for ſhelter; but ſhame flies from all men, and makes an eye as ſharp as a ſword. Shame's bad eſtate is ſeen in this, that its hope and felicity runs

runs ſo low, as to make night and oblivion, which are the terror of others, a wiſh, a joy; "fallere & effugere eſt triumphus."

Secondly, ſhame has a more infallible mark fixed on it by nature, than any of the reſt, I mean bluſhes. Of which I take the reaſon to be, that this paſſion neceſſarily ſuppoſes guilt. Which is not the caſe of any of the paſſions beſide, except envy, which is generally marked with paleneſs, as ſhame with the contrary. Shame, I ſay, neceſſarily ſuppoſes guilt. For none are aſhamed but on one of theſe three accounts. Firſt, becauſe they are directly guilty. Secondly, becauſe they want ſome merit they ought to have. Thirdly, becauſe they ſuffer ſome indignity. Now the want of proper merit proceeds generally from omiſſions; ſuffering indignities, from ſloth or cowardice; and all theſe are vicious. But men are ſometimes aſhamed of virtue. True: but then they conſider that virtue as a fault, in the eyes of thoſe before whom they are aſhamed of it: beſides, then, it does not only ſuppoſe, but is guilt.

Thirdly, lying. This is the falſe cover of falſe ſhame; for true or proper ſhame has regard to God, and who dares, who can lye to him? For we cannot lye to any purpoſe, but to fallible beings. Now as falſe ſhame is lying eternally, though the perſon ſubject to it is aſhamed without reaſon at firſt, he is ſure to have ample reaſon for ſhame in the end; and conſequently he will be pained without juſt cauſe, and, with it too.

Fifthly,

Fifthly, envy. This is the moſt deformed and moſt deteſtable of all the paſſions. A good man may be angry, or aſhamed, may love, or fear; but a good man cannot envy. For all other paſſions ſeek good, but envy evil. All other paſſions propoſe advantages to themſelves; envy ſeeks the detriment of others. They therefore are human. This is diabolical. Anger ſeeks vengeance for an injury; an injury in fortune, or perſon, or honour; but envy pretends no injuries, and yet has an appetite for vengeance: love ſeeks the poſſeſſion of good, fear the flight of evil, but envy neither; all her good is the diſadvantage of another. Hence it is moſt deteſtable; and becauſe moſt deteſtable, therefore, ſecondly,

Moſt deformed. For it is the moſt deteſtable, becauſe the leaſt natural; or what is leaſt natural works in us the moſt diſadvantageous and deforming effects. We muſt be ſometimes angry, we muſt love, and fear, and be aſhamed, by the neceſſity of our nature; and there are juſt occaſions for them all. But no neceſſity of our nature obliges us to envy, nor is there any juſt occaſion for it. For all men are unhappy, only we know not where their uneaſineſs lies; therefore there is no natural occaſion for envy: and that there ſhould be a moral one, is a contradiction; for the happier others are, the more we ſhould rejoice. As therefore neither our nature nor reaſon requires envy, it is properly unnatural, and becauſe unnatural, it works ſuch terrible effects in us. How pale, keen, inhuman, and emaciated, is its looks, if the

undeſerved indulgence of conſtitution gets not the better of thoſe effects? Now all theſe are demonſtrations of its extreme pain.

Men of imagination therefore have been fond of this ſubject, as painters, poets, hiſtorians, for the imagination delights in extremes; and nothing is more terrible than their deſcriptions of it, but the thing itſelf. A chearful heart does good like a medicine, but envy corrodes like a poiſon; it is ſo ſharp, that it cuts the body which ſheathes it. Nay it is thought by ſome, actually to ſend forth its virulence; to ſit viſible in the eyes, and wound its object. Of this opinion ſeems our greateſt Engliſh philoſopher, who aſſigns phyſical reaſons why perſons in joy, and triumph, are more liable to receive this venom than others. What a wretch muſt the quiver of ſuch arrows be? Such is the pain of envy, that it made the two greateſt and braveſt men that ever lived, weep; it made them ſhed tears, but not of compaſſion, though over the monuments of the dead.

Compaſſion is grieved at others evil, envy at others good. Indignation is grieved that the unworthy proſper; envy, that the meritorious proſper alſo. Emulation is grieved at its own wants, envy at the enjoyments of others. Nay it principally maligns thoſe who deſerve the greateſt praiſe, (viz.) new men, the makers of their own fame and fortune. For riſing glory occaſions the greateſt envy, as kindling fires the greateſt ſmoke. In a word, it is the reverſe of charity; and as that is the ſupreme ſource of pleaſure, ſo this

of

of pain. This gathers pain, as that gathers pleaſures from all the felicities that happen to mankind. Nor is it only painful, but ignominious. The moſt imperfect and puſillanimous are moſt ſubject to it; the firſt, becauſe their field for envy is largeſt; the ſecond, becauſe, through miſtake, what is little appears great to them; and, therefore, as the proper object of envy.

Its peculiarities I take to be, firſt, that it ſeeks not (as the other paſſions) good, but evil. Secondly, that this is laſting, the others ſhort. We are angry or aſhamed, we love or fear, for a day or year; but we envy for life; and I look on it to be the moſt univerſal ſource of unhappineſs on earth.

It has under its banner, hatred, calumny, treachery, cabal, with the meagerneſs of famine, venom of peſtilence, and rage of war.

Nor are the good and pleaſureable paſſions without their inconveniences and inquietudes, which is a ſubject hitherto, I believe, unhandled. Compaſſion, indignation, hope, emulation, nay, and joy itſelf, if fairly examined, will prove this true, without any refinement, or affectation of novelty in the attempt.

Firſt, compaſſion, while it has others miſery in its eye, it has its own in its apprehenſion; and is ſtruck with a quick ſenſe of the obnoxious condition of human nature. Hence it is evident, that fear and ſorrow are included in it; and can there be fear and ſorrow without pain?

Though I know it is disputed; I venture to affirm, that our compassion for others, is accompanied with a concern for ourselves. And I am persuaded of this, from considering the persons who are most, and who are least inclined to compassion.

The least inclined, are the most confirmed in, or the most lost to happiness. The first are not compassionate, because most secure: the second, because they have felt the worst. Little self-concern being moved by the miserable object in these men, little compassion is moved by it, too.

The most inclined to it, are the timid, and those who have wives, children, and relations. The first, because they are most liable to fear for themselves; the second, because they afford misfortune the largest mark.

And all are more compassionate toward their equals in age, fortune, birth, qualifications, or manners, than others; because the misfortunes of such are a more direct alarm of fear for themselves.

Secondly, indignation. This is a just and noble passion, and none but the noble-minded feel it. It is a generous zeal for right, an heroic, and laudable anger at the prosperity of undeservers. An anger therefore foreign to the unworthy, base, and profligate, who can conceive no resentment that men, like themselves, prosper. This elevated passion has sometimes a severer pang than is consistent with life. Cato died of it. He thought no man worthy to triumph

over liberty and Rome. And that violent deportment ſhewn at his death, which has, hitherto, been wrongfully imputed to a ferocity of temper, was, I think, owing to this accidental paſſion, which was the cauſe of his death; this fever, this noble inflammation of mind, this indignation for Cæſar's unjuſt ſucceſs. My conjecture clears his character in that reſpect, and makes it more conſiſtent with that humanity, which he, in a peculiar manner, manifeſted on many occaſions in his laudable life, which was worthy our emulation, though his death was blameable at the beſt.

Thirdly, emulation is an exalted and glorious paſſion, parent of moſt excellencies in human life. It is enamoured of all virtue and accompliſhment; its generous food is praiſe; its ſublime profeſſion, tranſcendency; and the life it pants after, immortality. It kindles at all that is illuſtrious; and as it were, lights its torch at the ſun. Envy ſeeks others evil, emulation its own good; envy repines at excellence without imitation; emulation imitates, and rejoices in it. We envy often what we cannot arrive at, we emulate nothing but what we can, or think at leaſt we can attain. Hence the young and magnanimous are moſt inflamed with emulation, and emulation rather of glory and virtue, than of the goods of the body or fortune, till the world effaces nature's firſt good impreſſions. "Hæc imitamini, ſays Tully, per "deos immortales, hæc ampla ſunt, hæc divina, hæc

" immortalia, hæc fama celebrantur, monumentis An-
" nalium mandantur, poſteritati propagantur."

But though emulation is the purſuit of the moſt amiable things, and that by perſons moſt amiable too, it cannot eſcape; it cannot eſcape in a bad world, where men judge of others by themſelves, being miſtaken for envy, and being treated accordingly. For it has, ſometimes, ſuch a degree of reſemblance, as to give the weak occaſion of error, and the malicious of excuſe. Thus it falls alieno vulnere; not to mention its own natural pain, which is at leaſt as uneaſy to the ſoul, as extreme thirſt is to the body. Hope and fear play the heart of emulation with violence; it has its throbs, its paleneſs, and tremblings, when carried to an height.

" ——— Exultantiaque haurit
" Corda pavor pulſans, laudumque arrecta cupido."

Fourthly, hope, and joy. Hope feels the ſtings of impatience, which is often ſo vehemently eager, that falling from it into the deſpair of its object, is ſometimes a ſenſible eaſe to the mind. Joy, if moderate, ſcarce breaks through the general diſquiet of life; if immoderate, it is a fever, a tumult, a gay delirium, a tranſport; which ſignifies a man's being beſide or beyond himſelf; and he that is not in poſſeſſion of himſelf, can but ill be ſaid to be in poſſeſſion of any thing elſe: joy in this caſe goes beyond its bounds, into an enemy's country, and becomes a pain as its

tears

tears abundantly teſtify. Nor has its tears only, but it is ſometimes mortal.

Hence ſome, nay moſt philoſophers, have placed our chief good in ſerenity or indolence; but this is a miſtake. Indolence, or reſt, is inconſiſtent with our nature, and not to be found in heaven itſelf, but in a comparative ſenſe. On the contrary, our heaven will conſiſt in a pleaſing motion, a delightful exertion, a tranſporting progreſs to all eternity. Annihilation is the only reſt for man. What therefore we are to aim at, I ſhall ſhew in my ſecond diſcourſe.

To conclude on the paſſions. We conſiſt of ſoul and body; the paſſions are the wants of the ſoul, as the appetites may be called the paſſions of the body. So that we are made up of wants, that is of pains. Who is almoſt ever free from one paſſion or another? And as paſſions are the pains (from which they take their very name), ſo are they the deſtroyers too, of our nature. They pain the whole ſoul, they confound the memory, make wild the imagination, and hurt the underſtanding, like ebriety, which they reſemble in their natural and moral ill conſequences. And becauſe they injure the body alſo, therefore has the phyſician, as well as moraliſt, to do with them; and interdicts them to all thoſe who deſire length of days. Nay, they are more terrible than that death which they haſten; for many have fled to that from the torment of them. It ſeems ſtrangeſt, at firſt ſight, that fear, of all the paſſions, ſhould put on this appearance of courage; but it is ſo far from it, in reality,

that no other paſſion ever arrived at ſuicide, but through the ſuggeſtion of this trembler, fear. Men die becauſe they fear life under its preſent ills; whereas true valour meets thoſe ills, whatever they are, with the ſame reſolution, with which they meet death.

If this account of the paſſions be juſt, let us turn them againſt themſelves; let us be angry with anger, aſhamed of ſhame, afraid of fear, pity envy, and moderate our fondneſs for love. For ſome are ſo idle, ridiculous, ſhameleſs, as to court the paſſion itſelf; and at a time too, when they have the leaſt probability of ſucceſs. Love, according to the different objects it embraces, like a woman eſpouſed, changes its name, and becomes voluptuouſneſs, ambition, avarice, or vanity. Thoſe four predominant impulſes that divide mankind between them; that beat on us, like the four winds of heaven, and keep the reſtleſs world in a perpetual ſtorm.

On this common ſubject I ſhall endeavour to throw ſome new light, by ſhewing that they all act directly counter to their own purpoſes, and are the reverſe of that which they pretend to.

Firſt, the voluptuous. Can this man be unhappy, whoſe ſole aim is pleaſure? whoſe ſtudy is the art, whoſe life is the chaſe, of delight? He may, he is, nay, he muſt be ſo; becauſe his imagination promiſes much more than ſenſe is able to pay. Hence, he is always diſappointed; but, through ignorance or negligence of the cauſe of it, though always diſappointed,

ed, he is always expecting; and repeated experience ſerves only to upbraid, not correct his conduct. And it muſt be ſo; for as every new ſcene of voluptuouſneſs, is a new light to his underſtanding, to ſhew the inſufficiency of thoſe ſcenes to his happineſs; ſo is it, alſo, a new blow to his underſtanding, and the rectitude of his will, and weakens his power of reſiſting them. Hence is he reduced to the wretched eſtate of eternally purſuing and eternally condemning the ſame things; than which, nothing more ſevere could be impoſed by the greateſt tyrant, and greateſt foe. It is not in vigorous health, boundleſs fortune, unreſtrained liberty, or that liberty improved by ſkill and experience into an art of debauchery, to give him ſatisfaction, nay, not to give him inquietude, though virtue, though reaſon did not interpoſe: the body only would find out the vanity, the tædium, the bad effect of voluptuouſneſs, and bare inſtinct would reproach him with it. His paſt gives regret, his preſent diſſatisfies, and his future deceives: his imagination impoſes on his ſenſes; his ſenſes weaken and vex his underſtanding; and his underſtanding cenſures them both: they perſiſt, that grows peeviſh and impotent. Thus the divided man, like a divided family, is the ſeat of miſery, and object of contempt.

With regard to the chief branch of ſenſuality, and its fatal conſequences, it may be truly ſaid, that nothing is more ſtinging than a bad woman's hatred, except her careſſes; nothing is more to be declined

than her deformity, except her charms. But as for a good woman, her price is beyond gold. She is a pillar of reſt.

The man of pleaſure, as the phraſe is, is the moſt ridiculous of all beings: he travels, indeed, with his ribbon, plume, and bells; his dreſs, and his muſick; but through a toilſome and beaten road; and every day nauſeouſly repeats the ſame track. Throw an eye into the gay world, what ſee we, for the moſt part, but a ſet of querulous, emaciated, fluttering, phantaſtical beings, worn out in the keen purſuit of pleaſure; creatures that know, own, condemn, deplore, yet ſtill purſue their own infidelity? the decayed monuments of error! the thin remains of what is called delight!

In a word, to ſuppoſe ſenſe alone can make man happy, is to ſuppoſe reaſon ſuperfluous, which is blaſphemous and abſurd: but ſenſuality brings ſuch a groſſneſs on the underſtanding, that this argument will not be ſo much as comprehended by thoſe who have the greateſt need of being affected by it. Now the cauſe of their not comprehending it, is their total inexperience, and ignorance of the pleaſures of reaſon: which ignorance proves this gay, this gallant creature, this patron of pleaſures, and profeſſor of delight (what he little ſuſpects), in reality, the greateſt niggard in enjoyment, the greateſt ſelf-denier in the world.

Secondly, ambition. Voluptuouſneſs has its intervals; when ſenſe is ſatisfied, it pauſes for the reviv-

of

of its flame; like eruptions, it rages and reſts by turns: but ambition, like a conflagration, burns on inceſſant; the more it has, the more it craves; the more it devours, the ſtronger is its fury. Succeſs but ſets it new taſks, and is as ſevere to the ambitious, as misfortune to other men. Every difficulty he cuts off, ſeven riſe in its ſtead: ſo that the character of the moſt ambitious man that ever lived, is a proper motto for all his ſons, whoſe ſport, like the Leviathan's, makes a tempeſt, and is the ruin of all about them. "Nil actum reputans, dum quid ſupereſſet agendum." That is, it is their maxim, to know no reſt. How differs then ambition from ſlavery? As ſevere exerciſe from hard labour; the thing is the ſame, only here it is the neceſſity, and there it is choice; that is, there, it is wretchedneſs and folly too.

The ambitious thinks all happineſs is derived from compariſon, and that higheſt, and happieſt, is the ſame thing: nor knows that to be high, is not always to be happy; but to be happy, is always, and truly to be high. If his notion is right, how have the wiſeſt of all ages and all nations been miſtaken? Either they have perſevered in an eternal and obſtinate error, in aſſerting content to be happineſs, or he is not happy at all; for ambition imports an abſence, nay, a diſdain of content: and indeed it has the glory, if it is a glory, of being far from it. Diſappointment in ſmall things, gives the ambitious no ſmall anxiety; ſucceſs in great, no great ſatisfaction,

becauſe there remain ſtill greater things than theſe; and while his heart burns at ſome mighty point in view, it robs him of the reliſh of thoſe conſiderable enjoyments which nature indulges to the meaneſt of her children. The violence of the ambitious man's deſires ſets him at a diſtance from himſelf; he is never at home to the preſent hour, but reaching and graſping at joys to come; all in poſſeſſion is contemptible. To what amounts then his violent affection for thoſe objects he purſues? To a ſtrenuous endeavour, by making them his own, to render them contemptible as faſt as he can; that is, he ſeeks at once to gain a bleſſing, and to deſtroy it: nor in this only does the ambitious appear to thwart his own purpoſes, as will appear immediately.

But firſt, let us obſerve that he cannot be extremely happy in the very exerciſe of his dominion, that fulleſt guſt of all his deſires; when he ſtands ſurrounded with many circles of expecting, anxious beings; the whole neſt gaping wide, while he can allay the cravings but of few. He has not morſels for them all. If he has any humanity, it muſt touch it, to ſee himſelf beſieged with eager viſages, ſecret pains, repining hearts, diſappointed hopes, that will ſtrike deep into the peace of families, and carry diſtreſs beyond his knowledge, and perhaps beyond his conception of it. Or if theſe ſtings of his fellow-creatures touch him not, he is ſtill more to be pitied.

Seek

"Seek not of the Lord preheminence, neither of the king in the ſeat of honour." But call in the waves of thy deſire, climbing over one another for ever; bid thy proud heart be ſtill, and ſay to it, Hitherto ſhalt thou go, and no farther: and let it, at leaſt, have the bounds of the ocean, as well as the tumult of it.

What does the ambitious man aim at? At dominion, principality, and power; at governing nations, and making his name great in the earth. And who but the puſillanimons and baſe ſhall cenſure him for this? Whatever his errors are, does he not ſhew, at leaſt, a grandeur of deportment, and a magnanimity of heart? Neither, but altogether the reverſe.

For, firſt, as to magnanimity. There is a meanneſs of ſpirit in paſſionately deſiring thoſe things, the contempt of which requires a greater effort of mind (that is a greater magnanimity), and beſtows a fuller happineſs, than the poſſeſſion of them. Magnanimity is a reſolution able to comply with the dictates of reaſon when moſt difficult; if therefore ambition is unreaſonable (as I have ſhewn), it muſt be puſillanimous; I will not therefore call the ambitious an unhappy or a guilty (as I might), but what will touch him nearer, I will call him a little man; and if that does not touch him nearer, it will be a new argument to prove that I call him ſo with the greateſt truth.

As to the ſecond, the grandeur of his deportment. That is, his diſtance from ſubjection and ſervility.

What then if it ſhould appear that no man is ſo much a ſlave? Dominion over others is indeed his aim; but by that very aim he moſt effectually ſubjects himſelf to them. Every one, that can retard or promote his purpoſes, has an awe over him; is the object of his anxious application, and ſervile fear; diſciplines his deportment, and pains his mind. Not to expect is the only means to be free, and he is all expectation, that is, all ſlavery; while dominion, nay becauſe dominion is his only aim. And thus it fares with all irregular purſuits of happineſs; they contradict the purpoſe of God, and therefore muſt counter-act themſelves; for God will not be controuled. He has aſſigned other means of happineſs; and to convince us of it moſt ſtrongly, they that make not uſe of his means, but their own, to that end, ſhall not only fail of it, but their endeavours ſhall be their hindrance, ſhall work them backwards, and ſet them at a greater diſtance from it. Thus the voluptuary juſt mentioned, while he too warmly purſues the objects, moſt effectually blunts the powers of appetite. The covetous, while he inordinately deſires to become rich, though he ſucceeds in all his attempts, he fails of his end; nay, fails of it by that ſucceſs; God, to chaſtiſe, and, as it were, to inſult him too, gives him the thing, but with-holds the enjoyment; nay, commands abundance to make him poor. Thus, and thus only, can that miraculous conduct of the covetous be accounted for, of whom,

Thirdly, I am about to ſpeak. The covetous ſtrongly expoſes human nature, by ſhewing us an inſtance

ſtance in one perſon how much ſhe deſires, and how little ſhe wants. For who ſubſiſts on ſo little who graſps at ſo much? He miſtakes the means for the end; money for enjoyment; nay the means in his hands, makes againſt his end, and the power of enjoying is an inducement to ſelf-denial. The gold that comes into his poſſeſſion but changes its mine, and is farther from the light than ever. His impiety and his folly are equally groſs. As to the firſt, he is often in ſcripture called an idolater, becauſe he worſhips his wealth: as to the ſecond, that his idol, like other idols of old, requires ſeverer ſervice of him than the true God; more rigid auſterities than religion enjoins: his toils, his ſelf-denials, his fervent devotion to gain, is greater than that which might carry him to heaven. Covetouſneſs is nothing but the painful art of making induſtry ſinful, wealth indigent, life ſordid, death terrible, and heirs ungrateful, without any manner of guilt.

But to ſet it in the cleareſt and ſhorteſt light; what is wealth? A ſecurity put into our hands, that the enjoyments of this world ſhall be delivered to us whenever we pleaſe, on that title. Now if that title rather denies than gives us thoſe enjoyments, it loſes its nature; it is no longer a title indulged to our neceſſities, but it is a warrant ſerved on our folly, to deliver us over to wretchedneſs, to ſhame, and to want. So that the richeſt miſer has no wealth.

Nothing is ſo ſtrange as man's inextinguiſhable thirſt for more: nay, he pants after that which he has

has. For I affirm, that infinite numbers have ſufficient means of happineſs already in their hands; and ſufficient means is what they are reaching after; for who needs more? But men know not what they poſſeſs. How few have made an inventory of their own bleſſings? how few know what they do not want? Hence, Know thyſelf was ſaid to come from heaven: for, without it, no man can be content. Our pains are from our deſires, not from our wants. For which moſt material truth, I ſhall mention two arguments.

Firſt, if we examine, we ſhall often find, that, after burning with ſome vehement deſire, we are quieted by deſpair, as much, and perhaps, more happily, than we ſhould have been by ſucceſs.

Second, let ſome great pain ſeize us in our moſt rapid purſuit after what we imagine eſſential to our peace, and the ceaſing of that ſuperior pain will give us a momentary conviction, that we were really, then, happy, when we thought ourſelves miſerable. But folly ſoon reclaims us as her own.

If we could lay aſide but two things; firſt, our own imagination, which makes us think things neceſſary which are not; ſecondly, our deference for the opinion of the world, which makes us incapable of being happy, unleſs we are thought ſo, the majority of mankind would be much happier than they, at preſent, imagine; they would grow rich extempore, and be more indebted to the removal of an error in judgment,

ment, than to any poſſible ſucceſs they could have in their purſuits of wealth. Our error in the preſent caſe (as in moſt others) proceeds from partial views, from not taking in the whole. We look only on thoſe above us, which ſtrains our hearts in purſuit, and puts all our faculties painfully on the ſtretch: whereas if we looked on thoſe below us too, it would abate our ferment, remit our painful intention, and inſpire quite new ſentiments of our own ſtate. Now on our ſentiments (which few obſerve) our happineſs depends. It lies in thoughts, and not in things. Things are opaque bodies, which have no light of their own, and are only capable of reflecting to advantage the gaiety beaming on them from our own hearts. Hence, the very unhappy fly public and pompous ſcenes of life; becauſe, while gay to others, they are dark to them, and, therefore, more provokingly ſo than retreat. It is not the man's buſineſs, who deſires happineſs, to increaſe his riches, but to give his underſtanding ſo juſt a judgment of things, and his affections ſo rational a temper, as to know that he could not be more happy, though he were more rich. Nay, ſome have parted with their riches for the ſake of happineſs. But, in this, the faith of annals, in the miſer's opinion, will labour very much.

The foundation of error in this point, is, all our pains and pleaſures are *from* ſenſe or imagination, and not from reaſon. Now content is an art; I have learned to be content, ſays the apoſtle. Neither nature, nor chance, nor circumſtances can give it. The whole

whole body of Pagan and Chriſtian ethicks are the rules of this art. Now the miſer profeſſes an art directly the reverſe of it. He is wiſe (which is another word for happy in this caſe), who can ſay, I have not much, but no man has more, for I have all I want. Socrates ſaid with wit, but with judgment too, "He that needs leaſt, is moſt like the Gods, who "need nothing."

Fourthly, I am to ſpeak of the vain. This is the moſt diſtinguiſhed ſon of Folly, and has the moſt airy happineſs of them all. His brothers before-mentioned, though themſelves to be laughed at, laugh at him. He ſeeks his felicity entirely in the opinions of others, and but rarely finds it there: for the world, by his very name, has pronounced againſt him; from the emptineſs of his purſuit, and the thinneſs of his enjoyment, is he called Vain. The former wiſh at leaſt for ſomething ſubſtantial, but his very wiſh is a reproach.

As the too modeſt is pained by being in the public eye, he is pained by being out of it. What a vaſt expence is he at to buy ſpectators? for to what other end is his ſplendid perſon and equipage, his large parks, palaces, rivers, and caſcades? How expenſive? and how uſeleſs? Senſe is too narrow, it wants compaſs to take them in; leſs things would gratify that more. The underſtanding condemns them; childiſh imagination only approves, and that too but for a moment. What are theſe pageantries, but larger toys with which it plays a while, and then grows weary

weary of them? What are they, but huge monuments of miſtake, ſubjects for popular talk, and an immenſe tax paid for rumour, for ſure it cannot be called fame?

How he gazes on, and touches, and retouches, and, as it were, ſollicits his ſhining ornaments to give him ſome extraordinary ſenſation, ſomewhat adequate to the deſire he indulged for, or the expectation he entertained from them; but in vain. They were much more powerful in idea, than they are in fact. It is falling in love with our own miſtaken ideas that makes fools and beggars of half mankind.

The vain is a beggar of admiration. Begging is an unreputable profeſſion: but as we are dependent beings, we muſt all be beggars in ſome degree. The ſcandal therefore of this practice depends on two things, the character of the perſon from whom, and the value of the things which we beg. Now, the vain begs from all, even the moſt ignoble; and he begs nothing; I mean, what turns to no account. He is more noble that aſks bread, than he who aſks a bow, or the glance of an eye; for that is more worth.

In what does this man lay out the faculties of an immortal ſoul? that time, on which depends eternity? that eſtate, which, well diſpoſed of, might, in in ſome meaſure, purchaſe heaven? What is his ſerious labour, ſubtle machination, ardent deſire, and

reigning

reigning ambition?—To be ſeen. This ridiculous, but true anſwer, renders all grave cenſure almoſt ſuperfluous. If the world was filled with ſuch as theſe, all arts, and engines of diſcipline, and of death, for chaſtiſement of offence, might ſeem needleſs; let the law they violate, or the power they offend, but condemn them to retreat.

But to come cloſe to the point. What is it the vain would have? He would be admired; he begs an alms of admiration from every paſſer-by, and his happineſs ſtarves without it. Now, what does this deſire imply? It implies that he cannot be happy without their leave. Thus is he by choice the moſt precarious creature on earth. The moſt precarious creature is the moſt wretched, and, therefore, the moſt precarious by choice, is the moſt fooliſh too: if any will deny that the moſt precarious being is moſt wretched, let them conſider that the reverſe, the leaſt precarious being, is the moſt happy, for that is God: and the farther we are removed from independency and ſelf ſufficiency, the farther are we removed from that ſtandard of wiſdom and happineſs.

I ſhall diſmiſs the vain with one obſervation more. We ought particularly to guard againſt this folly, for a reaſon very particular too. Other vices are promoted by vices; but this is often nouriſhed by virtue itſelf.

Thus have I, I think, proved, that the voluptuous is the greateſt ſelf-denier; that the ambitious is the

the greateſt ſlave; that the covetous has no wealth; and that the vain, whoſe idol is admiration, is the greateſt object of contempt.

The conſiderations, which have been alledged to the diſcredit of human happineſs, have been hitherto drawn from general topicks; one remains, that is too peculiar. We have lately loſt our king; that ſad occaſion firſt ſuggeſted this ſubject to me, which now it ſupports with an unwelcome argument; for when our ſovereign fell, nature herſelf emphatically proclaimed, "that all below is vain." Too powerful a ſupplement to this diſcourſe!

Who then art thou, who ſetteſt thine affections on things below? Art thou greater than the deceaſed? doſt thou value thyſelf on thy birth? the moſt highly-deſcended is no more. Doſt thou value thyſelf on thy riches? the king of Britain is no more. Doſt thou value thyſelf on thy power? the maſter of the ſeas, the arbiter of Europe, is no more. Doſt thou glory in thy conſtancy, humanity, affection to thy friend, or encouragement of arts?—But I forbear. It is ambition to be grateful, when princes beſtow.

How lately were the eyes of all Europe thrown on this great man? For man let me call him, now, nor contradict the declaration which his mortality has made. They that find him, now, muſt ſeek for him; and ſeek for him in the duſt. What on earth but muſt tell us this world is vain, if thrones declare it? if kings, if Britiſh kings, are demonſtrations of it?

I ſhall

I ſhall offer one obſervation on the death of princes, which is full to my preſent purpoſe. A throne is the ſhining period, the golden termination of the worldly man's proſpect; his paſſions affect, his underſtanding conceives, nothing beyond it, or the favours it can beſtow. The ſun, the expanſe of heaven, or what lies higher, have no luſtre in his ſight, no room in his pre-engaged imagination, it is all a ſuperfluous waſte. When therefore his monarch dies, he is left in darkneſs, his ſun is ſet, it is the night of ambition with him, which naturally damps him into reflection, and fills that reflection with awful thoughts.

With reverence then be it ſpoken, what can God, in his ordinary means, do more, to turn his affections into their right channel, and ſend them forward to their proper end; Providence, by his king's deceaſe, takes away the very ground on which his deluſion roſe; it ſinks before him; his error is ſupplanted, nor has his folly whereon to ſtand; but muſt return, like the dove in the deluge, to his own boſom again.

By this is he convinced, that his ultimate point of view is not only vain in its nature, but vain in fact; it not only may, but has actually failed. What then is he under a neceſſity of doing, this boundary of his ſight removed? Either he muſt look forward (and what is beyond it, but God?) or, he muſt cloſe his eyes in wilful darkneſs, and ſtill repoſe his truſt in things which he has experienced to be vain. Such accidents

accidents, therefore, however fatal to his ſecular, are the mercy of God as to his eternal intereſt; and ſay with my text, "ſet your affections on things above, "and not on things on the earth."

Let us now, from the throne, look back (as from an eminence), on the former part of our journey; we have paſſed the ſeveral orders, ages, aims, relations, conſtitutions, tempers, paſſions, with the four great impulſes of mankind, and have found but one report through theſe ſeveral ſtages of our courſe; the various witneſſes concur, and bring in a full verdict againſt the happineſs of human life. They declare that all mankind is united by miſery, in ſome degree, as by (what is leſs melancholy) the grave to which it leads.

And can this world enchant us ſtill? and can we be born for this? Is this a ſcene for reaſon, that emanation of divinity, to doat on? Is this the fortune, this the dower, to which we ſhould wed an immortal ſoul? Where then is the difference between reaſon and abſurdity? between immortality and the beaſts that periſh? Be this their heaven (as properly it is), but not their Lord's, but not man's.

I ſhall cloſe this diſcourſe with a picture of life in miniature, that your memories may carry it the better: a picture more melancholy, than that of this globe ere well clear of the chaos; or labouring afterwards under all the wrongs and diſgraces that an univerſal deluge could inflict.

Thoughts with regard to the mind.

Behold a world! where the inhabitants are not differenced by happineſs and miſery; but only by the different degrees and various colours of miſery univerſal: where, the memory is clouded with black ideas of the paſt; the imagination overlooks the preſent; and the underſtanding, through mercy, is blinded to the future: where, every paſſion may be called legion, for its evils are many. Where, men almoſt univerſally lay aſide intellectual pleaſures; are moſt ardent deſirers of happineſs, and yet ſubſiſt it on the moſt impotent half of their natures. Where, anxiety of thought damps ſenſual pleaſure, and ſenſual pleaſures increaſe anxiety of thought, and impair our ſtrength to ſupport it too. Where, the ſoul and body are in perpetual hoſtilities, aggrieving each other, and external accidents ſeem ſuperfluous to our miſery. Thus the poor man, like devoted Jeruſalem, beſieged without and divided within, is a complication of infelicity.

To externals.

Where, ſucceſs muſt be procured by our infinite care, and ruin follows on the contrary; ſo that all the ſad choice indulged to mankind, is, of infinite care, or deſtruction. Beſides, the more we have of credit, wealth, or power, the more we may loſe; nor is any man entirely free from the apprehenſions of it; ſo that our poſſeſſions imply, and provide for our miſery. Where, an independent pleaſure is very ſevere; a dependent, very frail. Where, pleaſure often exacts ſuch hardſhips from her votary,

votary, that auſterity cannot improve upon them. Where, nothing pleaſes but in proſpect; and to pleaſe in proſpect only, is not to diſappoint alone, but to deride us too. Where, what exalts the ſpirits ſhortens life by that expence, and what depreſſes, makes the ſhorteſt life too long. Where, days are long, yet life is ſhort. Where, we ſtand as in a battle, thouſands daily falling round us, and yet we forget our own mortality; nay, are hardened into an inſenſibility of it, by theſe very proofs of its approach; and ſtart, like David, when we hear, "Thou art the man." Where, experience, which is truly the greateſt bleſſing of life, is the ſevereſt diſcipline of it too; and diverſion, which is ſuppoſed a bleſſing, only ſignifies, that to ourſelves we are inſupportable. Where, ſorrow is as the ſtem or root of life; joy, but as its flower, expected at remote ſeaſons only, then often blighted, or if it blooms, it blooming dies. Where, all is vexatious, or mixed, or fugitive. Where, pains aſſault us, deluſions ſurround us, and terrors hang over us. Where, we are reſtleſs in purſuit, diſſatisfied in fruition, and perſecuted with remorſe. Where, we are ever purſuing, and ever condemning the ſame things; ever accuſing hope of its broken faith, and ever truſting on, ever gaſping after ſenſual enjoyments, and ever impairing our appetite for them. Where, objects, as well as appetites decay; or if they laſt, laſt not to us, through the fickleneſs of our choice. Where, we are yearly burying ſome favourite amuſement or pleaſure; and they

they that ſucceed are leſs exquiſite, and full as mortal. Where, we ſpend moſt of our days in climbing the hill of our fortune, which ſuſpends, by labour, any ſerious thought; and when we have climbed it, and are about to change toil for enjoyment, we ſtart to ſee our grave ſo near us on the other ſide. Where, life with moſt men is to come, till it is paſt.

To the profeſſions and nature of things.

Where, the grave employments of mankind are but ſtrenuous follies; nor differenced from thoſe of children, but by their magnitude and their guilt. Where, the ſeveral occupations of life are but fortifications againſt want, and often frail ones too. Where, among profeſſions are the lawyer and the ſoldier, profeſſors of quarrel and death; fortune and life their prey. Where, the infirmities of our bodies demand and ſupport one profeſſion; the infirmities of our mind another; and the miſadventures of our fortune conſtitute an ample portion in the whole world of literature. Where, the very elements wage war againſt us, and have their inundation, ſhipwreck, earthquake, famine, peſtilence, volcanos, and conflagration. Where, we cannot make way from our doors, but through the cries of indigence or diſeaſe. Where, hoſpitals and bedlams are publick neceſſaries. Where, the very appellations of a large part of mankind cannot be heard without compaſſion; widows! and orphans! Where tears are a diſtinction of the whole ſpecies from other creatures. Where, youth often languiſhes like a tempeſt-

beaten

beaten flower, and age ſhews its injuries like a blaſted oak.

To hiſtory.

Where, hiſtory, for the moſt part, is nothing but a large field of misfortune, and to dip into almoſt any page of it, it is to dip into blood; into blood, perſecutions, inquiſitions, treaſons, aſſaſſinations, ſieges, ſervitudes: or if ſometimes a triumph breaks through this general cloud, as lightning through night, it vaniſhes almoſt as ſoon; and while it laſts, it is a proof and memorial of miſery; for what is a triumph, but the gay daughter of deſtruction and death? Where, hardheartedneſs and luſt, drinking the tears of believing innocence; and ſelf-deſign and treachery, turning every virtue of others to its own intereſt, and the good man's ruin (which abounds in every record), makes peace more cruel than war. Where, happineſs is ſuch a ſtranger, that for many ages it was learning to ſeek the true notion of it; and it was but ſought; it was not found, but revealed at laſt. Where, the pomps and prancings of the mighty, are but the trappings of woe. Where, the moſt ſhining and envied characters have few of them died a natural death; but furniſh theme of tragedy for ſucceeding generations. Strange! that the ſame perſons ſhould be the objects of our envy and pity too! Strange too! that we ſhould have ſighs ſufficient for more miſeries than our own. Where, the moſt happy would not repeat their courſe; and he was juſtly cenſured who wept over his army as mortal, becauſe not one of that numerous hoſt, but might probably

bably wiſh, before he found, his end. Where, among the many arguments for a future ſtate, the miſery of this has been moſt ſtrongly and univerſally inſiſted on in all ages; which demonſtrates an acute ſenſe, and too ample a conviction of it. Where, crowns have been often abdicated; how often in our own annals is the palace changed for the cloiſter? Where, ſelf-murder, at certain periods, has been a faſhion; nay very extraordinary methods have been taken to reſtrain even the tender ſex from this horror. Where, half the travels that have been undertook, half the deſigns that have been enterprized, half the volumes that have been written, have been refugees from uneaſineſs of heart; and the laſt are not more the immortal monuments of human wit, than of human infelicity. Where, happineſs is an art, and content is an art; what libraries have been written to teach it? Whatever ſucceſs they have in teaching that, they certainly teach us this, that unhappineſs and diſcontent are natural.

To friendſhip. Where, a ſmile is often an ambuſh, as it was on the face of Domitian, on which it ſeldom ſhone, but when rancour gathered at his heart. Where enmity is ſincere, friendſhip often a name; and it is ruin to truſt thoſe whom not to truſt is almoſt a crime, as a relation, a friend, a brother! Where, many fall from credit, fortune, life, with Cæſar's exclamation, "And this from thee?" Where, provoking our foes has not ruined half ſo many, as confiding in thoſe of a contrary character.

He

He needs no foe, who is entirely at the mercy of his friends. Where, more hearts pine away in ſecret anguiſh for unkindneſs from thoſe who ſhould be their comforters, than for any other calamity in life. Where, bills of mortality would ſcarce be mournful, if bills of private calamity were in uſe. Who has not ſeen, who has not foreſeen, nay, who almoſt has not felt, a bleeding heart? Where, evil arts uſurp the name and port of wiſdom, though ſcarce worthy to be called cunning. Now cunning is but the top of a fool's character, and wiſdom itſelf is but the bottom or inferior part of the character of an honeſt man. "Nulla bona, niſi honeſta."

To family affliction.

Where, the honeſt confiding heart takes a virgin flower into his boſom, and often finds a ſting under it. Where, the fond mother to-day looks with tranſport on the reward of her long labour and painful travail, which changes perhaps to-morrow the cradle for the grave. Where, the feeble father follows a favourite, an only daughter, the delight of his eye! the reſt of his age! to her long home, which he perhaps has wiſhed for himſelf in vain; and ſheds thoſe tears on her aſhes, which ſhould expreſs his joy for the happy diſpoſal of her in life: or perhaps the caſe is ſtill worſe, he ſees her youth, and beauty, and innocence, fallen into arms, to him more dreadful than thoſe of death. Where, the ſon of ſome great houſe, its hope, joy, and ſupport, the ſole heir of riches, titles, and golden ſchemes, falls immaturely, graſped by death, as

the pillars were by Sampſon; and the whole ſtructure is ſorely ſhaken, if it does not follow on his fall. Where, many a numerous family lives in innocence, peace, plenty, reputation, under the wing of an indulgent, prudent, and induſtrious father; the father dies, they are ſcattered like a ſheaf of corn when the band is broke, and become the prey of guilt, want, anxiety, and ſhame. Where, the comforts of life have their pangs; their jars, jealouſies, interruptions, decays, extinction. Where, grudge, animoſity, and revenge, wound deep; but deeper (when they wound) relation, friendſhip, love; for love has its barbarities, and frequently may be miſtaken for hatred by its effects. There are ſometimes malignant tempers in families; ſuch domeſtic maladies are like ulcers in the vitals; extremities cannot cure them, they cannot be cut off.

Mixt Thoughts. Where, the night is an idle dream, and the day little better. Where, every one is witneſs or patient of affliction; ever telling ſad tales of others, till he becomes a tale himſelf; the tale of a day! and then is utterly forgotten. He lived and died, is an epitaph for much the greateſt part of mankind. Where, he that has reached his meridian is one of a thouſand, his friends and relations lie dead around him; half of his converſation is gathered from the tomb. What are the gay, young, beautiful, brave, learned, wiſe, good, in which he once perhaps was rich, what are they? A tear! a ſigh! Where, youth has the pain of getting, age of leaving

leaving its riches; affection being rarely ſtrong enough in us to make the parting with them agreeable. Where, fears and pangs only give a reliſh of the contrary; and our pleaſure generally as it riſes from, ſo it ends in them too. Where, the pain of impatience turns us over to the pain of ſatiety, ſcarce divided by the moment of delight. Where, pain is oftener ſunk by new pain, than healed by ſupervening pleaſure. Where, real evils are frequent; imaginary perpetual: and the happieſt thanks ſome other's wretchedneſs, for putting him in mind that he is not the moſt wretched himſelf. Where, I was happy, a few may poſſibly ſay; I ſhall be happy, moſt ſay; I am happy, none: now if none are happy on the preſent, it is a demonſtration that happineſs is abſent from us all. The preſent is all that our parent nature, properly, gives us; and that, like peeviſh children, we will not taſte: thus between the law of our condition and the perverſeneſs of our temper, we have nothing at all; we are very poor, ſubſiſting, or rather ſtarving our thin happineſs on dreams, and ſhadows of good to come; perhaps, never to come; certainly, never to come proportionate to our conceptions of them. Where, man ſnatches ſuch quick and terrible reſentment from the ſmalleſt occaſion, that it reſembles the diſcharge of ordnance at the touch of a reed. Where, to have any chance for happineſs a man muſt poſſeſs the world, or deſpiſe it: now the contempt of it, in him that poſſeſſes it not, is a cheat, he does not heartily contemn it; he miſtakes

his ill-will for contempt; and what is as unfortunate, he that poſſeſſes it, does contemn it; but not from wiſdom but weakneſs, which has not the ſkill to reliſh its enjoyments as they deſerve. Where, proud honour ſtands in the place of meek religion, honour that diſdains compulſion, and that, conſequently, muſt ſtand or fall, with inclination and humour; he, therefore, that relies on honour, relies on humour; and he that relies on humour is a fool, and muſt be a wretch in the end. Where, the two points the world's wiſe man aims at, are, firſt to get the better of natural inſtinct, ſo as not to be betrayed by it into any humanities, in which he does not find his own immediate account: ſecondly, to ſurmount the prejudices and timorouſneſs of education, to throw the virtues and vices into one heap, like a man; thence to be drawn out, indifferently, as intereſt directs; intereſt, which is his god; and his bible, the cuſtom of the world. Where, many men ſuppoſe you a knave, or conclude you a fool, and call you ſo by their profeſſions of diſintereſted friendſhip; by which they only mean to ſteal your affections, and the good effects of them. Where, compaſſion, with ſome, paſſes for weakneſs, and you muſt ſuppreſs your ſighs, as in the theatre, not to be laughed at; he is looked on as an idiot, who is not above being a man. Where, men ſeek not the means of ſerving, but an excuſe for not ſerving others; and words change their nature, and do not reveal, but cover the mind; the paſſions themſelves, thoſe betrayers of truth, are taught to act a part; the very eye can lye,

lye, and that natural window of the ſoul has a ſkreen before it, that you may not ſee through; he only who diſcovers his own intereſt, gives you a key to his heart: in a word, where, the honeſt man (who alone is worthy of good) if he judges of men by himſelf, is undone. This may be called ſatire, but, by the ſame rule, the ſcripture is ſo too. Where, to diſſemble injuries is the greateſt ſhock to nature, and ſhame to honour, yet, at the ſame time, the greateſt art of life. Where, he that has not learned the world muſt go out of it, or be a jeſt and an unfortunate in it; he that has learned it, has learned it with diſcipline, and by that time he is well maſter of the game, his candle is put out. It is hard to learn the world, but harder to unlearn it; and not to unlearn it, will, one day, prove more fatal. Where, we will not believe yeſterday, but hope favourably from to-morrow; as if then there would be a new ſun, a new nature, a new ſelf: they pray for that, who almoſt curſe its fellow. Where, ſorrow is fruitleſs, and laughter is mad. Where, at the ſeveral tides of good fortune, the head tells the heart, Well, now we are happy; which the heart ſcarce believes, or believes it implicitly: whenever we ſay to ourſelves, Let us ſit down and enjoy life, we diſcover the cheat, like one deluded by perſpective, by bringing it to the touch. Where multitudes (ſtrange! and ridiculous! but for the horror of it) complain they have nothing to do, when every ſtep is a ſtep toward a grave, every minute an approach to an eternity: beſides, if men well knew

the buſineſs of this world, and would acquit themſelves like maſters in it, want of time would be their great complaint. Nay, he that lays down but this one ſimple rule, that he will be in the right whereever he is, or whatever he is about, will never have one idle moment, though he has not the important cares of nations, or even of families on his hands.

Where, the paſt is a very dream, and the future a ſore travel. Where, the tender mother ſheds tears over her helpleſs infant, and the careful father pours groans over them both; groans conſcious of the preſent, and preſaging of the future. Where, ſometimes nations groan, as one man, under a general calamity; nor is the whole earth at all privileged from the ſevere condition of any one nation of it. Where, nature is perpetually pouring her children in vaſt tides out of time into eternity; and the ſurvivors take the evil and refuſe the good; they are but the more melancholy, not the wiſer for it. Where, we are born with pain, and die with amazement. Where, life is the ſlave of miſery, and yet, moſt ſtrange and deplorable! the king of terrors is death.

"Sunt lachrymæ rerum, & mentem mortalia tangunt."

Almoſt the whole book of Eccleſiaſtes might be tranſcribed as a ſcriptural ſupport of what is here ſaid; and its author, it is well known, received wiſdom as an immediate gift from God, in ſuperiority to all the reſt of mankind.

I ſhall

I ſhall conclude, by ſaying what is moſt true, that human life is like a diſhoneſt creditor; it puts off our youth and manhood with lyes from day to day, then owns the cheat, and gives our age an abſolute denial.

If this account is juſt, as I think it is, what is human happineſs? A word! a notion! a day-dream! a wiſh! a ſigh! a theme to be talked of! a mark to be ſhot at, but never hit! a picture in the head, and a pang in the heart of man. Wiſdom recommends it gravely, learning talks of it pompouſly, our underſtanding liſtens to it eagerly, our affection purſues it warmly, and our experience deſpairs of it irretrievably. Imagination perſuades ſome that they have found it, but it is while their reaſon is aſleep; pride prevails with others to boaſt of it; but it is only a boaſt, by which they may deceive their neighbours, but not themſelves; felicity of conſtitution, and ſuavity of manners, make the neareſt approach to it, but it is only an approach; fortune, the nature of things, the infirmities of the body, the paſſions of the mind, the dependence on others, the prevalence of vice, the very condition of (uncorrected) humanity forbids an embrace. Wine, beauty, muſic, pomp, ſtudy, diverſion, buſineſs, wiſdom, all that ſea or land, nature or art, labour or reſt can beſtow, are but poor expedients to heave off the inſupportable load of an hour from the heart of man; the load of an hour from the heir of an eternity! If the young, or unexperienced, or vain, or profligate only, were ſubject to this weakneſs, it were ſomething; but when

The deſcription of human happineſs.

when the learned, and wiſe, and grave, and grey ——— it ſhocks! it mortifies! and with ſhame and pity, my mind turns from its purpoſe, and goes backward with reverence to throw a veil over the nakedneſs of my father. In a word, the true notion of human happineſs explained, is itſelf one of the ſtrongeſt proofs of our miſery. For how can we ſpeak more adequately of it, than by ſaying, it is that of which our deſpair is as neceſſary as our paſſion for it is vehement and inextinguiſhable. Now ardently to thirſt, and unavoidably to deſpond, with regard to the ſame thing, and that thing of conſequence ſupreme, is the conſummation of infelicity. I know but one ſolid pleaſure in life, and that is our duty. How miſerable then, how unwiſe, how unpardonable they, who make that one a pain!

The purpoſe of this diſcourſe, as expreſſed in the beginning of it, was to put this world in the balance; and examine the value of things on the earth. Now ſuch as is repreſented, not aggravated, through the whole preceding diſcourſe, is the general ſtate of mankind; but it is a ſtate of their own choice; and it may be, though not wholly reverſed, abundantly relieved, exceedingly brighted from the clouds, the thick darkneſs that hangs upon it; as I ſhall endeavour to make manifeſt in the following diſcourſe; and thus vindicate Providence from prevailing imputations; and by laying the two counter parts together, infer a true eſtimate of human life.

END of the TRUE ESTIMATE of HUMAN LIFE.

CONJECTURES

ON

ORIGINAL COMPOSITION.

IN

A LETTER to the AUTHOR of Sir CHARLES GRANDISON.

Si habet aliquod tanquam pabulum ſtudii, & doctrinæ, otioſâ ſenectute nihil eſt jucundius. CIC.

A

LETTER

TO THE

AUTHOR

OF

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON.

DEAR SIR,

WE confeſs the follies of youth without a bluſh; not ſo, thoſe of age. However, keep me a little in countenance, by conſidering, that age wants amuſements more, though it can juſtify them leſs, than the preceding periods of life. How you may reliſh the paſtime here ſent you, I know not. It is miſcellaneous in its nature, ſomewhat licentious in its conduct; and, perhaps, not over important in its end. However, I have endeavoured to make ſome amends, by digreſſing into ſubjects more important,

and

and more ſuitable to my ſeaſon of life. A ſerious thought ſtanding ſingle among many of a lighter nature, will ſometimes ſtrike the careleſs wanderer after amuſement only, with uſeful awe: as monumental marbles ſcattered in a wide pleaſure-garden (and ſuch there are) will call to recollection thoſe who would never have ſought it in a church-yard-walk of mournful yews.

To one ſuch monument I may conduct you, in which is a hidden luſtre, like the ſepulchral lamps of old; but not like thoſe will this be extinguiſhed, but ſhine the brighter for being produced, after ſo long concealment, into open day.

You remember that your worthy patron, and our common friend, put ſome queſtions on the ſerious drama, at the ſame time when he deſired our ſentiments on original, and on moral compoſition. Though I deſpair of breaking through the frozen obſtructions of age, and care's incumbent cloud, into that flow of thought, and brightneſs of expreſſion, which ſubjects ſo polite require; yet will I hazard ſome conjectures on them.

I begin with original compoſition; and the more willingly, as it ſeems an original ſubject to me, who have ſeen nothing hitherto written on it: but, firſt, a few thoughts on compoſition in general. Some are of opinion, that its growth, at preſent, is too luxuriant; and that the preſs is overcharged. Overcharged, I think, it could never be, if none were admitted,

mitted, but ſuch as brought their imprimatur from ſound underſtanding, and the public good. Wit, indeed, however brilliant, ſhould not be permitted to gaze ſelf-enamoured on its uſeleſs charms, in that fountain of fame (if ſo I may call the preſs), if beauty is all that it has to boaſt; but, like the firſt Brutus, it ſhould ſacrifice its moſt darling offspring to the ſacred intereſts of virtue, and real ſervice of mankind.

This reſtriction allowed, the more compoſition the better. To men of letters, and leiſure, it is not only a noble amuſement, but a ſweet refuge; it improves their parts, and promotes their peace: it opens a back-door out of the buſtle of this buſy, and idle world, into a delicious garden of moral and intellectual fruits and flowers; the key of which is denied to the reſt of mankind. When ſtung with idle anxieties, or teazed with fruitleſs impertinence, or yawning over inſipid diverſions, then we perceive the bleſſings of a lettered receſs. With what a guſt do we retire to our diſintereſted, and immortal friends in our cloſet, and find our minds, when applied to ſome favourite theme, as naturally, and as eaſily quieted, and refreſhed, as a peeviſh child (and peeviſh children are we all till we fall aſleep) when laid to the breaſt? Our happineſs no longer lives on charity; nor bids fair for a fall, by leaning on that moſt precarious, and thorny pillow, another's pleaſure, for our repoſe. How independent of the world is he, who can daily find new acquaintance, that at once entertain, and improve him,

him, in the little world, the minute but fruitful creation, of his own mind?

These advantages compoſition affords us, whether we write ourſelves, or in more humble amuſement peruſe the works of others. While we buſtle through the thronged walks of public life, it gives us a reſpite, at leaſt, from care; a pleaſing pauſe of refreſhing recollection. If the country is our choice, or fate, there it reſcues us from ſloth and ſenſuality, which, like obſcene vermin, are apt gradually to creep unperceived into the delightful bowers of our reti rement, and to poiſon all its ſweets. Conſcious guilt robs the roſe of its ſcent, the lily of its luſtre; and makes an Eden a deflowered, and diſmal ſcene.

Moreover, if we conſider life's endleſs evils, what can be more prudent, than to provide for conſolation under them? A conſolation under them the wiſeſt of men have found in the pleaſures of the pen; witneſs, among many more, Thucydides, Xenophon, Tully, Ovid, Seneca, Pliny the younger, who ſays, "in "uxoris infirmitate, & amicorum periculo, aut morte "turbatus, ad ſtudia, unicum doloris levamentum, "confugio." And why not add to theſe their modern equals, Chaucer, Rawleigh, Bacon, Milton, Clarendon, under the ſame ſhield, unwounded by misfortune, and nobly ſmiling in diſtreſs?

Compoſition was a cordial to theſe under the frowns of fortune; but evils there are, which her ſmiles cannot prevent, or cure. Among theſe are the

languors of old age. If thoſe are held honourable, who in a hand benumbed by time have graſped the juſt ſword in defence of their country; ſhall they be leſs eſteemed, whoſe unſteady pen vibrates to the laſt in the cauſe of religion, of virtue, of learning? Both theſe are happy in this, that by fixing their attention on objects moſt important, they eſcape numberleſs little anxieties, and that tædium vitæ which often hangs ſo heavy on its evening hours. May not this inſinuate ſome apology for my ſpilling ink, and ſpoiling paper, ſo late in life?

But there are, who write with vigour, and ſucceſs, to the world's delight, and their own renown. Theſe are the glorious fruits where genius prevails. The mind of a man of genius is a fertile and pleaſant field; pleaſant as Elyſium, and fertile as Tempe; it enjoys a perpetual ſpring. Of that ſpring, originals are the faireſt flowers: imitations are of quicker growth, but fainter bloom. Imitations are of two kinds; one of nature, one of authors: the firſt we call originals, and confine the term imitation to the ſecond. I ſhall not enter into the curious enquiry of what is, or is not, ſtrictly ſpeaking, original, content with what all muſt allow, that ſome compoſitions are more ſo than others; and the more they are ſo, I ſay, the better. Originals are, and ought to be, great favourites, for they are great benefactors; they extend the republic of letters, and add a new province to its dominion: imitators only give us a ſort of duplicates of what we had, poſſibly much better, before; increaſing the mere

mere drug of books, while all that makes them valuable, knowledge and genius, are at a ſtand. The pen of an original writer, like Armida's wand, out of a barren waſte calls a blooming ſpring: out of that blooming ſpring an imitator is a tranſplanter of laurels, which ſometimes die on removal, always languiſh in a foreign ſoil.

But ſuppoſe an imitator to be moſt excellent (and ſuch there are), yet ſtill he but nobly builds on another's foundation; his debt is, at leaſt, equal to his glory; which therefore, on the balance, cannot be very great. On the contrary, an original, though but indifferent (its originality being ſet aſide), yet has ſomething to boaſt; it is ſomething to ſay with him in Horace,

"Meo ſum pauper in ære;"

and to ſhare ambition with no leſs than Cæſar, who declared he had rather be the firſt in a village, than the ſecond at Rome.

Still farther: An imitator ſhares his crown, if he has one, with the choſen object of his imitation; an original enjoys an undivided applauſe. An original may be ſaid to be of a vegetable nature; it riſes ſpontaneouſly from the vital root of genius; it grows, it is not made: imitations are often a ſort of manufacture wrought up by thoſe mechanics, art, and labour, out of pre-exiſtent materials not their own.

Again:

Again: We read imitation with ſomewhat of his languor, who liſtens to a twice-told tale: our ſpirits rouze at an original; that is a perfect ſtranger, and all throng to learn what news from a foreign land: and though it comes, like an Indian prince, adorned with feathers only, having little of weight; yet of our attention it will rob the more ſolid, if not equally new: thus every teleſcope is liſted at a new diſcovered ſtar; it makes a hundred aſtronomers in a moment, and denies equal notice to the ſun. But if an original, by being as excellent, as new, adds admiration to ſurprize, then are we at the writer's mercy; on the ſtrong wing of his imagination, we are ſnatched from Britain to Italy, from climate to climate, from pleaſure to pleaſure; we have no home, no thought, of our own; till the magician drops his pen: and then falling down into ourſelves, we awake to flat realities, lamenting the change, like the beggar who dreamt himſelf a prince.

It is with thoughts, as it is with words; and with both, as with men; they may grow old, and die. Words tarniſhed, by paſſing through the mouths of the vulgar, are laid aſide as inelegant, and obſolete. So thoughts, when become too common, ſhould loſe their currency; and we ſhould ſend new metal to the mint, that is, new meaning to the preſs. The diviſion of tongues at Babel did not more effectually debar men from making themſelves a name (as the ſcripture ſpeaks,) than the too great concurrence, or union of tongues will do for ever. We may as well

grow

grow good by another's virtue, or fat by another's food, as famous by another's thought. The world will pay its debt of praiſe but once, and inſtead of applauding, explode a ſecond demand, as a cheat.

If it is ſaid, that moſt of the Latin claſſics, and all the Greek, except, perhaps, Homer, Pindar, and Anacreon, are in the number of imitators, yet receive our higheſt applauſe; our anſwer is, that they, though not real, are accidental originals; the works they imitated, few excepted, are loſt: they, on their father's deceaſe, enter as lawful heirs, on their eſtates in fame: the fathers of our copyiſts are ſtill in poſſeſſion; and ſecured in it, in ſpite of Goths, and flames, by the perpetuating power of the preſs. Very late muſt a modern imitator's fame arrive, if it waits for their deceaſe.

An original enters early on reputation: fame, fond of new glories, ſounds her trumpet in triumph at its birth; and yet how few are awakened by it into the noble ambition of like attempts? Ambition is ſometimes no vice in life; it is always a virtue in compoſition. High in the towering Alps is the fountain of the Po; high in fame, and in antiquity, is the fountain of an imitator's undertaking; but the river, and the imitation, humbly creep along the vale. So few are our originals, that, if all other books were to be burnt, the lettered world would reſemble ſome metropolis in flames, where a few incombuſtible buildings, a fortreſs, temple, or tower, lift their heads, in

in melancholy grandeur, amid the mighty ruin. Compared with this conflagration, old Omar lighted up but a ſmall bonfire, when he heated the baths of the Barbarians, for eight months together, with the famed Alexandrian library's ineſtimable ſpoils, that no prophane book might obſtruct the triumphant progreſs of his holy Alcoran round the globe.

But why are originals ſo few? Not becauſe the writer's harveſt is over, the great reapers of antiquity having left nothing to be gleaned after them; nor becauſe the human mind's teeming time is paſt, or becauſe it is incapable of putting forth unprecedented births; but becauſe illuſtrious examples engroſs, prejudice, and intimidate. They engroſs our attention, and ſo prevent a due inſpection of ourſelves; they prejudice our judgment in favour of their abilities, and ſo leſſen the ſenſe of our own; and they intimidate us with the ſplendor of their renown, and thus under diffidence bury our ſtrength. Nature's impoſſibilities, and thoſe of diffidence, lie wide aſunder.

Let it not be ſuſpected, that I would weakly inſinuate any thing in favour of the moderns, as compared with ancient authors; no, I am lamenting their great inferiority. But I think it is no neceſſary inferiority; that it is not from divine deſtination, but from ſome cauſe far beneath the moon *: I think that human ſouls, through all periods, are equal; that

* Enquiry into the Life of Homer, p. 76.

due

due care, and exertion, would ſet us nearer our immortal predeceſſors than we are at preſent; and he who queſtions and confutes this, will ſhow abilities not a little tending toward a proof of that equality, which he denies.

After all, the firſt ancients had no merit in being originals: they could not be imitators. Modern writers have a choice to make; and therefore have a merit in their power. They may ſoar in the regions of liberty, or move in the ſoft fetters of eaſy imitation; and imitation has as many plauſible reaſons to urge, as pleaſure had to offer to Hercules. Hercules made the choice of an hero, and ſo became immortal.

Yet let not aſſertors of claſſic excellence imagine, that I deny the tribute it ſo well deſerves. He that admires not ancient authors, betrays a ſecret he would conceal, and tells the world, that he does not underſtand them. Let us be as far from neglecting, as from copying, their admirable compoſitions: ſacred be their rights, and inviolable their fame. Let our underſtanding feed on theirs; they afford the nobleſt nouriſhment: but let them nouriſh, not annihilate, our own. When we read, let our imagination kindle at their charms; when we write, let our judgment ſhut them out of our thoughts; treat even Homer himſelf, as his royal admirer was treated by the cynic; bid him ſtand aſide, nor ſhade our compoſition from the beams of our own genius; for nothing original

ginal can riſe, nothing immortal, can ripen, in any other ſun.

Muſt we then, you ſay, not imitate ancient authors? Imitate them, by all means; but imitate aright. He that imitates the divine Iliad, does not imitate Homer; but he who takes the ſame method, which Homer took, for arriving at a capacity of accompliſhing a work ſo great. Tread in his ſteps to the ſole fountain of immortality; drink where he drank, at the true Helicon, that is, at the breaſt of nature. Imitate; but imitate not the compoſition, but the man. For may not this paradox paſs into a maxim? viz. "The leſs we copy the renowned ancients, we ſhall reſemble them the more."

But poſſibly you may reply, that you muſt either imitate Homer, or depart from nature. Not ſo: for ſuppoſe you was to change place, in time, with Homer; then, if you write naturally, you might as well charge Homer with an imitation of you. Can you be ſaid to imitate Homer for writing ſo, as you would have written, if Homer had never been? As far as a regard to nature, and ſound ſenſe, will permit a departure from your great predeceſſors; ſo far, ambitiouſly, depart from them; the farther from them in ſimilitude, the nearer are you to them in excellence; you riſe by it into an original; become a noble collateral, not an humble deſcendant from them. Let us build our compoſitions with the ſpirit, and in the taſte, of the ancients; but not with their materials: thus will they reſemble the ſtructures of Pericles at Athens,

Athens, which Plutarch commends for having had an air of antiquity as ſoon as they were built. All eminence, and diſtinction, lies out of the beaten road; excurſion, and deviation, are neceſſary to find it; and the more remote your path from the highway, the more reputable; if, like poor Gulliver (of whom anon) you fall not into a ditch, in your way to glory.

What glory to come near, what glory to reach, what glory (preſumptuous thought!) to ſurpaſs our predeceſſors? And is that then in nature abſolutely impoſſible? or is it not, rather, contrary to nature to fail in it? Nature herſelf ſets the ladder, all wanting is our ambition to climb. For by the bounty of nature we are as ſtrong as our predeceſſors; and by the favour of time (which is but another round in nature's ſcale) we ſtand on higher ground. As to the firſt, were they more than men? or are we leſs? Are not our minds caſt in the ſame mould with thoſe before the flood? The flood affected matter: mind eſcaped. As to the ſecond; though we are moderns, the world is an ancient; more ancient far, than when they, whom we moſt admire, filled it with their fame. Have we not their beauties, as ſtars, to guide; their defects, as rocks, to be ſhunned; the judgment of ages on both, as a chart to conduct, and a ſure helm to ſteer us in our paſſage to greater perfection than theirs? And ſhall we be ſtopt in our rival pretenſions to fame by this juſt reproof?

"Stat contra, dicitque tibi tua pagina, Fures. MART.

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It is by a ſort of noble contagion, from a general familiarity with their writings, and not by any particular ſordid theft, that we can be the better for thoſe who went before us. Hope we, from plagiariſm, any dominion in literature; as that of Rome aroſe from a neſt of thieves?

Rome was a powerful ally to many ſtates; ancient authors are our powerful allies; but we muſt take heed, that they do not ſuccour, till they enſlave, after the manner of Rome. Too formidable an idea of their ſuperiority, like a ſpectre, would fright us out of a proper uſe of our wits; and dwarf our underſtanding, by making a giant of theirs. Too great awe for them lays genius under reſtraint, and denies it that free ſcope, that full elbow-room, which is requiſite for ſtriking its moſt maſterly ſtrokes. Genius is a maſter-workman, learning is but an inſtrument; and an inſtrument, though moſt valuable, yet not always indiſpenſable. Heaven will not admit of a partner in the accompliſhment of ſome favourite ſpirits; but rejecting all human means, aſſumes the whole glory to itſelf. Have not ſome, though not famed for erudition, ſo written, as almoſt to perſuade us, that they ſhone brighter, and ſoared higher, for eſcaping the boaſted aid of that proud ally?

Nor is it ſtrange; for what, for the moſt part, mean we by genius, but the power of accompliſhing great things without the means generally reputed neceſſary to that end? A genius differs from a good underſtanding, as a magician from a good architect;

that raiſes his ſtructure by means inviſible; this by the ſkilful uſe of common tools. Hence genius has ever been ſuppoſed to partake of ſomething divine. "Nemo unquam vir magnus fuit, ſine aliquo afflatu "divino."

Learning, deſtitute of this ſuperior aid, is fond, and proud, of what has coſt it much pains; is a great lover of rules, and boaſter of famed examples. As beauties leſs perfect, who owe half their charms to cautious art, learning inveighs againſt natural unſtudied graces, and ſmall harmleſs inaccuracies, and ſets rigid bounds to that liberty, to which genius often owes its ſupreme glory; but the no-genius its frequent ruin. For unpreſcribed beauties, and unexampled excellence, which are characteriſtics of genius, lie without the pale of learning's authorities, and laws; which pale, genius muſt leap to come at them: but by that leap, if genius is wanting, we break our necks; we loſe that little credit, which poſſibly we might have enjoyed before. For rules, like crutches, are a needful aid to the lame, though an impediment to the ſtrong. A Homer caſts them away; and, like his Achilles,

"Jura negat ſibi nata, nihil non arrogat,"

by native force of mind. There is ſomething in poetry beyond proſe reaſon; there are myſteries in it not to be explained, but admired; which render mere proſe-men infidels to their divinity. And here pardon a ſecond paradox; viz. "Genius often then deſerves

" deſerves moſt to be praiſed, when it is moſt ſure " to be condemned; that is, when its excellence, " from mounting high, to weak eyes is quite out of " ſight."

If I might ſpeak farther of learning, and genius, I would compare genius to virtue, and learning to riches. As riches are moſt wanted where there is leaſt virtue; ſo learning where there is leaſt genius. As virtue without much riches can give happineſs; ſo genius without much learning can give renown. As it is ſaid in Terence, " pecuniam negligere interdum " maximum eſt lucrum;" ſo to neglect of learning, genius ſometimes owes its greater glory. Genius, therefore, leaves but the ſecond place, among men of letters, to the learned. It is their merit, and ambition, to fling light on the works of genius, and point out its charms. We moſt juſtly reverence their informing radius for that favour; but we muſt much more admire the radiant ſtars pointed out by them.

A ſtar of the firſt magnitude among the moderns was Shakeſpeare; among the ancients, Pindar; who (as Voſſius tells us) boaſted of his no-learning, calling himſelf the eagle, for his flight above it. And ſuch genii as theſe may, indeed, have much reliance on their own native powers. For genius may be compared to the natural ſtrength of the body; learning to the ſuperinduced accoutrements of arms: if the firſt is equal to the propoſed exploit, the latter rather encumbers, than aſſiſts; rather retards, than

promotes, the victory. "Sacer nobis ineſt Deus," ſays Seneca. With regard to the moral world, conſcience, with regard to the intellectual, genius, is that god within. Genius can ſet us right in compoſition, without the rules of the learned; as conſcience ſets us right in life, without the laws of the land: this, ſingly, can make us good, as men: that, ſingly, as writers, can, ſometimes, make us great.

I ſay, ſometimes, becauſe there is a genius, which ſtands in need of learning to make it ſhine. Of genius there are two ſpecies, an earlier, and a later; or call them infantine, and adult. An adult genius comes out of nature's hand, as Pallas out of Jove's head, at full growth, and mature: Shakeſpeare's genius was of this kind: on the contrary, Swift ſtumbled at the threſhold, and ſet out for diſtinction on feeble knees: his was an infantine genius; a genius, which, like other infants, muſt be nurſed, and educated, or it will come to nought. Learning is its nurſe, and tutor; but this nurſe may overlay with an indigeſted load, which ſmothers common ſenſe; and this tutor may miſlead, with pedantic prejudice, which vitiates the beſt underſtanding. As too great admirers of the fathers of the church have ſometimes ſet up their authority againſt the true ſenſe of ſcripture; ſo too great admirers of the claſſical fathers have ſometimes ſet up their authority, or example, againſt reaſon.

"Neve

" Neve minor, neu ſit quinto productior actu fa-
" bula."

So ſays Horace, ſo ſays ancient example. But reaſon has not ſubſcribed. I know but one book that can juſtify our implicit acquieſcence in it: and (by the way) on that book a noble diſdain of undue deference to prior opinion has lately caſt, and is ſtill caſting, a new and ineſtimable light.

But, ſuperſtition for our predeceſſors ſet aſide, the claſſics are for ever our rightful and revered maſters in compoſition; and our underſtandings bow before them. But when? When a maſter is wanted; which, ſometimes, as I have ſhown, is not the caſe. Some are pupils of nature only, nor go farther to ſchool. From ſuch we reap often a double advantage; they not only rival the reputation of the great ancient authors, but alſo reduce the number of mean ones among the moderns. For when they enter on ſubjects which have been in former hands, ſuch is their ſuperiority, that, like a tenth wave, they overwhelm, and bury in oblivion all that went before: and thus not only enrich and adorn, but remove a load, and leſſen the labour, of the lettered world.

" But, you ſay, ſince originals can ariſe from
" genius only, and ſince genius is ſo very rare, it is
" ſcarce worth while to labour a point ſo much, from
" which we can reaſonably expect ſo little." To ſhow that genius is not ſo very rare as you imagine, I

ſhall point out ſtrong inſtances of it, in a far diſtant quarter from that mentioned above. The minds of the ſchoolmen were almoſt as much cloiſtered as their bodies; they had but little learning, and few books; yet may the moſt learned be ſtruck with ſome aſtoniſhment at their ſo ſingular natural ſagacity, and moſt exquiſite edge of thought. Who would expect to find Pindar and Scotus, Shakeſpeare and Aquinas, of the ſame party? Both equally ſhew an original, unindebted, energy; the vigor igneus, and cæleſtis origo, burns in both; and leaves us in doubt whether genius is more evident in the ſublime flights and beauteous flowers of poetry, or in the profound penetrations, and marvelouſly keen and minute diſtinctions, called the thorns of the ſchools. There might have been more able conſuls called from the plough, than ever arrived at that honour: many a genius, probably, there has been, which could neither write, nor read. So that genius, that ſupreme luſtre of literature, is leſs rare than you conceive.

By the praiſe of genius we detract not from learning; we detract not from the value of gold, by ſaying that a diamond has greater ſtill. He who diſregards learning, ſhows that he wants its aid; and he that overvalues it, ſhows that its aid has done him harm. Over-valued indeed it cannot be, if genius as to compoſition, is valued more. Learning, we thank; genius, we revere; that gives us pleaſure, this gives us rapture; that informs, this inſpires; and is itſelf inſpired; for genius is from heaven, learning

from

from man: this ſets us above the low, and illiterate; that, above the learned, and polite. Learning is borrowed knowledge; genius is knowledge innate, and quite our own. Therefore, as Bacon obſerves, it may take a nobler name, and be called wiſdom; in which ſenſe of wiſdom, ſome are born wiſe.

But here a caution is neceſſary againſt the moſt fatal of errors in thoſe automaths, thoſe ſelf-taught philoſophers of our age, who ſet up genius, and often, mere fancied genius, not only above human learning, but divine truth. I have called genius wiſdom; but let it be remembered, that in the moſt renowned ages of the moſt refined heathen wiſdom (and theirs is not Chriſtian) "the world by wiſdom knew not "God, and it pleaſed God by the fooliſhneſs of "preaching to ſave thoſe that believed." In the fairyland of fancy, genius may wander wild; there it has a creative power, and may reign arbitrarily over its own empire of chimeras. The wide field of nature alſo lies open before it, where it may range unconfined, make what diſcoveries it can, and ſport with its infinite objects uncontrouled, as far as viſible nature extends, painting them as wantonly as it will. But what painter of the moſt unbounded and exalted genius, can give us the true portrait of a ſeraph? He can give us only what by his own, or others eyes, has been ſeen; though that indeed infinitely compounded, raiſed, burleſqued, diſhonoured, or adorned. In like manner, who can give us divine truth unrevealed? Much leſs ſhould any preſume to ſet

aſide divine truth when revealed, as incongruous to their own ſagacities.—Is this too ſerious for my ſubject? I ſhall be more ſo before I cloſe.

Having put in a caveat againſt the moſt fatal of errors, from the too great indulgence of genius, return we now to that too great ſuppreſſion of it, which is detrimental to compoſition; and endeavour to reſcue the writer, as well as the man. I have ſaid, that ſome are born wiſe; but they, like thoſe that are born rich, by neglecting the cultivation and produce of their own poſſeſſions, and by running in debt, may be beggared at laſt; and loſe their reputations, as younger brothers eſtates, not by being born with leſs abilities than the rich heir, but at too late an hour.

Many a great man has been loſt to himſelf, and the public, purely becauſe great ones were born before him. Hermias, in his Collections on Homer's blindneſs, ſays, that Homer requeſting the gods to grant him a ſight of Achilles, that hero roſe, but in armour ſo bright, that it ſtruck Homer blind with the blaze. Let not the blaze of even Homer's muſe darken us to the diſcernment of our own powers; which may poſſibly ſet us above the rank of imitators; who, though moſt excellent, and even immortal (as ſome of them are) yet are ſtill but "Dii minorum "gentium," nor can expect the largeſt ſhare of incenſe, the greateſt profuſion of praiſe, on their ſecondary altars.

But

But farther ſtill: a ſpirit of imitation hath many ill effects; I ſhall confine myſelf to three. Firſt, It deprives the liberal and politer arts of an advantage which the mechanic enjoy: in theſe, men are ever endeavouring to go beyond their predeceſſors; in the former, to follow them. And ſince copies ſurpaſs not their originals, as ſtreams riſe not higher than their ſpring, rarely ſo high; hence, while arts mechanic are in perpetual progreſs, and increaſe, the liberal are in retrogradation, and decay. Theſe reſemble pyramids, are broad at bottom, but leſſen exceedingly as they riſe; thoſe reſemble rivers which, from a ſmall fountain-head, are ſpreading ever wider and wider, as they run. Hence it is evident, that different portions of underſtanding are not (as ſome imagine) allotted to different periods of time; for we ſee, in the ſame period, underſtanding riſing in one ſet of artiſts, and declining in another. Therefore nature ſtands abſolved, and our inferiority in compoſition muſt be charged on ourſelves.

Nay, ſo far are we from complying with a neceſſity, which nature lays us under, that, ſecondly, by a ſpirit of imitation we counteract nature, and thwart her deſign. She brings us into the world all originals. No two faces, no two minds, are juſt alike; but all bear nature's evident mark of ſeparation on them. Born originals, how comes it to paſs that we die copies? That meddling ape imitation, as ſoon as we come to years of indiſcretion (ſo let me ſpeak), ſnatches the pen, and blots out nature's mark of ſe-

paration, cancels her kind intention, deſtroys all mental individuality; the lettered world no longer conſiſts of ſingulars, it is a medly, a maſs; and a hundred books, at bottom, are but one. Why are monkies ſuch maſters of mimickry? why receive they ſuch a talent at imitation? Is it not as the Spartan ſlaves received a licence for ebriety; that their betters might be aſhamed of it?

The third fault to be found with a ſpirit of imitation is, that with great incongruity it makes us poor, and proud: makes us think little, and write much; gives us huge folios, which are but little better than more reputable cuſhions to promote our repoſe. Have not ſome ſevenfold volumes put us in mind of Ovid's ſevenfold channels of the Nile at the conflagration?

"Oſtia ſeptem
"Pulverulenta vacant ſeptem ſine flumine valles."

Such leaden labours are like Lycurgus's iron money, which was ſo much leſs in value than in bulk, that it required barns for ſtrong boxes, and a yoke of oxen to draw five hundred pounds.

But notwithſtanding theſe diſadvantages of imitation, imitation muſt be the lot (and often an honourable lot it is) of moſt writers. If there is a famine of invention in the land, like Joſeph's brethren, we muſt travel far for food; we muſt viſit the remote, and rich, ancients: but an inventive genius may ſafely ſtay at home; that, like the widow's cruſe, is divine-

ly

ly repleniſhed from within; and affords us a miraculous delight. Whether our own genius be ſuch, or not, we diligently ſhould inquire; that we may not go a-begging with gold in our purſe. For there is a mine in man, which muſt be deeply dug ere we can conjecture its contents. Another often ſees that in us, which we ſee not ourſelves; and may there not be that in us, which is unſeen by both? That there may, chance often diſcovers, either by a luckily choſen theme, or a mighty premium, or an abſolute neceſſity of exertion, or a noble ſtroke of emulation from another's glory; as that on Thucydides from hearing Herodotus repeat part of his hiſtory at the Olympic games. Had there been no Herodotus, there might have been no Thucydides, and the world's admiration might have begun at Livy for excellence in that province of the pen. Demoſthenes had the ſame ſtimulation on hearing Calliſtratus; or Tully might have been the firſt of conſummate renown at the bar.

Quite clear of the diſpute concerning ancient and modern learning, we ſpeak not of performance, but powers. The modern powers are equal to thoſe before them; modern performance in general is deplorably ſhort. How great are the names juſt mentioned? Yet who will dare affirm, that as great may not riſe up in ſome future, or even in the preſent age? Reaſons there are why talents may not appear, none why they may not exiſt, as much in one period as another. An evocation of vegetable fruits depends

on rain, air, and ſun; an evocation of the fruits of genius no leſs depends on externals. What a marvellous crop bore it in Greece, and Rome? And what a marvellous ſunſhine did it there enjoy? What encouragement from the nature of their governments, and the ſpirit of their people? Virgil and Horace owed their divine talents to Heaven; their immortal works, to men; thank Mæcenas and Auguſtus for them. Had it not been for theſe, the genius of thoſe poets had lain buried in their aſhes. Athens expended on her theatre, painting, ſculpture, and architecture, a tax levied for the ſupport of a war. Cæſar dropt his papers when Tully ſpoke; and Philip trembled at the voice of Demoſthenes. And has there ariſen but one Tully, one Demoſthenes, in ſo long a courſe of years? The powerful eloquence of them both in one ſtream, ſhould never bear me down into the melancholy perſuaſion, that ſeveral have not been born, though they have not emerged. The ſun as much exiſts in a cloudy day, as in a clear; it is outward, accidental circumſtances that with regard to genius either in nation, or age,

"Collectas fugat nubes, ſolemque reducit. VIRG."

As great, perhaps, greater than thoſe mentioned (preſumptuous as it may ſound) may, poſſibly, ariſe; for who hath fathomed the mind of man? Its bounds are as unknown, as thoſe of the creation; ſince the birth of which, perhaps, not one has ſo far exerted, as not to leave his poſſibilities beyond his attainments, his powers beyond his exploits. Forming

ing our judgments altogether by what has been done, without knowing, or at all inquiring, what poſſibly might have been done, we naturally enough fall into too mean an opinion of the human mind. If a ſketch of the divine Iliad before Homer wrote, had been given to mankind, by ſome ſuperior being, or otherwiſe, its execution would, probably, have appeared beyond the power of man. Now, to ſurpaſs it, we think impoſſible. As the firſt of theſe opinions would evidently have been a miſtake, why may not the ſecond be ſo too? Both are founded on the ſame bottom; on our ignorance of the poſſible dimenſions of the mind of man.

Nor are we only ignorant of the dimenſions of the human mind in general, but even of our own. That a man may be ſcarce leſs ignorant of his own powers, than an oyſter of its pearl, or a rock of its diamond; that he may poſſeſs dormant, unſuſpected abilities, till awakened by loud calls, or ſtung up by ſtriking emergencies, is evident from the ſudden eruption of ſome men out of perfect obſcurity, into public admiration, on the ſtrong impulſe of ſome animating occaſion; not more to the world's great ſurprize, than their own. Few authors of diſtinction but have experienced ſomething of this nature, at the firſt beamings of their yet unſuſpected genius on their hitherto dark compoſition. The writer ſtarts at it, as at a lucid meteor in the night; is much ſurprized; can ſcarce believe it true. During his happy confuſion, it may be ſaid to him, as to Eve at the lake,

"What

"What there thou ſeeſt, fair creature, is thy-
"ſelf. MILT.

Genius, in this view, is like a dear friend in our company under diſguiſe; who, while we are lamenting his abſence, drops his maſk, ſtriking us at once with equal ſurprize and joy. This ſenſation, which I ſpeak of in a writer, might favour, and ſo promote, the fable of poetic inſpiration. A poet of a ſtrong imagination, and ſtrong vanity, on feeling it, might naturally enough realize the world's mere compliment, and think himſelf truly inſpired. Which is not improbable; for enthuſiaſts of all kinds do no leſs.

Since it is plain that men may be ſtrangers to their own abilities; and by thinking meanly of them, without juſt cauſe, may poſſibly loſe a name, perhaps a name immortal; I would find ſome means to prevent theſe evils. Whatever promotes virtue, promotes ſomething more, and carries its good influence beyond the moral man: to prevent theſe evils I borrow two golden rules from ethics, which are no leſs golden in compoſition, than in life. 1. Know thyſelf; 2dly, Reverence thyſelf. I deſign to repay ethics in a future letter, by two rules from rhetoric for its ſervice.

1ſt. Know thyſelf. Of ourſelves it may be ſaid, as Martial ſays of a bad neighbour.

"Nil tam prope, proculque nobis."

Therefore

Therefore dive deep into thy boſom; learn the depth, extent, biaſs, and full ſort of thy mind; contract full intimacy with the ſtranger within thee; excite and cheriſh every ſpark of intellectual light and heat, however ſmothered under former negligence, or ſcattered through the dull, dark maſs of common thoughts; and collecting them into a body, let thy genius riſe (if a genius thou haſt) as the ſun from chaos; and if I ſhould then ſay, like an Indian, Worſhip it, (though too bold) yet ſhould I ſay little more than my ſecond rule enjoins, (viz.) Reverence thyſelf.

That is, let not great examples, or authorities browbeat thy reaſon into too great a diffidence of thyſelf: thyſelf ſo reverence, as to prefer the native growth of thy own mind to the richeſt import from abroad; ſuch borrowed riches make us poor. The man who thus reverences himſelf, will ſoon find the world's reverence to follow his own. His works will ſtand diſtinguiſhed; his the ſole property of them; which property alone can confer the noble title of an author; that is, of one who (to ſpeak accurately) thinks, and compoſes; while other invaders of the preſs, how voluminous, and learned ſoever, (with due reſpect be it ſpoken) only read, and write.

This is the difference between thoſe two luminaries in literature, the well-accompliſhed ſcholar, and the divinely-inſpired enthuſiaſt; the firſt is, as the bright morning ſtar; the ſecond, as the riſing ſun. The writer who neglects thoſe two rules above will never

ſtand

ſtand alone; he makes one of a group, and thinks in wretched unanimity with the throng Incumbered with the notions of others, and impoveriſhed by their abundance, he conceives not the leaſt embryo of new thought; opens not the leaſt viſta through the gloom of ordinary writers, into the bright walks of rare imagination, and ſingular deſign; while the true genius is croſſing all public roads into freſh untrodden ground, he, up to the knees in antiquity, is treading the ſacred footſteps of great examples, with the blind veneration of a bigot ſaluting the papal toe; comfortably hoping full abſolution for the ſins of his own underſtanding, from the powerful charm of touching his idol's infallibility.

Such meanneſs of mind, ſuch proſtration of our own powers, proceeds from too great admiration of others. Admiration has, generally, a degree of two very bad ingredients in it; of ignorance, and of fear; and does miſchief in compoſition, and in life. Proud as the world is, there is more ſuperiority in it given, than aſſumed: and its grandees of all kinds owe more of their elevation to the littleneſs of others minds, than to the greatneſs of their own. Were not proſtrate ſpirits their voluntary pedeſtals, the figure they make among mankind would not ſtand ſo high. Imitators and tranſlators are ſomewhat of the pedeſtal-kind, and ſometimes rather raiſe their original's reputation, by ſhowing him to be by them inimitable, than their own. Homer has been tranſlated into moſt languages; Ælian tells us, that the Indians,

dians, (hopeful tutors!) have taught him to ſpeak their tongue. What expect we from them? Not Homer's Achilles, but ſomething, which, like Patroclus, aſſumes his name, and, at its peril, appears in his ſtead; nor expect we Homer's Ulyſſes glorioufly burſting out of his cloud into royal grandeur, but an Ulyſſes under diſguiſe, and a beggar to the laſt. Such is that inimitable father of poetry, and oracle of all the wiſe, whom Lycurgus tranſcribed; and for an annual public recital of whoſe works Solon enacted a law; that it is much to be feared, that his ſo numerous tranſlations are but as the publiſhed teſtimonials of ſo many nations, and ages, that this author ſo divine is untranſlated ſtill.

But here,

" Cynthius aurem
" Vellit, —— VIRG.

and demands juſtice for his favourite, and ours. Great things he has done; but he might have done greater. What a fall is it from Homer's numbers, free as air, lofty and harmonious as the ſpheres, into childiſh ſhackles, and tinkling ſounds! But, in his fall, he is ſtill great.—

" Nor appears
" Leſs than archangel ruin'd, and the exceſs
" Of glory obſcur'd.—" MILT.

Had Milton never wrote, Pope had been leſs to blame: But when in Milton's genius, Homer, as it were,

were, perſonally roſe to forbid Britons doing him that ignoble wrong; it is leſs pardonable, by that effeminate decoration, to put Achilles in petticoats a ſecond time. How much nobler had it been, if his numbers had rolled on in full flow, through the various modulations of maſculine melody, into thoſe grandeurs of ſolemn ſound, which are indiſpenſably demanded by the native dignity of heroick ſong? How much nobler, if he had reſiſted the temptation of that Gothic dæmon, which modern poeſy taſting, became mortal? O how unlike the deathleſs, divine harmony of three great names (how juſtly joined!), of Milton, Greece, and Rome? His verſe, but for this little ſpeck of mortality, in its extreme parts, as his hero had in his heel; like him, had been invulnerable, and immortal. But, unfortunately, that was undipt in Helicon; as this, in Styx. Harmony as well as eloquence is eſſential to poeſy; and a murder of his muſick is putting half Homer to death. Blank is a term of diminution; what we mean by blank verſe, is, verſe unfallen, uncurſt; verſe reclaimed, reinthroned in the true language of the gods; who never thundered, nor ſuffered their Homer to thunder, in rhime; and therefore, I beg you, my friend, to crown it with ſome nobler term; nor let the greatneſs of the thing lie under the defamation of ſuch a name.

But ſuppoſing Pope's Iliad to have been perfect in its kind; yet it is a tranſlation ſtill; which differs

differs as much from an original, as the moon from the ſun.

" ——Phæben alieno juſſerat igne
" Impleri, ſolemque ſuo." CLAUD.

But as nothing is more eaſy than to write originally wrong; originals are not here recommended, but under the ſtrong guard of my firſt rule,---Know thyſelf. Lucian, who was an original, neglected not this rule, if we may judge by his reply to one who took ſome freedom with him. He was, at firſt, an apprentice to a ſtatuary; and when he was reflected on as ſuch, by being called Prometheus, he replied, " I am indeed the inventor of a new work, the " model of which I owe to none; and, if I do not " execute it well, I deſerve to be torn by twelve vul- " tures, inſtead of one."

If ſo, O Gulliver! doſt thou not ſhudder at thy brother Lucian's vultures hovering over thee? Shudder on!- they cannot ſhock thee more, than decency has been ſhocked by thee. How have thy Houyhnhunms thrown thy judgment from its ſeat, and laid thy imagination in the mire? In what ordure haſt thou dipt thy pencil? What a monſter haſt thou made of the

" ——Human face divine?" MILT.

This writer has ſo ſatiriſed human nature, as to give a demonſtration in himſelf, that it deſerves to be ſatiriſed. But, ſay his wholeſome admirers, few could

ſo

ſo have written; true, and fewer would. If it required great abilities to commit the fault, greater ſtill would have ſaved him from it. But whence ariſe ſuch warm advocates for ſuch a performance? From hence, viz. before a character is eſtabliſhed, merit makes fame; afterwards fame makes merit. Swift is not commended for this piece, but this piece for Swift. He has given us ſome beauties which deſerve all our praiſe; and our comfort is, that his faults will not become common; for none can be guilty of them, but who have wit as well as reputation to ſpare. His wit had been leſs wild, if his temper had not joſtled his judgment. If his favourite Houynhunms could write, and Swift had been one of them, every horſe with him would have been an aſs, and he would have written a panegyrick on mankind, ſaddling with much reproach the preſent heroes of his pen: on the contrary, being born amongſt men, and, of conſequence, piqued by many, and peeviſh at more, he has blaſphemed a nature little lower than that of angels, and aſſumed by far higher than they: but ſurely the contempt of the world is not a greater virtue, than the contempt of mankind is a vice. Therefore I wonder that, though forborne by others, the laughter-loving Swift was not reproved by the venerable dean, who could ſometimes be very grave.

For I remember, as I and others were taking with him an evening's walk, about a mile out of Dublin, he ſtopt ſhort; we paſſed on; but perceiving that he did

did not follow us, I went back: and found him fixed as a ſtatue, and earneſtly gazing upward at a noble elm, which in its uppermoſt branches was much withered, and decayed. Pointing at it, he ſaid, "I "ſhall be like that tree, I ſhall die at top." As in this he ſeemed to propheſy like the Sybils; if, like one of them, he had burnt part of his works, eſpecially this blaſted branch of a noble genius, like her too, he might have riſen in his demand for the reſt.

Would not his friend Pope have ſucceeded better in an original attempt? Talents untried are talents unknown. All that I know, is, that, contrary to theſe ſentiments, he was not only an avowed profeſſor of imitation, but a zealous recommender of it alſo. Nor could he recommend any thing better, except emulation, to thoſe who write. One of theſe all writers muſt call to their aid; but aids they are of unequal repute. Imitation is inferiority confeſſed; emulation is ſuperiority conteſted, or denied; imitation is ſervile, emulation generous; that fetters, this fires; that may give a name, this, a name immortal. This made Athens to ſucceeding ages the rule of taſte, and the ſtandard of perfection. Her men of genius ſtruck fire againſt each other; and kindled, by conflict, into glories, which no time ſhall extinguiſh. We thank Eſchylus for Sophocles; and Parrhaſius for Zeuxis; emulation, for both. That bids us fly the general fault of imitators; bids us not to be ſtruck with the loud report of former fame, as with a knell,

knell, which damps the ſpirits; but, as with a trumpet, which inſpires ardour to rival the renowned. Emulation exhorts us, inſtead of learning our diſcipline for ever, like raw troops, under ancient leaders in compoſition, to put thoſe laureled veterans in ſome hazard of loſing their ſuperior poſts in glory.

Such is Emulation's high-ſpirited advice, ſuch her immortalizing call. Pope would not hear, preengaged with imitation, which bleſſed him with all her charms. He choſe rather, with his nameſake of Greece, to triumph in the old world, than to look out for a new. His taſte partook the error of his religion; it denied not worſhip to ſaints and angels; that is, to writers, who, canonized for ages, have received their apotheoſis from eſtabliſhed and univerſal fame. True poeſy, like true religion, abhors idolatry; and though it honours the memory of the exemplary, and takes them willingly (yet cautiouſly) as guides in the way to glory; real, though unexampled, excellence is its only aim; nor looks it for any inſpiration leſs than divine.

Though Pope's noble muſe may boaſt her illuſtrious deſcent from Homer, Virgil, Horace, yet is an original author more nobly born. As Tacitus ſays of Curtius Rufus, an original author is born of himſelf, is his own progenitor, and will probably propagate a numerous offspring of imitators, to eterniſe his glory; while mule-like imitators die without iſſue.

Therefore,

Therefore, though we ſtand much obliged for his giving us an Homer, yet had he doubled our obligation, by giving us---a Pope. Had he a ſtrong imagination, and the true ſublime? That granted, we might have had two Homers inſtead of one, if longer had been his life; for I heard the dying ſwan talk over an epic plan a few weeks before his deceaſe.

Bacon, under the ſhadow of whoſe great name I would ſhelter my preſent attempt in favour of originals, ſays, "Men ſeek not to know their own ſtock, "and abilities; but fancy their poſſeſſions to be "greater, and their abilities leſs, than they really "are." Which is, in effect, ſaying, "That we "ought to exert more than we do; and that, on exer-"tion, our probability of ſucceſs is greater than we "conceive."

Nor have I Bacon's opinion only, but his aſſiſtance too, on my ſide. His mighty mind travelled round the intellectual world; and, with a more than eagle's eye, ſaw, and has pointed out, blank ſpaces, or dark ſpots in it, on which the human mind never ſhone; ſome of theſe have been enlightened ſince; ſome are benighted ſtill.

Moreover, ſo boundleſs are the bold excurſions of the human mind, that in the vaſt void beyond real exiſtence, it can call forth ſhadowy beings, and unknown worlds, as numerous, as bright, and perhaps,

haps, as laſting, as the ſtars; ſuch quite-original beauties we may call paradiſaical,

"Natos fine ſemine flores." OVID.

When ſuch an ample area for renowned adventure in original attempts lies before us, ſhall we be as mere leaden pipes, conveying to the preſent age ſmall ſtreams of excellence from its grand reſervoir in antiquity; and thoſe too, perhaps, mudded in the paſs? Originals ſhine, like comets; have no peer in their path; are rivaled by none, and the gaze of all; all other compoſitions (if they ſhine at all) ſhine in cluſters; like the ſtars in the galaxy; where, like bad neighbours, all ſuffer from all; each particular being diminiſhed, and almoſt loſt in the throng.

If thoughts of this nature prevailed: if ancients and moderns were no longer conſidered as maſters and pupils, but as hard-matched rivals for renown; then moderns, by the longevity of their labours, might, one day, become ancients themſelves: and old time, that beſt weigher of merits, to keep his balance even, might have the golden weight of an Auguſtan age in both his ſcales: or rather our ſcale might deſcend; and that of antiquity (as a modern match for it ſtrongly ſpeaks) might kick the beam.

And why not? For, conſider, ſince an impartial Providence ſcatters talents indifferently, as through all orders of perſons, ſo through all periods of time; ſince, a marvellous light, unenjoyed of old, is poured

on us by revelation, with larger proſpects extending our underſtanding, with brighter objects enriching our imagination, with an ineſtimable prize ſetting our paſſions on fire, thus ſtrengthening every power that enables compoſition to ſhine; ſince, there has been no fall in man on this ſide Adam, who left no works, and the works of all other ancients are our auxiliars againſt themſelves, as being perpetual ſpurs to our ambition, and ſhining lamps in our path to fame; ſince, this world is a ſchool, as well for intellectual, as moral, advance; and the longer human nature is a ſchool, the better ſcholar it ſhould be; ſince, as the moral world expects its glorious millennium, the world intellectual may hope, by the rules of analogy, for ſome ſuperior degrees of excellence to crown her later ſcenes; nor may it only hope, but muſt enjoy them too; for Tully, Quintilian, and all true critics allow, that virtue aſſiſts genius, and that the writer will be more able, when better is the man —All theſe particulars, I ſay, conſidered, why ſhould it ſeem altogether impoſſible, that heaven's lateſt editions of the human mind may be the moſt correct, and fair; that the day may come, when the moderns may proudly look back on the comparative darkneſs of former ages, on the children of antiquity; reputing Homer and Demoſthenes as the dawn of divine genius; and Athens as the cradle of infant-fame; what a glorious revolution would this make in the rolls of renown?

What a rant, ſay you, is here?---I partly grant it: yet, conſider, my friend! knowledge phyſical, mathematical, moral, and divine, increaſes; all arts and ſciences are making conſiderable advance; with them, all the accommodations, ornaments, delights, and glories of human life; and theſe are new food to the genius of a polite writer; theſe are as the root, and compoſition, as the flower; and as the root ſpreads, and thrives, ſhall the flower fail? As well may a flower flouriſh, when the root is dead. It is prudence to read, genius to reliſh, glory to ſurpaſs, ancient authors; and wiſdom to try our ſtrength, in an attempt in which it would be no great diſhonour to fail.

Why condemned Maro his admirable epic to the flames? Was it not becauſe his diſcerning eye ſaw ſome length of perfection beyond it? And what he ſaw, may not others reach? And who bid fairer than our countrymen for that glory? Something new may be expected from Britons particularly; who ſeem not to be more ſevered from the reſt of mankind by the ſurrounding ſea, than by the current in their veins; and of whom little more appears to be required, in order to give us originals, than a conſiſtency of character, and making their compoſitions of a piece with their lives. May our genius ſhine; and proclaim us in that noble view!

"—minimâ contentos nocte Britannos." VIRG.

And ſo it does; for in polite compoſition, in natural, and mathematical, knowledge, we have great originals already: Bacon, Boyle, Newton, Shakeſpeare, Milton, have ſhowed us, that all the winds cannot blow the Britiſh flag farther, than an original ſpirit can convey the Britiſh fame; their names go round the world; and what foreign genius ſtrikes not as they paſs? Why ſhould not their poſterity embark in the ſame bold bottom of new enterprize, and hope the ſame ſucceſs? Hope it they may; or you muſt aſſert, either that thoſe originals, which we already enjoy, were written by angels, or deny that we are men. As Simonides ſaid to Pauſanias, reaſon ſhould ſay to the writer, "Remember thou art a man." And for man not to graſp at all which is laudable within his reach, is a diſhonour to human nature, and a diſobedience to the divine; for as heaven does nothing in vain, its gift of talents implies an injunction of their uſe.

A friend of mine has obeyed that injunction; he has relied on himſelf, and with a genius, as well moral, as original (to ſpeak in bold terms), has caſt out evil ſpirits; has made a convert to virtue of a ſpecies of compoſition, once moſt its foe. As the firſt chriſtian emperors expelled dæmons, and dedicated their temples to the living God.

But you, I know, are ſparing in your praiſe of this author; therefore I will ſpeak of one, which is ſure of your applauſe. Shakeſpeare mingled no water

with his wine, lowered his genius by no vapid imitation. Shakeſpeare gave us a Shakeſpeare, nor could the firſt in ancient fame have given us more. Shakeſpeare is not their ſon, but brother; their equal; and that, in ſpite of all his faults. Think you this too bold? Conſider, in thoſe ancients what is it the world admires? Not the fewneſs of their faults, but the number and brightneſs of their beauties; and if Shakeſpeare is their equal (as he doubtleſs is) in that, which in them is admired, then is Shakeſpeare as great as they; and not impotence, but ſome other cauſe, muſt be charged with his defects. When we are ſetting theſe great men in competition, what but the comparative ſize of their genius is the ſubject of our inquiry? And a giant loſes nothing of his ſize, though he ſhould chance to trip in his race. But it is a compliment to thoſe heroes of antiquity to ſuppoſe Shakeſpeare their equal only in dramatic powers; therefore, though his faults had been greater, the ſcale would ſtill turn in his favour. There is at leaſt as much genius on the Britiſh as on the Grecian ſtage, though the former is not ſwept ſo clean; ſo clean from violations not only of the dramatic, but moral rule; for an honeſt heathen, on reading ſome of our celebrated ſcenes, might be ſeriouſly concerned to ſee, that our obligations to the religion of nature were cancelled by chriſtianity.

Johnſon, in the ſerious drama, is as much an imitator, as Shakeſpeare is an original. He was very learned, as Sampſon was very ſtrong, to his own hurt.

Blind

Blind to the nature of tragedy, he pulled down all antiquity on his head, and buried himſelf underit; we ſee nothing of Johnſon, nor indeed, of his admired (but alſo murdered) ancients; for what ſhone in the hiſtorians is a cloud on the poet; and Cataline might have have been a good play, if Salluſt had never writ.

Who knows whether Shakeſpeare might not have thought leſs, if he had read more? Who knows if he might not have laboured under the load of Johnſon's learning, as Enceladus under Ætna? His mighty genius, indeed, through the moſt mountainous oppreſſion would have breathed out ſome of his inextinguiſhable fire; yet poſſibly, he might not have riſen up into that giant, that much more than common man, at which we now gaze with amazement, and delight. Perhaps he was as learned as his dramatic province required; for whatever other learning he wanted, he was maſter of two books, unknown to many of the profoundly read, though books, which the laſt conflagration alone can deſtroy; the book of nature, and that of man. Theſe he had by heart, and has tranſcribed many admirable pages of them into his immortal works. Theſe are the fountain-head, whence the Caſtalian ſtreams of original compoſition flow; and theſe are often muddied by other waters, though waters in their diſtinct channel, moſt wholeſome and pure: as two chemical liquors, ſeparately clear as cryſtal, grow foul by mixture, and offend the ſight. So that he had not only as much learning as his dramatic province required, but, per-

haps, as it could ſafely bear. If Milton had ſpared ſome of his learning, his muſe would have gained more glory, than he would have loſt, by it.

Dryden, deſtitute of Shakeſpeare's genius, had almoſt as much learning as Johnſon, and, for the buſkin, quite as little taſte. He was a ſtranger to the pathos, and, by numbers, expreſſion, ſentiment, and every other dramatic cheat, ſtrove to make amends for it; as if a ſaint could make amends for the want of conſcience; a ſoldier, for the want of valour; or a veſtal, of modeſty. The noble nature of tragedy diſclaims an equivalent; like virtue, it demands the heart; and Dryden had none to give. Let epic poets think, the tragedian's point is rather to feel; ſuch diſtant things are a tragedian and a poet, that the latter indulged, deſtroys the former. Look on Barnwell, and Eſſex, and ſee how as to theſe diſtant characters Dryden excels, and is excelled. But the ſtrongeſt demonſtration of his no-taſte for the buſkin, are his tragedies fringed with rhyme; which, in epic poetry, is a ſore diſeaſe, in the tragic, abſolute death. To Dryden's enormity, Pope's was a light offence. As lacemen are foes to mourning, theſe two authors, rich in rhyme, were no great friends to thoſe ſolemn ornaments, which the noble nature of their works required.

Muſt rhyme then, ſay you, be baniſhed? I wiſh the nature of our language could bear its intire expulſion; but our leſſer poetry ſtands in need of a toleration for it; it raiſes that, but ſinks the great; as

ſpangles

ſpangles adorn children, but expoſe men. Prince Henry beſpangled all over in his oylet-hole ſuit, with glittering pins; and an Achilles, or an Almanzor, in his Gothic array; are very much on a level, as to the majeſty of the poet, and the prince. Dryden had a great, but a general capacity; and as for a general genius, there is no ſuch thing in nature. A genius implies the rays of the mind concentered, and determined to ſome particular point; when they are ſcattered widely, they act feebly, and ſtrike not with ſufficient force, to fire, or diſſolve, the heart. As what comes from the writer's heart, reaches ours; ſo what comes from his head, ſets our brains at work, and our hearts at eaſe. It makes a circle of thoughtful critics, not of diſtreſſed patients; and a paſſive audience is what tragedy requires. Applauſe is not to be given, but extorted; and the ſilent lapſe of a ſingle tear, does the writer more honour, than the rattling thunder of a thouſand hands. Applauding hands, and dry eyes (which during Dryden's theatrical reign often met) are a ſatire on the writer's talent, and the ſpectator's taſte. When by ſuch judges the laurel is blindly given, and by ſuch a poet proudly received, they reſemble an intoxicated hoſte, and his taſteleſs gueſts, over ſome ſparkling adulteration, commending their champaign.

But Dryden has his glory, though not on the ſtage. What an inimitable original is his ode? A ſmall one, indeed, but of the firſt luſtre, and without a flaw;

and, amid the brighteſt boaſts of antiquity, it may find a foil.

Among the brighteſt of the moderns, Mr. Addiſon muſt take his place. Who does not approach his character with great reſpect? They who refuſe to cloſe with the public in his praiſe, refuſe at their peril. But, if men will be fond of their own opinions, ſome hazard muſt be run. He had, what Dryden and Johnſon wanted, a warm, and feeling heart; but, being of a grave and baſhful nature, through a philoſophic reſerve, and a ſort of moral prudery, he concealed it, where he ſhould have let looſe all his fire, and have ſhowed the moſt tender ſenſibilities of heart. At his celebrated Cato, few tears are ſhed, but Cato's own; which, indeed, are truly great, but unaffecting, except to the noble few, who love their country better than themſelves. The bulk of mankind want virtue enough to be touched by them. His ſtrength of genius has reared up one glorious image, more lofty, and truly golden, than that in the plains of Dura, for cool admiration to gaze at, and warm patriotiſm (how rare!) to worſhip; while thoſe two throbbing pulſes of the drama, by which alone it is ſhown to live, terror and pity, neglected through the whole, leave our unmoleſted hearts at perfect peace. Thus the poet, like his hero, through miſtaken excellence, and virtue overſtrained, becomes a ſort of ſuicide; and that which is moſt dramatic in the drama, dies. All his charms of poetry are but

as funeral flowers, which adorn; all his noble ſentiments but as rich ſpices, which embalm, the tragedy deceaſed.

Of tragedy, pathos is not only the life and ſoul, but the ſoul inextinguiſhable; it charms us through a thouſand faults. Decorations, which in this author abound, though they might immortalize other poeſy, are the ſplendida peccata which damn the drama; while, on the contrary, the murder of all other beauties is a venial ſin, nor plucks the laurel from the tragedian's brow. Was it otherwiſe, Shakeſpeare himſelf would run ſome hazard of loſing his crown.

Socrates frequented the plays of Euripides; and what living Socrates would decline the theatre, at the repreſentation of Cato? Tully's aſſaſſin found him in his litter, reading the Medea of the Grecian poet, to prepare himſelf for death. Part of Cato might be read to the ſame end. In the weight and dignity of moral reflection, Addiſon reſembles that poet, who was called the dramatic philoſopher; and is himſelf, as he ſays of Cato, ambitiouſly ſententious. But as to the ſingular talent ſo remarkable in Euripides, at melting down hearts into the tender ſtreams of grief and pity, there the reſemblance fails. His beauties ſparkle, but do not warm; they ſparkle as ſtars in a froſty night. There is, indeed, a conſtellation in his play; there is the philoſopher, patriot, orator, and poet; but where is the tragedian? And, if that is wanting,

"Cur in theatrum Cato ſevere veniſti?" MART.

And, when I recollect what paſſed between him and Dryden, in relation to this drama, I muſt add the next line,

"An ideo tantum veneras, ut exires?"

For, when Addiſon was a ſtudent at Oxford, he ſent up this play to his friend Dryden, as a proper perſon to recommend it to the theatre, if it deſerved it; who returned it with very great commendation; but with his opinion, that, on the ſtage, it could not meet with its deſerved ſucceſs. But though the performance was denied the theatre, it brought its author on the public ſtage of life. For perſons in power inquiring ſoon after of the head of his college for a youth of parts, Addiſon was recommended, and readily received, by means of the great reputation which Dryden had juſt then ſpread of him above.

There is this ſimilitude between the poet and the play; as this is more fit for the cloſet than the ſtage; ſo, that ſhone brighter in private converſation than on the public ſcene. They both had a ſort of local excellency, as the heathen gods a local divinity; beyond ſuch a bound They, unadmired; and Theſe, unadored. This puts me in mind of Plato, who denied Homer to the public; that Homer, which, when in his cloſet, was rarely out of his hand. Thus, though Cato is not calculated to ſignalize himſelf in the warm emotions of the theatre, yet we find him a moſt

a moſt amiable companion, in our calmer delights of receſs.

Notwithſtanding what has been offered, this, in many views, is an exquiſite piece: But there is ſo much more of art, than nature in it, that I can ſcarce forbear calling it, an exquiſite piece of ſtatuary,

" Where the ſmooth chiſel all its ſkill has ſhown,
" To ſoften into fleſh the rugged ſtone." ADDISON.

That is, where art has taken great pains to labour undramatic matter into dramatic life; which is impoſſible. However, as it is, like Pygmalion, we cannot but fall in love with it, and wiſh it was alive. How would a Shakeſpeare, or an Otway, have anſwered our wiſhes? They would have outdone Prometheus, and, with their heavenly fire, have given him not only life, but immortality. At their dramas (ſuch is the force of nature) the poet is out of ſight, quite hid behind his Venus, never thought of, till the curtain falls. Art brings our author forward, he ſtands before his piece; ſplendidly indeed, but unfortunately; for the writer muſt be forgotten by his audience, during the repreſentation, if for ages he would be remembered by poſterity. In the theatre, as in life, deluſion is the charm; and we are undelighted, the firſt moment we are undeceived. Such demonſtration have we, that the theatre is not yet opened, in which ſolid happineſs can be found by man; becauſe

none are more than comparatively good; and folly has a corner in the heart of the wise.

A genius fond of ornament should not be wedded to the tragic muse, which is in mourning: we want not to be diverted at an entertainment, where our greatest pleasure arises from the depth of our concern. But whence (by the way) this odd generation of pleasure from pain? The movement of our melancholy passions is pleasant, when we ourselves are safe: we love to be at once, miserable, and unhurt: so are we made; and so made, perhaps, to show us the divine goodness; to show that none of our passions were designed to give us pain, except when being pained is for our advantage on the whole; which is evident from this instance, in which we see, that passions the most painful administer greatly, sometimes, to our delight. Since great names have accounted otherwise for this particular, I wish this solution, though to me probable, may not prove a mistake.

To close our thoughts on Cato: He who sees not much beauty in it, has no taste for poetry; he who sees nothing else, has no taste for the stage. Whilst it justifies censure, it extorts applause. It is much to be admired, but little to be felt. Had it not been a tragedy, it had been immortal; as it is a tragedy, its uncommon fate somewhat resembles his, who, for conquering gloriously, was condemned to die. Both shone, but shone fatally; because in breach of their respective laws, the laws of the drama, and the laws

of arms. But how rich in reputation muſt that author be, who can ſpare a Cato, without feeling the loſs?

That loſs by our author would ſcarce be felt; it would be but dropping a ſingle feather from a wing, that mounts him above his cotemporaries. He has a more refined, decent, judicious, and extenſive genius, than Pope, or Swift. To diſtinguiſh this triumvirate from each other, and, like Newton, to diſcover the different colours in theſe genuine and meridian rays of literary light, Swift is a ſingular wit, Pope a correct poet, Addiſon a great author. Swift looked on wit as the jus divinum to dominion and ſway in the world; and conſidered as uſurpation, all power that was lodged in perſons of leſs ſparkling underſtandings. This inclined him to tyranny in wit; Pope was ſomewhat of his opinion, but was for ſoftening tyranny into lawful monarchy; yet were there ſome acts of ſeverity in his reign. Addiſon's crown was elective, he reigned by the public voice:

"—— Volentes
"Per populos dat jura, viamque affectat Olympo."
VIRG.

But as good books are the medicine of the mind, if we ſhould dethrone theſe authors, and conſider them, not in their royal, but their medicinal capacity, might it not then be ſaid, that Addiſon preſcribed a wholeſome and pleaſant regimen, which

was

was univerſally reliſhed, and did much good; that Pope preferred a purgative of ſatire, which, though wholeſome, was too painful in its operation; and that Swift inſiſted on a large doſe of ipecacuanha, which, though readily ſwallowed from the fame of the phyſician, yet, if the patient had any delicacy of taſte, he threw up the remedy, inſtead of the diſeaſe?

Addiſon wrote little in verſe, much in ſweet, elegant, Virgilian, proſe; ſo let me call it, ſince Longinus calls Herodotus moſt Homeric, and Thucydides is ſaid to have formed his ſtyle on Pindar. Addiſon's compoſitions are built with the fineſt materials, in the taſte of the ancients, and (to ſpeak his own language) on truly claſſic ground: and though they are the delight of the preſent age, yet am I perſuaded that they will receive more juſtice from poſterity. I never read him, but I am ſtruck with ſuch a diſheartening idea of perfection, that I drop my pen. And, indeed, far ſuperior writers ſhould forget his compoſitions, if they would be greatly pleaſed with their own.

And yet (perhaps you have not obſerved it) what is the common language of the world, and even of his admirers, concerning him? They call him an elegant writer: that elegance which ſhines on the ſurface of his compoſitions, ſeems to dazzle their underſtanding, and render it a little blind to the depth of ſentiment, which lies benenath: thus (hard fate!) he loſes reputation with them, by doubling his title to it.

On

On ſubjects the moſt intereſting, and important, no author of his age has written with greater, I had almoſt ſaid, with equal weight: and they who commend him for his elegance, pay him ſuch a ſort of compliment, by their abſtemious praiſe, as they would pay to Lucretia, if they ſhould commend her only for her beauty.

But you ſay, that you know his value already—— You know, indeed, the value of his writings, and cloſe with the world in thinking them immortal; but, I believe, you know not, that his name would have deſerved immortality, though he had never written; and that, by a better title than the pen can give. You know too, that his life was amiable; but, perhaps, you are ſtill to learn, that his death was triumphant. That is a glory granted to very few: and the paternal hand of Providence, which, ſometimes, ſnatches home its beloved children in a moment, muſt convince us, that it is a glory of no great conſequence to the dying individual; that, when it is granted, it is granted chiefly for the ſake of the ſurviving world, which may profit by his pious example, to whom is indulged the ſtrength, and opportunity to make his virtue ſhine out brighteſt at the point of death. And, here, permit me to take notice, that the world will, probably, profit more by a pious example of lay-extraction, than by one born of the church; the latter being, uſually, taxed with an abatement of influence by the bulk of mankind: therefore, to ſmother a bright example of this ſuperior good influence, may

be

be reputed a ſort of murder injurious to the living, and unjuſt to the dead.

Such an example have we in Addiſon; which, though hitherto ſuppreſſed, yet, when once known, is inſuppreſſible, of a nature too rare, too ſtriking to be forgotten. For, after a long, and manly, but vain ſtruggle with his diſtemper, he diſmiſſed his phyſicians, and with them all hopes of life. But with his hopes of life he diſmiſſed not his concern for the living, but ſent for a youth nearly related, and finely accompliſhed, yet not above being the better for good impreſſions from a dying friend. He came; but life now glimmering in the ſocket, the dying friend was ſilent. After a decent, and proper pauſe, the youth ſaid, "Dear Sir! you ſent for me: I be-"lieve, and I hope, that you have ſome commands; "I ſhall hold them moſt ſacred." May diſtant ages not only hear, but feel, the reply! Forcibly graſping the youth's hand, he ſoftly ſaid, "See in what peace "a Chriſtian can die." He ſpoke with difficulty, and ſoon expired. Through grace divine, how great is man! Through divine mercy, how ſtingleſs death! Who would not thus expire?

What an ineſtimable legacy were thoſe few dying words to the youth beloved? what a glorious ſupplement to his own valuable fragment on the truth of Chriſtianity? what a full demonſtration, that his fancy could not feign beyond what his virtue could reach? For when he would ſtrike us moſt ſtrongly with

with the grandeur of Roman magnanimity, his dying hero is ennobled with this ſublime ſentiment,

"While yet I live, let me not live in vain."

CATO.

But how much more ſublime is that ſentiment when realized in life; when diſpelling the languors, and appeaſing the pains of a laſt hour; and brightening with illuſtrious action the dark avenue, and all awful confines of an eternity? When his ſoul ſcarce animated his body, ſtrong faith, and ardent charity, animated his ſoul into divine ambition of ſaving more than his own. It is for our honour, and our advantage, to hold him high in our eſteem: for the better men are, the more they will admire him; and the more they admire him, the better will they be.

By undrawing the long-cloſed curtain of his death-bed, have I not ſhowed you a ſtranger in him whom you knew ſo well? Is not this of your favourite author,

"——Notâ major imago?" VIRG.

His compoſitions are but a noble preface; the grand work is his death: that is a work which is read in heaven. How has it joined the final approbation of angels to the previous applauſe of men? How glorioufly has he opened a ſplendid path, through fame immortal, into eternal peace? How has he given religion to triumph amidſt the ruins of his nature? and, ſtronger than death, riſen higher in virtue when breathing his laſt?

If

If all our men of genius had ſo breathed their laſt; if all our men of genius, like him, had been men of genius for eternals; then, had we never been pained by the report of a latter end-----oh! how unlike to this! But a little to balance our pain, let us conſider, that ſuch reports as make us, at once, adore, and tremble, are of uſe, when too many there are, who muſt tremble before they will adore; and who convince us, to our ſhame, that the ſureſt refuge of our endangered virtue is in the fears and terrors of the diſingenuous human heart.

"But reports, you ſay, may be falſe; and you "farther aſk me, if all reports were true, how "came an anecdote of ſo much honour to human "nature, as mine, to lie ſo long unknown? What "inauſpicious planet interpoſed to lay its luſtre under "ſo laſting and ſo ſurpriſing an eclipſe?"

The fact is indiſputably true; nor are you to rely on me for the truth of it. My report is but a ſecond edition: it was publiſhed before, though obſcurely, and with a cloud before it. As clouds before the ſun are often beautiful; ſo, this of which I ſpeak. How finely pathetic are thoſe two lines, which this ſo ſolemn and affecting ſcene inſpired?

"He taught us how to live; and, oh! too high
"A price for knowledge, taught us how to die."

TICKELL.

With truth wrapped in darkneſs, ſo ſung our oracle to the public, but explained himſelf to me. He was preſent

preſent at his patron's death, and that account of it here given, he gave to me before his eyes were dry. By what means Addiſon taught us how to die, the poet left to be made known by a late, and leſs able hand; but one more zealous for his patron's glory: zealous, and impotent, as the poor Ægyptian, who gathered a few ſplinters of a broken boat, as a funeral pile for the great Pompey, ſtudious of doing honour to ſo renowned a name. Yet had not this poor plank (permit me, here, ſo to call this imperfect page) been thrown out, the chief article of his patron's glory would probably have been ſunk for ever, and late ages have received but a fragment of his fame: a fragment glorious indeed, for his genius how bright! But to commend him for compoſition, though immortal, is detraction now; if there our encomium ends: let us look farther to that concluding ſcene, which ſpoke human nature not unrelated to the divine. To that let us pay the long, and large arrear of our greatly poſthumous applauſe.

This you will think a long digreſſion; and juſtly; if that may be called a digreſſion, which was my chief inducement for writing at all. I had long wiſhed to deliver up to the public this ſacred depoſit, which by Providence was lodged in my hands; and I entered on the preſent undertaking partly as an introduction to that, which is more worthy to ſee the light; of which I gave an intimation in the beginning of my letter: for this is the monumental marble

marble there mentioned, to which I promised to conduct you; this is the sepulchral lamp, the long-hidden lustre of our accomplished countryman, who now rises, as from his tomb, to receive the regard so greatly due to the dignity of his death; a death to be distinguished by tears of joy; a death which angels beheld with delight.

And shall that, which would have shone conspicuous amid the resplendent lights of Christianity's glorious morn, by these dark days be dropped into oblivion? Dropped it is; and dropped by our sacred, august, and ample register of renown, which has entered in its marble-memoirs the dim splendor of far inferior worth. Though so lavish of praise, and so talkative of the dead, yet is it silent on a subject, which (if any) might have taught its unlettered stones to speak. If powers were not wanting, a monument more durable than those of marble, should proudly rise in this ambitious page, to the new, and far nobler Addison, than that which you, and the public, have so long, and so much admired. Nor this nation only; for it is Europe's Addison, as well as ours; though Europe knows not half his title to her esteem; being as yet unconscious that the dying Addison far outshines her Addison immortal. Would we resemble him? Let us not limit our ambition to the least illustrious part of his character; heads, indeed, are crowned on earth; but hearts only

only are crowned in heaven: a truth, which, in ſuch an age of authors, ſhould not be forgotten.

It is piouſly to be hoped, that this narrative may have ſome effect, ſince all liſten, when a death-bed ſpeaks; and regard the perſon departing as an actor of a part, which the greateſt maſter of the drama has appointed us to perform to-morrow. This was a Roſcius on the ſtage of life; his exit how great? Ye lovers of virtue! plaudite: and let us, my friend! ever "remember his "end, as well as our own, that we may never "do amiſs."

I am, Dear SIR,

Your moſt obliged humble ſervant.

P. S. How far Addiſon is an original, you will ſee in my next; where I deſcend from this conſecrated ground into his ſublunary praiſe: and great is the deſcent, though into noble heights of intellectual power.

END of the CONJECTURES on ORIGINAL COMPOSITION.

only are crowned in heaven: a truth, which, in such an age of authors, should not be forgotten.

It is proudly to be hoped, that this narrative may have some effect, since all listen, when a death-bed speaks; and regard the person departing as an actor of a part, which the greatest master of the drama has appointed us to perform to-morrow. Then was a Roscius on the stage of life; his exit how great! Ye lovers of virtue! plaudite: and let us, my friend! ever "remember his "end, as well as our own, that we may never "do amiss."

I am, Dear Sir

Your most obliged humble servant.

P. S. How far Addison is an original, you will see in my next; where I descend from this consecrated ground into his sublunary praise: and great is the descent, though into noble heights of intellectual power.

END of the CONJECTURES on ORIGINAL COMPOSITION.

RESIGNATION.

In TWO PARTS.

My ſoul ſhall be ſatisfied even as it were with marrow and fatneſs; when my mouth praiſeth thee with joyful lips. PSALM lxiii. 6.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS was not intended for the public; there were many and ſtrong reaſons againſt it; and are ſo ſtill; but ſome extracts of it, from the few copies which were given away, being got into the printed papers, it was thought neceſſary to publiſh ſomething, leſt a copy ſtill more imperfect than this ſhould fall into the preſs: and it is hoped that this unwelcome occaſion of publication may be ſome excuſe for it.

As for the following ſtanzas, God Almighty's infinite power, and marvellous goodneſs to man, is dwelt on, as the moſt juſt and cogent reaſon for our chearful and abſolute reſignation to his will; nor are any of thoſe topics declined, which have a juſt tendency to promote that ſupreme virtue: ſuch as the vanity of this life, the value of the next, the approach of death, &c.

RESIGNATION.

PART I.

THE days how few, how ſhort the years
Of man's too rapid race,
Each leaving, as it ſwiftly flies,
A ſhorter in its place!

They who the longeſt leaſe enjoy,
Have told us, with a ſigh,
That to be born ſeems little more,
Than to begin to die.

Numbers there are who feel this truth,
With fears alarm'd; and yet
In life's deluſions lull'd aſleep,
This weighty truth forget:

And am not I to theſe akin?
Age ſlumbers o'er the quill;
Its honour blots, whate'er it writes;
And am I writing ſtill?

Conſcious of nature in decline,
And languor in my thoughts,
To ſoften cenſure and abate
Its rigour on my faults;

Permit me, Madam! ere to You
The promis'd verſe I pay,
To touch on felt infirmity,
Sad ſiſter of decay.

ONE world deceas'd, another born,
Like Noah they behold,
O'er whoſe white hairs, and furrow'd brows,
Too many ſuns have roll'd;

Happy the patriarch! he rejoic'd
His ſecond world to ſee;
My ſecond world, tho' gay the ſcene,
Can boaſt no charms for me.

To me this brilliant age appears
With deſolation ſpread;
Near all with whom I liv'd, and ſmil'd,
Whilſt life was life, are dead;

And with them dy'd my joys; the grave
Has broken nature's laws;
And clos'd, againſt this feeble frame,
Its partial cruel jaws;

Cruel

Cruel to ſpare! condemn'd to life!
A cloud impairs my ſight;
My weak hand diſobeys my will,
And trembles as I write.

WHAT ſhall I write? Thalia tell;
Say, long-abandon'd muſe!
What field of fancy ſhall I range?
What ſubject ſhall I chuſe?

A choice of moment high inſpire,
And reſcue me from ſhame,
For doating on thy charms ſo late,
By grandeur in my theme.

Beyond the themes, which moſt admire,
Which dazzle, or amaze,
Beyond renown'd exploits of war,
Bright charms, or empire's blaze,

Are themes, which, in a world of woe,
Can beſt appeaſe our pain;
And, in an age of gaudy guilt,
Gay folly's flood reſtrain;

Amidſt the ſtorms of life ſupport
A calm unſhaken mind;
And with unfading laurels crown
The brow of the reſign'd.

O reſignation! yet unſung,
Untouch'd by former ſtrains;
Tho' claiming every muſe's ſmile,
And every poet's pains,

Beneath life's evening, ſolemn ſhade,
I dedicate my page
To thee, thou ſafeſt guard of youth!
Thou ſole ſupport of age!

All other duties creſcents are
Of virtue faintly bright,
The glorious conſummation, Thou!
Which fills her orb with light,

How rarely fill'd? The love divine
In evils to diſcern,
This the firſt leſſon which we want,
The lateſt, which we learn;

A melancholy truth! for know,
Could our proud hearts reſign,
The diſtance greatly would decreaſe
'Twixt human and divine.

But tho' full noble is my theme,
Full urgent is my call
To ſoften ſorrow, and forbid
The burſting tear to fall;

The taſk I tread; dare I to leave
Of humble proſe the ſhore,
And put to ſea? A dangerous ſea?
What throngs have ſunk before?

How proud the poet's billow ſwells?
The God! the God! his boaſt:
A boaſt how vain! What wrecks abound?
Dead bards ſtench every coaſt.

What then am I? Shall I preſume,
On ſuch a moulten wing,
Above the general wreck to riſe,
And in my winter, ſing;

When nightingales, when ſweeteſt bards
Confine their charming ſong
To ſummer's animating heats,
Content to warble young?

Yet, write I muſt; a * Lady ſues,
How ſhameful her requeſt?
My brain in labour for dull rhime!
Her's teeming with the beſt!

But you a ſtranger will excuſe,
Nor ſcorn his feeble ſtrain;
To you a ſtranger, but, thro' fate,
No ſtranger to your pain.

The ghoſt of grief deceas'd aſcends,
His old wound bleeds anew;
His ſorrows are recall'd to life
By thoſe he ſees in you;

Too well he knows the twiſting ſtrings
Of ardent hearts combin'd
When rent aſunder, how they bleed,
How hard to be reſign'd:

* Mrs. M——.

Thoſe tears you pour, his eyes have ſhed;
The pang you feel, he felt;
Thus nature, loud as virtue, bids
His heart at yours to melt.

But what can heart, or head, ſuggeſt?
What ſad experience ſay?
Thro' truths auſtere, to peace we work
Our rugged, gloomy way:

What are we? Whence? For what? and Whither?
Who know not, needs muſt mourn;
But thought, bright daughter of the ſkies!
Can tears to triumph turn.

Thought is our armour, 'tis the mind's
Impenetrable ſhield,
When, ſent by fate we meet our foes,
In ſore affliction's field;

It plucks the frightful maſk from ills,
Forbids pale fear to hide,
Beneath that dark diſguiſe, a friend,
Which turns affection's tide.

Affection frail! train'd up by ſenſe,
From reaſon's channel ſtrays:
And whilſt it blindly points at peace,
Our peace to pain betrays.

Thought winds its fond, erroneous ſtream
From daily-dying flow'rs,
To nouriſh rich immortal blooms,
In amaranthine bow'rs;

Whence

Whence throng's, in extaſy, look down
On what once ſhock'd their ſight;
And thank the terrors of the paſt
For ages of delight.

ALL withers here; who moſt poſſeſs
Are loſſers by their gain,
Stung by full proof, that, bad at beſt,
Life's idle All is vain:

Vain, in its courſe, life's murm'ring ſtream;
Did not its courſe offend,
But murmur ceaſe; life, then, would ſeem
Still vainer, from its end.

How wretched! who, thro' cruel fate,
Have nothing to lament?
With the poor alms this world affords
Deplorably content?

Had not the Greek his world miſtook,
His wiſh had been moſt wiſe;
To be content with but one world,
Like him, we ſhould deſpiſe.

Of earth's revenue would you ſtate
A full account, and fair?
We hope; and hope; and hope; then caſt
The total up———

Deſpair.

Since vain all here, all future, vaſt,
Embrace the lot aſſign'd;
Heav'n wounds to heal; its frowns are friends;
Its ſtrokes ſevere, moſt kind.

But in laps'd nature, rooted deep,
Blind error domineers;
And on fools errands, in the dark,
Sends out our hopes and fears;

Bids us for ever pains deplore,
Our pleaſures overprize;
Theſe oft perſuade us to be weak;
Thoſe urge us to be wiſe.

From virtue's rugged path to right
By pleaſure are we brought
To flow'ry fields of wrong, and there
Pain chides us for our fault:

Yet whilſt it chides, it ſpeaks of peace,
If folly is withſtood;
And ſays, time pays an eaſy price,
For our eternal good.

In earth's dark cot, and in an hour,
And in deluſion great,
What an œconomiſt is man
To ſpend his whole eſtate,

And beggar an eternity?
For which, as he was born,
More worlds than one againſt it weigh'd,
As feathers he ſhould ſcorn.

Say

Say not, your loſs in triumph leads
Religion's feeble ſtrife;
Joys future amply reimburſe
Joys bankrupts of this life.

But not deferr'd your joy ſo long,
It bears an early date;
Affliction's ready pay in hand,
Befriends our preſent ſtate;

What are the tears, which trickle down
Her melancholy face,
Like liquid pearl? Like pearls of price,
They purchaſe laſting peace.

Grief ſoftens hearts, and curbs the will,
Impetuous paſſion tames,
And keeps inſatiate, keen deſire
From launching in extremes.

Thro' time's dark womb, our judgment right,
If our dim eye was thrown,
Clear ſhould we ſee, the will divine
Has but foreſtall'd our own;

At variance with our future wiſh,
Self-ſever'd we complain;
If ſo, the wounded, not the wound,
Muſt anſwer for the pain:

The day ſhall come, and ſwift of wing,
Tho' you may think it ſlow,
When, in the liſt of fortune's ſmiles,
You'll enter frowns of woe,

For mark the path of Providence;
This courſe it has purſu'd,
"Pain is the parent, woe the womb,
"Of ſound, important good:'

Our hearts are faſten'd to this world
By ſtrong, and endleſs ties;
And every ſorrow cuts a ſtring,
And urges us to riſe:

'Twill ſound ſevere—Yet reſt aſſur'd
I'm ſtudious of your peace;
Tho' I ſhould dare to give you joy——
Yes, joy of his deceaſe:

An hour ſhall come (you queſtion this)
An hour, when you ſhall bleſs,
Beyond the brighteſt beams of life,
Dark days of your diſtreſs.

Hear then without ſurprize a truth,
A daughter-truth to this,
Swift turns of fortune often tie
A bleeding heart to bliſs;

Eſteem you this a paradox?
My ſacred motto read;
A glorious truth! divinely ſung
By one, whoſe heart had bled;

To reſignation ſwift he flew,
In her a friend he found,
A friend, which bleſt him with a ſmile,
When gaſping with his wound.

On

On earth nought precious is obtain'd
But what is painful too;
By travel, and to travel born,
Our ſabbaths are but few:

To real joy we work our way,
Encountering many a ſhock,
Ere found what truly charms; as found
A Venus in the block.

In ſome diſaſter, ſome ſevere
Appointment for our ſins,
That mother bleſſing (not ſo call'd),
True happineſs, begins.

No martyr e'er defy'd the flames,
By ſtings of life unvext;
Firſt roſe ſome quarrel with this world,
Then paſſion for the next.

YOU ſee, then, pangs are parent pangs,
The pangs of happy birth;
Pangs, by which only can be born
True happineſs on earth.

The peopled earth look all around,
Or thro' time's records run;
And ſay, what is a man unſtruck?
It is a man undone.

THIS moment, am I deeply ſtung—
My bold pretence is try'd;
When vain man boaſts, Heav'n puts to proof
The vauntings of his pride;

Now need I, madam! your ſupport.—
How exquiſite the ſmart?
How critically tim'd the *news'
Which ſtrikes me to the heart?

The pangs of which I ſpoke, I feel:
If worth like thine, is born,
O long belov'd! I bleſs the blow,
And triumph, whilſt I mourn.

NOR mourn I long; by grief ſubdu'd
By reaſon's empire ſhown;
Deep anguiſh comes by Heaven's decree,
Continues, by our own;

And when continu'd paſt its point,
Indulg'd in length of time,
Grief is diſgrace, and, what was fate,
Corrupts into a crime:

And ſhall I, criminally mean,
Myſelf and ſubject wrong?
No; my example ſhall ſupport
The ſubject of my ſong.

MADAM! I grant your loſs is great;
Nor little is your gain;
Let that be weigh'd; when weigh'd aright,
It richly pays your pain;

* Whilſt the author was writing this, he received the news of Mr. Samuel Richardſon's death, who was then printing the former part of the poem.

When

When Heaven would kindly ſet us free,
And earth's enchantment end;
It takes the moſt effectual means,
And robs us of a FRIEND:

But ſuch a friend! and ſigh no more?
'Tis prudent; but ſevere:
Heaven aid my weakneſs, and I drop,
All ſorrow——with this tear.

PERHAPS your ſettled grief to ſooth,
I ſhould not vainly ſtrive,
But with ſoft balm your pain aſſuage,
Had he been ſtill alive;

Whoſe frequent aid brought kind relief,
In my diſtreſs of thought,
Ting'd with his beams my cloudy page,
And beautify'd a fault:

To touch our paſſion's ſecret ſprings
Was his peculiar care;
And deep his happy genius div'd
In boſoms of the fair;

Nature, which favours to the few,
All art beyond imparts,
To him preſented at his birth,
The key of human hearts.

BUT not to me by him bequeath'd
His gentle, ſmooth addreſs;
His tender hand to touch the wound
In throbbing of diſtreſs:

Howe'er,

Howe'er, proceed I muſt, unbleſs'd
With Eſculapian art:
Know, love ſometimes, miſtaken love!
Plays diſaffection's part:

Nor lands, nor ſeas, nor ſuns, nor ſtars,
Can ſoul from ſoul divide;
They correſpond from diſtant worlds,
Tho' tranſports are deny'd;

Are you not, then, unkindly kind?
Is not your love ſevere?
O! ſtop that cryſtal ſource of woe;
Nor wound him with a tear.

AS thoſe above from human bliſs
Receive encreaſe of joy;
May not a ſtroke from human woe,
In part, their peace deſtroy?

He lives in thoſe he left;——to what?
Your, now, paternal care,
Clear from its cloud your brighten'd eye,
It will diſcern him there;

In features, not of form alone,
But thoſe, I truſt, of mind;
Auſpicious to the public weal,
And to their fate reſign'd.

Think on the tempeſts he ſuſtain'd;
Revolve his battles won;
And let thoſe propheſy your joy
From ſuch a father's ſon:

Is conſolation what you ſeek?
Fan, then, his martial fire:
And animate to flame the ſparks
Bequeath'd him by his fire:

As nothing great is born in haſte,
Wiſe nature's time allow;
His father's laurels may deſcend,
And flouriſh on his brow.

NOR, Madam! be ſurpriz'd to hear
That laurels may be due
Not more to heroes of the field,
(Proud boaſters!) than to you:

Tender as is the female frame,
Like that brave man you mourn,
You are a ſoldier, and to fight
Superior battles born;

Beneath a banner nobler far
Than ever was unfurl'd
In fields of blood; a banner bright!
High-wav'd o'er all the world.

It, like a ſtreaming meteor, caſts
An univerſal light;
Sheds day, ſheds more, eternal day
On nations whelm'd in night;

Beneath that banner, what exploit
Can mount our glory high'r,
Than to ſuſtain the dreadful blow,
When thoſe we love expire?

GO forth a moral Amazon;
Arm'd with undaunted thought;
The battle won, tho' coſting dear
You'll think it cheaply bought:

The paſſive hero, which ſits down
Unactive, and can ſmile
Beneath affliction's galling load,
Out-acts a Cæſar's toil:

The billows ſtain'd by ſlaughter'd foes
Inferior praiſe afford;
Reaſon's a bloodleſs conqueror,
More glorious than the ſword.

Nor can the thunder of huzzas
From ſhouting nations, cauſe
Such ſweet delight, as from your heart
Soft whiſpers of applauſe:

The dear deceas'd ſo fam'd in arms,
With what delight he'll view
His triumphs on the main outdone,
Thus conquer'd, twice, by you.

SHARE his delight; take heed to ſhun
Of boſoms moſt diſeas'd
That odd diſtemper, an abſurd
Reluctance to be pleas'd:

Some ſeem in love with ſorrow's charms,
And that foul fiend embrace:
This temper let me juſtly brand;
And ſtamp it with diſgrace:

Sorrow!

Sorrow! of horrid parentage!
Thou ſecond-born of hell!
Againſt heaven's endleſs mercies pour'd
How dar'ſt thou to rebel?

From black and noxious vapours bred,
And nurs'd by want of thought,
And to the door of frenzy's ſelf
By perſeverance brought,

Thy moſt inglorious, coward tears
From brutal eyes have ran;
Smiles, incommunicable ſmiles!
Are radiant marks of man;

They caſt a ſudden glory round
Th' illumin'd human face;
And light in ſons of honeſt joy
Some beams of Moſes' face.

Is reſignation's leſſon hard?
Examine, we ſhall find
That duty gives up little more
Than anguiſh of the mind;

Reſign; and all the load of life
That moment you remove,
Its heavy tax, ten thouſand cares
Devolve on one above;

Who bids us lay our burthen down
On his almighty hands,
Softens our duty to relief,
To bleſſing a command.

FOR

FOR joy what cauſe? how ev'ry ſenſe
Is courted from above
The year around, with preſents rich,
The growth of endleſs love?

But moſt o'erlook the bleſſings pour'd,
Forget the wonders done,
And terminate, wrapp'd up in ſenſe,
Their proſpect at the ſun;

From that, their final point of view,
From that their radiant goal,
On travel infinite of thought,
Sets out the nobler ſoul,

Broke looſe from time's tenacious ties,
And earth's involving gloom,
To range at large its vaſt domain,
And talk with worlds to come:

They let unmark'd, and unemploy'd
Life's idle moments run;
And doing nothing for themſelves,
Imagine nothing done;

Fatal miſtake! their fate goes on,
Their dread account proceeds,
And their not-doing is ſet down
Amongſt their darkeſt deeds;

Tho' man ſits ſtill, and takes his eaſe,
God is at work on man;
No means, no moment unemploy'd,
To bleſs him, if he can.

BUT man conſents not, boldly bent
To faſhion his own fate;
Man, a mere bungler in the trade,
Repents his crime too late;

Hence loud laments: let me thy cauſe,
Indulgent Father! plead;
Of all the wretches we deplore,
Not one by thee was made;

What is thy whole creation fair?
Of love divine the child;
Love brought it forth; and from its birth,
Has o'er it fondly ſmil'd:

Now, and thro' periods diſtant far,
Long ere the world began,
Heaven is, and has in travel been,
Its birth the good of man;

Man holds in conſtant ſervice bound
The bluſt'ring winds and ſeas;
Nor ſuns diſdain to travel hard
Their maſter, man, to pleaſe:

To final good the worſt events
Thro' ſecret channels run;
Finiſh for man their deſtin'd courſe,
As 'twas for man begun.

ONE point (obſerv'd, perhaps, by few)
Has often ſmote, and ſmites
My mind, as demonſtration ſtrong:
That heaven in man delights:

What's

What's known to man of things unſeen,
Of future worlds, or fates?
So much, nor more, than what to man's
Sublime affairs relates;

What's Revelation then? a liſt,
An inventory juſt
Of that poor inſect's goods, ſo late
Call'd out of night and duſt.

WHAT various motives to rejoice?
To render joy ſincere,
Has this no weight? our joy is felt
Beyond this narrow ſphere:

Would we in heav'n new heav'n create,
And double its delight?
A ſmiling world, when heav'n looks down,
How pleaſing in its ſight?

Angels ſtoop forward from their thrones
To hear its joyful lays,
As incenſe ſweet enjoy, and join,
Its aromatic praiſe:

Have we no cauſe to fear the ſtroke
Of heaven's avenging rod?
When we preſume to counteract
A ſympathetic God?

If we reſign, our patience makes
His rod an harmleſs wand;
If not, it darts a ſerpent's ſting,
Like that in Moſes' hand;

Like that, it ſwallows up whate'er
Earth's vain magicians bring,
Whoſe baffled arts would boaſt below
Of joys a rival ſpring.

CONSUMMATE love! the liſt how large
Of bleſſings from thy hand?
To baniſh ſorrow, and be bleſt,
Is thy ſupreme command:

Are ſuch commands but ill obey'd?
Of bliſs, ſhall we complain?
The man, who dares to be a wretch,
Deſerves ſtill greater pain:

Joy is our duty, glory, health;
The ſunſhine of the ſoul;
Our beſt encomium on the Pow'r
Who ſweetly plans the whole:

Joy is our Eden ſtill poſſeſs'd:
Be gone, ignoble grief!
'Tis joy makes gods, and men exalts,
Their nature, our relief;

Relief, for man to that muſt ſtoop,
And his due diſtance know;
Tranſport's the language of the ſkies,
Content the ſtyle below.

Content is joy, and joy in pain,
Is joy and virtue too;
Thus, whilſt good preſent we poſſeſs
More precious we purſue:

Of joy the more we have in hand,
The more have we to come;
Joy, like our money, intereſt bears,
Which daily ſwells the ſum.

"BUT how to ſmile; to ſtem the tide
"Of nature in our veins;
"Is it not hard to weep in joy?
"What then to ſmile in pains?"

Victorious joy! which breaks the clouds,
And ſtruggles thro' a ſtorm;
Proclaims the mind as great, as good;
And bids it doubly charm:

If doubly charming in our ſex,
A ſex, by nature, bold;
What then in yours? 'tis di'mond there,
Triumphant o'er our gold.

AND ſhould not this complaint repreſs?
And check the riſing ſigh?
Yet farther opiate to your pain
I labour to ſupply.

Since ſpirits greatly damp'd diſtort
Ideas of delight,
Look thro' the medium of a friend,
To ſet your notions right:

As tears the ſight, grief dims the ſoul;
Its object dark appears;
True friendſhip, like a riſing ſun,
The ſoul's horizon clears.

A friend's

A friend's an optick to the mind
With ſorrow clouded o'er;
And gives it ſtrength of ſight to ſee
Redreſs unſeen before.

Reaſon is ſomewhat rough in man;
Extremely ſmooth and fair,
When ſhe, to grace her manly ſtrength,
Aſſumes a female air:

A * Friend you have, and I the ſame,
Whoſe prudent, ſoft addreſs
Will bring to life thoſe healing thoughts
Which dy'd in your diſtreſs;

That friend, the ſpirit of my theme
Extracting for your eaſe,
Will leave to me the dreg, in thoughts
Too common; ſuch as theſe;

LET thoſe lament, to whom full bowls
Of ſparkling joys are giv'n;
That triple bane inebriates life,
Imbitters death, and hazards heav'n;

Woe to the ſoul at perfect eaſe!
'Tis brewing perfect pains;
Lull'd reaſon ſleeps, the pulſe is king;
Deſpotic body reigns:

* Mrs. M——.

Have

Have you * ne'er pity'd joy's gay ſcenes,
And deem'd their glory dark?
Alas! poor envy! ſhe's ſtone-blind,
And quite miſtakes her mark:

Her mark lies hid in ſorrow's ſhades,
But ſorrow well ſubdu'd;
And in proud fortune's frown defy'd
By meek, unborrow'd good.

By Reſignation; all in that
A double friend may find,
A wing to heav'n, and, while on earth,
The pillow of mankind:

On pillows void of down, for reſt
Our reſtleſs hopes we place;
When hopes of heav'n lie warm at heart,
Our hearts repoſe in peace:

The peace, which reſignation yields,
Who feel alone can gueſs;
'Tis diſbeliev'd by murm'ring minds,
They muſt conclude it leſs:

The loſs, or gain, of that alone
Have we to hope, or fear;
That fate controuls, and can invert
The ſeaſons of the year:

* Mrs. M——.

O!

O! the dark days, the year around,
Of an impatient mind;
Thro' clouds, and ſtorms, a ſummer breaks,
To ſhine on the reſign'd:

While man by that of ev'ry grace,
And virtue, is poſſeſs'd;
Foul vice her pandæmonium builds
In the rebellious breaſt;

By Reſignation we defeat
The worſt that can annoy;
And ſuffer, with far more repoſe,
Than worldings can enjoy.

FROM ſmall experience this I ſpeak;
O! grant to thoſe I love
Experience fuller far, ye pow'rs!
Who form our fates above:

My love where due, if not to thoſe
Who leaving grandeur came
To ſhine on age in mean receſs,
And light me to my theme?

A theme themſelves! A theme, how rare?
The charms, which they diſplay,
To triumph over captive heads,
Are ſet in bright array:

With his own arms proud man's o'ercome,
His boaſted laurels die,
Learning and genius, wiſer grown,
To female boſoms fly.

THIS revolution, fix'd by fate,
In fable was foretold;
The dark prediction puzzled wits,
Nor could the learn'd unfold:

But as thoſe * ladies works I read,
They darted ſuch a ray,
The latent ſenſe burſt out at once,
And ſhone in open day:

So burſt, full ripe, diſtended fruits,
When ſtrongly ſtrikes the ſun;
And from the purple grape unpreſs'd
Spontaneous nectars run.

PALLAS, ('tis ſaid) when Jove grew dull,
Forſook his drowſy brain;
And ſprightly leap'd into the throne
Of wiſdom's brighter reign;

Her helmet took; that is, ſhot rays
Of formidable wit;
And launce, ——or, genius moſt acute,
Which lines immortal writ;

And gorgon ſhield, ——or, pow'r to fright
Man's folly, dreadful ſhone,
And many a blockhead, (eaſy change!)
Turn'd, inſtantly, to ſtone.

* Mrs. M——, Mrs. C——.

Our

Our authors male, as, then, did Jove,
Now ſcratch a damag'd head,
And call for what once quarter'd there,
But find the goddeſs fled.

THE fruit of knowledge, golden fruit!
That once forbidden tree,
Hedg'd in by ſurly man, is now
To Britain's daughters free:

In Eve (we know) of fruit ſo fair
The noble thirſt began;
And they, like her, have caus'd a fall,
A fall of fame in man:

And ſince of genius in our ſex,
O Addiſon! with thee
The ſun is ſet, how I rejoice
This ſiſter lamp to ſee?

It ſheds, like Cynthia, ſilver beams
On man's nocturnal ſtate;
His leſſen'd light, and languid pow'rs,
I ſhow, whilſt I relate.

RESIGNATION.

PART II.

BUT what in either ſex, beyond
All parts, our glory crowns!
"In ruffling ſeaſons to be calm,
"And ſmile, when fortune frowns."

Heav'n's choice is ſafer than our own;
Of ages paſt enquire,
What the moſt formidable fate?
"To have our own deſire."

If, in your wrath, the worſt of foes
You wiſh extremely ill;
Expoſe him to the thunder's ſtroke,
Or that of his own will.

What

What numbers, ruſhing down the ſteep
Of inclination ſtrong,
Have periſh'd in their ardent wiſh?
Wiſh ardent, ever wrong!

'Tis Reſignation's full reverſe,
Moſt wrong, as it implies
Error moſt fatal in our choice,
Detachment from the ſkies.

BY cloſing with the ſkies, we make
Omnipotence our own;
That done, how formidable ill's
Whole army is o'erthrown?

No longer impotent, and frail,
Ourſelves above we riſe:
We ſcarce believe ourſelves below!
We treſpaſs on the ſkies!

The Lord, the ſoul, and ſource of all,
Whilſt man enjoys his eaſe,
Is executing human will,
In earth, and air, and ſeas;

Beyond us, what can Angels boaſt?
Archangels what require?
Whate'er below, above, is done,
Is done as——we deſire.

What glory this for man ſo mean,
Whoſe life is but a ſpan?
This is meridian majeſty!
This, the ſublime of man!

BEYOND the boaſt of pagan ſong
My ſacred ſubject ſhines;
And for a foil the luſtre takes
Of Rome's exalted lines.

"All, that the ſun ſurveys, ſubdu'd,
"But Cato's mighty mind."
How grand? moſt true; yet far beneath
The ſoul of the Reſign'd:

To more than kingdoms, more than worlds,
To paſſion that gives law;
Its matchleſs empire could have kept
Great Cato's pride in awe;

That fatal pride, whoſe cruel point
Tranſfix'd his noble breaſt;
Far nobler! if his fate ſuſtain'd
Had left to heaven the reſt;

Then he the palm had borne away,
At diſtance Cæſar thrown;
Put him off cheaply with the world,
And made the ſkies his own.

What cannot Reſignation do?
It wonders can perform;
That pow'rful charm, Thy will be done,
Can lay the loudeſt ſtorm.

COME, Reſignation! then, from fields,
Where, mounted on the wing,
A wing of flame, bleſt Martyrs' ſouls
Aſcended to their King:

Who

Who is it calls thee? one whoſe need
Tranſcends the common ſize;
Who ſtands in front againſt a foe
To which none equal riſe:

In front he ſtands, the brink he treads
Of an eternal ſtate;
How dreadful his appointed poſt!
How ſtrongly arm'd by fate!

His threat'ning foe! What ſhadows deep
O'erwhelm his gloomy brow!
His dart tremendous!——at fourſcore
My ſole aſylum, thou!

HASTE, then, O Reſignation! haſte,
'Tis thine to reconcile
My foe, and me; at thy approach,
My foe begins to ſmile:

O! for that ſummit of my wiſh,
Whilſt here I draw my breath,
That promiſe of eternal life,
A glorious ſmile in death;

What ſight, Heav'n's azure arch beneath,
Has moſt of Heav'n to boaſt?
The man reſign'd; at once ſerene,
And giving up the ghoſt.

At death's arrival they ſhall ſmile,
Who, not in life o'er-gay,
Serious, and frequent thought ſend out
To meet him on his way:

My gay Coævals! (ſuch there are)
If happineſs is dear;
Approaching death's alarming day
Diſcreetly let us fear:

The fear of death is truly wiſe,
Till wiſdom can riſe higher;
And, arm'd with pious fortitude,
Death, dreaded once, deſire:

Grand climacteric vanities
The vaineſt will deſpiſe;
Shock'd, when beneath the ſnow of age,
Man immaturely dies:

BUT am not I myſelf the man?
No need abroad to roam
In queſt of faults to be chaſtis'd;
What cauſe to bluſh at home?

In life's decline, when men relapſe
Into the ſports of youth,
The ſecond child out-fools the firſt,
And tempts the laſh of truth;

Shall a mere truant from the grave,
With rival boys engage?
His trembling voice attempt to ſing,
And ape the poet's rage?

Here, Madam! let me viſit one,
My fault who, partly, ſhares,
And tell myſelf, by telling him,
What more becomes our years;

And if your breaſt with prudent zeal
For reſignation glows,
You will not diſapprove a juſt
Reſentment at its foes.

IN youth, V———taire! our ſollies plead
For ſome indulgence due;
When heads are white, their thoughts, and aims,
Should change their colour too:

How are you cheated by your wit?
Old age is bound to pay,
By nature's law a mind diſcreet,
For joys it takes away;

A mighty change is wrought by years,
Reverſing human lot;
In age 'tis honour to lie hid,
Its praiſe to be forgot;

The wiſe, as flow'rs, which ſpread at noon,
And all their charms expoſe,
When ev'ning damps, and ſhades deſcend,
Their evolutions cloſe.

WHAT tho' your muſe has nobly ſoar'd,
Is that our true ſublime?
Ours, hoary friend! is to prefer
Eternity to time:

Why cloſe a life ſo juſtly fam'd
With ſuch bold traſh as * this?
This for renown? Yes, ſuch as makes
Obſcurity a bliſs:

* Candide.

Your traſh, with mine, at open war,
Is * obſtinately bent,
Like wits below, to ſow your tares
Of gloom, and diſcontent:

With ſo much ſunſhine at command,
Why light with darkneſs mix?
Why daſh with pain our pleaſure? Why
Your Helicon with Styx?

Your works in our divided minds
Repugnant paſſions raiſe,
Confound us with a double ſtroke,
We ſhudder whilſt we praiſe;

A curious web, as finely wrought
As genius can inſpire,
From a black bag of poiſon ſpun,
With horror we admire.

MEAN as it is, if this is read
With a diſdainful air,
I can't forgive ſo great a foe
To my dear friend V——taire;

Early I knew him, early prais'd,
And long to praiſe him late;
His genius greatly I admire,
Nor would deplore his fate;

* Second Part.

A fate

A fate how much to be deplor'd,
At which our nature ſtarts;
Forbear to fall on your own ſword,
To periſh by your parts:

"But great your name,"—To feed on air,
Were then immortals born?
Nothing is great, of which more great,
More glorious is the ſcorn.

CAN fame your carcaſe from the worm
Which gnaws us in the grave,
Or ſoul from that which never dies,
Applauding Europe ſave?

But fame you loſe; good ſenſe alone
Your idol, praiſe can claim;
When wild wit murders happineſs,
It puts to death our fame;

Nor boaſt your genius, talents bright,
Ev'n dunces will deſpiſe,
If in your weſtern beams is miſs'd
A genius for the ſkies;

Your taſte too fails; what moſt excels
True taſte muſt reliſh moſt;
And what, to rival palms above,
Can proudeſt laurels boaſt?

Sound heads ſalvation's * helmet ſeek,
Reſplendent are its rays,
Let that ſuffice; it needs no plume,
Of ſublunary praiſe.

* Epheſ. vi. 17.

May this enable couch'd V———taire
To ſee that———* All is right,
His eye, by flaſh of wit ſtruck blind,
Reſtoring to its ſight;

If ſo, all's well: who much have err'd,
That much have been forgiv'n;
I ſpeak with joy, with joy he'll hear,
"V—taires are, now, in heav'n."

NAY, ſuch philanthropy divine,
So boundleſs in degree,
Its marvellous of love extends
(Stoop moſt profound!) to me:

Let others cruel ſtars arraign,
Or dwell on their diſtreſs;
But let my page, for mercies pour'd,
A grateful heart expreſs:

Walking, the preſent God was ſeen,
Of old, in Eden fair;
The God as preſent, by plain ſteps
Of providential care,

I behold paſſing through my life;
His awful voice I hear;
And, conſcious of my nakedneſs,
Would hide myſelf for fear:

* Which his romance ridicules.

But where the trees, or where the clouds
Can cover from his ſight?
Naked the center to that eye,
To which the ſun is night.

AS yonder glittering lamps on high
Thro' night illumin'd roll;
May thoughts of him, by whom they ſhine,
Chaſe darkneſs from my ſoul;

My ſoul, which reads his hand as clear
In my minute affairs,
As in his ample manuſcript
Of ſun, and moon, and ſtars;

And knows him not more bent aright
To wield that vaſt machine,
Than to correct one erring thought
In my ſmall world within;

A world, that ſhall ſurvive the fall
Of all his wonders here;
Survive, when ſuns ten thouſand drop,
And leave a darken'd ſphere.

Yon matter groſs, how bright it ſhines?
For time how great his care?
Sure ſpirit and eternity
Far richer glories ſhare;

Let thoſe our hearts impreſs, on thoſe
Our contemplation dwell;
On thoſe my thoughts how juſtly thrown,
By what I now ſhall tell?

WHEN

WHEN backward with attentive mind
Life's labyrinth I trace,
I find him far myſelf beyond
Propitious to my peace:

Thro' all the crooked paths I trod
My folly he purſu'd;
My heart aſtray to quick return
Importunately woo'd;

Due Reſignation home to preſs
On my capricious will,
How many reſcues did I meet,
Beneath the maſk of ill?

How many foes in ambuſh laid
Beneath my ſoul's deſire?
The deepeſt penitents are made
By what we moſt admire.

HAVE I not ſometimes (real good
So little mortals know!)
Mounting the ſummit of my wiſh,
Profoundly plung'd in woe?

I rarely plann'd, but cauſe I found
My plan's defeat to bleſs;
Oft I lamented an event;
It turn'd to my ſucceſs.

By ſharpen'd appetite to give
To good intenſe delight,
Thro' dark and deep perplexities
He led me to the right.

AND

AND is not this the gloomy path,
Which you are treading now?
The path moſt gloomy leads to light,
When our proud paſſions bow:

When lab'ring under fancy'd ill,
My ſpirits to ſuſtain,
He kindly cur'd with ſov'reign draughts
Of unimagin'd pain.

Pain'd ſenſe from fancy's tyranny
Alone can ſet us free,
A thouſand miſeries we feel,
Till ſunk in miſery.

Cloy'd with a glut of all we wiſh,
Our wiſh we reliſh leſs;
Succeſs, a ſort of ſuicide,
Is ruin'd by ſucceſs:

Sometimes he led me near to death,
And, pointing to the grave,
Bid terror whiſper kind advice;
And taught the tomb to ſave:

To raiſe my thoughts beyond where worlds
As ſpangles o'er us ſhine,
One day he gave, and bid the next
My ſoul's delight reſign.

WE to ourſelves, but thro' the means
Of mirrors, are unknown;
In this my fate can you deſcry
No features of your own?

And if you can, let that excuſe
These ſelf-recording lines;
A record, modeſty forbids,
Or to ſmall bound confines:

In grief why deep ingulph'd? You ſee
You ſuffer nothing rare;
Uncommon grief for common fate?
That wiſdom cannot bear.

When ſtreams flow backward to their ſource,
And humbled flames deſcend,
And mountains wing'd ſhall fly aloft,
Then human ſorrows end;

But human prudence too muſt ceaſe,
When ſorrows domineer,
When fortitude has loſt its fire,
And freezes into fear:

The pang moſt poignant of my life
Now heightens my delight;
I ſee a fair creation riſe
From chaos, and old night;

From what ſeem'd horror, and deſpair,
The richeſt harveſt roſe;
And gave me in the nod divine
An abſolute repoſe.

Of all the plunders of mankind,
More groſs, or frequent, none,
Than in their grief and joy miſplac'd,
Eternally are ſhown.

BUT whither points all this parade?
It ſays, that near you lies
A book, perhaps, yet unperus'd,
Which you ſhould greatly prize:

Of ſelf-peruſal, ſcience rare!
Few know the mighty gain;
Learn'd prelates, ſelf-unread, may read
Their Bibles o'er in vain:

Self-knowledge, which from heav'n itſelf
(So ſages tell us) came,
What is it, but a daughter fair
Of my maternal theme?

Unletter'd, and untravel'd men
An oracle might find,
Would they conſult their own contents,
The Delphos of the mind.

ENTER your boſom, there you'll meet
A revelation new,
A revelation perſonal,
Which none can read but you;

There will you clearly read reveal'd
In your enlighten'd thought,
By mercies manifold, through life,
To freſh remembrance brought,

A mighty Being! and in Him
A complicated friend,
A father, brother, ſpouſe; no dread
Of death, divorce, or end:

Who

Who ſuch a matchleſs friend embrace,
And lodge him in their heart,
Full well, from agonies exempt,
With other friends may part:

As when o'erloaded branches bear
Large cluſters big with wine,
We ſcarce regret one falling leaf
From the luxuriant vine.

My ſhort advice to you may ſound
Obſcure, or ſomewhat odd,
Tho' 'tis the beſt that man can give,——
"Ev'n be content with God."

Thro' love He gave you the deceas'd,
Thro' greater took him hence;
This reaſon fully could evince,
Tho' murmur'd at by ſenſe.

THIS friend, far paſt the kindeſt kind,
Is paſt the greateſt great;
His greatneſs let me touch in points
Not foreign to your ſtate;

His eye, this inſtant, reads your heart;
A truth leſs obvious hear;
This inſtant its moſt ſecret thoughts
Are ſounding in his ear;

Diſpute you this? O! ſtand in awe,
And ceaſe your ſorrow; know,
That tear, now trickling down, He ſaw
Ten thouſand years ago;

And twice ten thouſand hence, if you
Your temper reconcile
To reaſon's bound, will he behold
Your prudence with a ſmile;

A ſmile, which through eternity
Diffuſes ſo bright rays,
The dimmeſt deifies e'en guilt,
If guilt, at laſt, obeys:

Your guilt (for guilt it is to mourn,
When ſuch a ſov'reign reigns)
Your guilt diminiſh; peace purſue;
How glorious peace in pains!

HERE, then, your ſorrows ceaſe; if not,
Think how unhappy they,
Who guilt increaſe by ſtreaming tears,
Which guilt ſhould waſh away;

Of tears that guſh profuſe reſtrain;
Whence burſt thoſe diſmal ſighs?
They from the throbbing breaſt of one
(Strange truth!) moſt happy riſe;

Not angels (hear it, and exult!)
Enjoy a larger ſhare
Than is indulg'd to you, and yours,
Of God's impartial care;

Anxious for each, as if on each
His care for all was thrown;
For all his care as abſolute,
As all had been but one.

AND

AND is He then ſo near! ſo kind!——
How little then, and great,
That riddle, man? O! let me gaze
At wonders in his fate;

His fate, who yeſterday did crawl
A worm from darkneſs deep
And ſhall, with brother-worms, beneath
A turf, to-morrow ſleep;

How mean!——And yet, if well obey'd
His mighty maſter's call,
The whole creation for mean man
Is deem'd a boon too ſmall:

Too ſmall the whole creation deem'd
For emmets in the duſt!
Account amazing! yet moſt true;
My ſong is bold, yet juſt:

Man born for infinite, in whom
No period can deſtroy
The pow'r, in exquiſite extremes,
To ſuffer, or enjoy;

Give him earth's empire (if no more)
He's beggar'd, and undone!
Impriſon'd in unbounded ſpace!
Benighted by the ſun!

For what the ſun's meridian blaze
To the moſt feeble ray
Which glimmers from the diſtant dawn
Of uncreated day?

'TIS not the poet's rapture feign'd
Swells here the vain to pleaſe;
The mind moſt ſober kindles moſt
At truths ſublime as theſe;

They warm ev'n me.——I dare not ſay,
Divine ambition ſtrove
Not to bleſs only, but confound,
Nay, fright us with its love;

And yet ſo frightful what, or kind,
As that the rending rock,
The darken'd ſun, and riſing dead,
So formidably ſpoke?

And are we darker than that ſun?
Than rocks more hard, and blind?
We are;——if not to ſuch a God
In agonies Reſign'd.

YES, ev'n in agonies forbear
To doubt almighty love;
Whate'er endears eternity,
Is mercy from above;

What moſt imbitters time, that moſt
Eternity endears,
And thus, by plunging in diſtreſs,
Exalts us to the ſpheres;

Joy's fountain head! where bliſs o'er bliſs,
O'er wonders wonders riſe,
And an Omnipotence prepares
Its banquet for the wiſe:

Ambroſial banquet! rich in wines
Nectareous to the ſoul!
What tranſports ſparkle from the ſtream,
As angels fill the bowl?

FOUNTAIN profuſe of ev'ry bliſs!
Good-will immenſe prevails;
Man's line can't fathom its profound;
An angel's plummet fails.

Thy love and might, by what they know,
Who judge, nor dream of more;
They aſk a drop, how deep the ſea?
One ſand, how wide the ſhore?

Of thy exuberant good-will,
Offended Deity!
The thouſandth part who comprehends,
A deity is he.

How yonder ample azure field
With radiant worlds is ſown?
How tubes aſtoniſh us with thoſe
More deep in ether thrown?

And thoſe beyond of brighter worlds
Why not a million more?———
In lieu of anſwer, let us all
Fall proſtrate, and adore.

Since thou art infinite in pow'r,
Nor thy indulgence leſs;
Since man, quite impotent, and blind,
Oft drops into diſtreſs;

Say,

Say, what is Reſignation? 'Tis
Man's weakneſs underſtood;
And wiſdom graſping, with an hand
Far ſtronger, every good.

LET raſh repiners ſtand appall'd,
In thee who dare not truſt;
Whoſe abject ſouls, like demons dark,
Are murm'ring in the duſt:

For man to murmur, or repine
At what by thee is done,
No leſs abſurd, than to complain
Of darkneſs in the ſun.

Who would not, with an heart at eaſe,
Bright eye, unclouded brow,
Wiſdom, and goodneſs, at the helm,
The rougheſt ocean plough?

What, tho' I'm ſwallow'd in the deep?
Tho' mountains o'er me roar?
Jehovah reigns! as Jonah ſafe,
I'm landed, and adore:

Thy will is welcome, let it wear
Its moſt tremendous form;
Roar waves; rage winds! I know, that thou
Canſt ſave me by a ſtorm.

FROM thee immortal ſpirits born,
To thee, their fountain, flow,
If wiſe; as curl'd around to theirs
Meand'ring ſtreams below:

Not

Not leſs compell'd by Reaſon's call,
To thee our ſouls aſpire,
Than to thy ſkies, by nature's law,
High mounts material fire;

To thee aſpiring they exult;
I feel my ſpirits riſe,
I feel myſelf thy ſon, and pant
For patrimonial ſkies:

Since ardent thirſt of future good,
And gen'rous ſenſe of paſt,
To thee man's prudence ſtrongly ties,
And binds affection faſt;

Since great thy love, and great our want,
And men the wiſeſt blind,
And bliſs our aim; pronounce us all
Diſtracted, or Reſign'd;

Reſign'd thro' duty, int'reſt, ſhame;
Deep ſhame! dare I complain,
When (wond'rous truth!) in heav'n itſelf
Joy ow'd its birth to pain?

AND pain for me! for me was drain'd
Gall's overflowing bowl;
And ſhall one drop to murmur bold,
Provoke my guilty ſoul?

If pardon'd this, what cauſe, what crime
Can indignation raiſe?
The ſun was lighted up to ſhine,
And man was born to praiſe;

And when to praiſe the man ſhall ceaſe,
Or ſun to ſtrike the view;
A cloud diſhonours both; but man's
The blacker of the two:

For oh! ingratitude how black?
With moſt profound amaze
At love, which man belov'd o'erlooks,
Aſtoniſh'd angels gaze.

PRAISE chears, and warms, like gen'rous wine;
Praiſe, more divine than pray'r;
Pray'r points our ready path to heav'n;
Praiſe is already there.

Let plauſive Reſignation riſe,
And baniſh all complaint;
All virtues thronging into one,
It finiſhes the ſaint;

Makes the man bleſs'd, as man can be;
Life's labours renders light;
Darts beams thro' fate's incumbent gloom,
And lights our ſun by night;

'Tis nature's brighteſt ornament,
The richeſt gift of grace,
Rival of angels, and ſupreme
Proprietor of peace;

Nay, peace beyond, no ſmall degree
Of rapture 'twill impart;
Know, madam! when your heart's in heav'n,
"All heav'n is in your heart."

BUT who to heaven their hearts can raiſe?
Deny'd divine ſupport,
All virtue dies; ſupport divine
The wiſe with armour court:

When pray'r partakes the ſeraph's fire,
'Tis mounted on his wing,
Burſts thro' heav'n's cryſtal gates, and gains
Sure audience of its King:

The lab'ring ſoul from ſore diſtreſs
That bleſs'd expedient frees;
I ſee you far advanc'd in peace;
I ſee you on your knees:

How on that poſture has the beam
Divine for ever ſhone?
An humble heart, God's * other ſeat!
The rival of his throne:

And ſtoops Omnipotence ſo low?
And condeſcends to dwell,
Eternity's inhabitant,
Well pleas'd, in ſuch a cell?

Such honour how ſhall we repay?
How treat our gueſt divine?
The ſacrifice ſupreme be ſlain!
Let ſelf-will die: Reſign.

* Iſaiah lvii. 15.

THUS

THUS far, at large, on our diſeaſe;
Now let the cauſe be ſhown,
Whence riſes, and will ever riſe,
The diſmal human groan:

What our ſole fountain of diſtreſs?
Strong paſſion for this ſcene;
That trifles makes important, things
Of mighty moment mean:

When earth's dark maxims poiſon ſhed
On our polluted ſouls,
Our hearts and int'reſts fly as far.
Aſunder, as the poles;

Like princes in a cottage nurs'd,
Unknown their royal race,
With abject aims, and ſordid joys,
Our grandeur we diſgrace;

O! for an Archimedes new,
Of moral pow'rs poſſeſs'd,
The world to move, and quite expel
That traitor from the breaſt.

NO ſmall advantage may be reap'd
From thought whence we deſcend;
From weighing well, and prizing weigh'd
Our origin, and end:

From far above the glorious ſun
To this dim ſcene we came;
And may if wiſe, for ever baſk,
In great Jehovah's beam:

Let that bright beam on reaſon rouz'd
In awful luſtre riſe,
Earth's giant-ills are dwarf'd at once,
And all diſquiet dies:

Earth's glories to their ſplendor loſe,
Thoſe phantoms charm no more;
Empire's a feather for a fool,
And Indian mines are poor:

Then levell'd quite, whilſt yet alive,
The monarch and his ſlave;
Nor wait enlighten'd minds to learn
That leſſon from the grave:

A George the third would then be low
As Lewis in renown,
Could he not boaſt of glory more
Than ſparkles from a crown.

When human glory riſes high
As human glory can;
When, tho' the KING is truly great,
Still greater is the Man;

The man is dead, where virtue fails,
And tho' the monarch proud
In grandeur ſhines, his gorgeous robe
Is but a gaudy ſhroud.

WISDOM! where art thou? none on earth,
Tho' graſping wealth, fame, pow'r,
But what, O death! thro' thy approach,
Is wiſer every hour;

Approach

Approach how ſwift, how unconfin'd!
Worms feaſt on viands rare,
Thoſe little epicures have kings
To grace their bill of fare:

From kings what reſignation due
To that almighty will,
Which thrones beſtows, and when they fail,
Can throne them higher ſtill?

Who truly great? the good, and brave,
The maſters of a mind
The will divine to do reſolv'd,
To ſuffer it reſign'd.

MADAM! if that may give it weight,
The trifle you receive
Is dated from a ſolemn ſcene,
The border of the grave;

Where ſtrongly ſtrikes the trembling ſoul
Eternity's dread pow'r,
As burſting on it thro' the thin
Partition of an hour;

Hear this, V———taire! but this from me,
Runs hazard of your frown;
However, ſpare it; ere you die
Such thoughts will be your own.

In mercy to yourſelf forbear
My notions to chaſtiſe,
Leſt unawares the gay V——taire
Should blame V—taire the wiſe:

Fame's trumpet rattling in your ear,
Now, makes us diſagree;
When a far louder trumpet ſounds,
V——taire will cloſe with me:

How ſhocking is that modeſty,
Which keeps ſome honeſt men
From urging what their hearts ſuggeſt,
When brav'd by folly's pen.

Aſſaulting truths, of which in all
Is ſown the ſacred ſeed?
Our conſtitution's orthodox,
And cloſes with our creed:

What then are they, whoſe proud conceits
Superior wiſdom boaſt?
Wretches, who fight their own belief,
And labour to be loſt;

Tho' vice, by no ſuperior joys
Her heroes keeps in pay;
Thro' pure diſintereſted love
Of ruin they obey;

Strict their devotion to the wrong,
Tho' tempted by no prize;
Hard their commandments, and their creed
A magazine of lies

From fancy's forge: gay fancy ſmiles
At reaſon plain, and cool;
Fancy, whoſe curious trade it is
To make the fineſt fool.

V——taire!

V——taire! long life's the greateſt curſe
That mortals can receive,
When they imagine the chief end
Of living is to live;

Quite thoughtleſs of their day of death,
That birth-day of their ſorrow;
Knowing, it may be diſtant far,
Nor cruſh them till——to-morrow.

THESE are cold, northern thoughts, conceiv'd
Beneath an humble cot;
Not mine, your genius, or your ſtate,
No * caſtle is my lot:

But ſoon, quite level ſhall we lie;
And what pride moſt bemoans,
Our parts, in rank ſo diſtant now,
As level as our bones;

Hear you that ſound? alarming ſound!
Prepare to meet your fate!
One, who writes Finis to our works,
Is knocking at the gate;

Far other works will ſoon be weigh'd;
Far other judges ſit;
Far other crowns be loſt, or won,
Than fire ambitious wit:

* Letter to Lord Lyttelton.

Their wit far brighteſt will be prov'd,
Whoſe ſunk it in good ſenſe;
And veneration moſt profound
Of dread Omnipotence.

'Tis that alone unlocks the gate
Of bleſt eternity;
O! may'ſt thou never, never loſe
That more than * golden key.

WHATE'ER may ſeem too rough excuſe,
Your good I have at heart:
Since from my ſoul I wiſh you well;
As yet we muſt not part:

Shall you, and I, in love with life,
Life's future ſchemes contrive,
The world in wonder not unjuſt,
That we are ſtill alive?

What have we left? how mean in man
A ſhadow's ſhade to crave?
When life ſo vain! is vainer ſtill,
'Tis time to take your leave:

Happier, than happieſt life, is death,
Who falling in the field
Of conflict with his rebel will,
Writes Vici on his ſhield;

* Alluding to Pruſſia.

So

So falling man, immortal heir
Of an eternal prize;
Undaunted at the gloomy grave,
Deſcends into the ſkies.

O! how diſorder'd our machine,
When contradictions mix?
When nature ſtrikes no leſs than twelve,
And folly points at ſix?

To mend the moments of your heart,
How great is my delight
Gently to wind your morals up,
And ſet your hand aright?

That hand, which ſpread your wiſdom wide
To poiſon diſtant lands:
Repent, recant; the tainted age,
Your antidote demands;

To Satan dreadfully reſign'd,
Whole herds ruſh down the ſteep
Of folly, by lewd wits poſſeſs'd,
And periſh in the deep.

Men's praiſe your vanity purſues;
'Tis well, purſue it ſtill;
But let it be of men deceas'd,
And you'll reſign the will;

And how ſuperior they to thoſe
At whoſe applauſe you aim,
How very far ſuperior they
In number, and in name?

POSTSCRIPT.

THUS have I written, when to write
No mortal ſhould preſume;
Or only write, what none can blame,
Hic jacet—for his tomb:

The public frowns, and cenſures loud
My puerile employ;
Though juſt the cenſure, if you ſmile,
The ſcandal I enjoy;

But ſing no more—no more I ſing,
Or reaſſume the lyre,
Unleſs vouchſaf'd an humble part
Where Raphael leads the choir:

What myriads ſwell the concert loud?
Their golden harps reſound
High, as the footſtool of the throne,
And deep, as hell profound;

Hell (horrid contraſt!) chord, and ſong
  Of raptur'd angels drowns
In ſelf-will's peal of blaſphemies,
  And hideous burſt of groans;

But drowns them not to me; I hear
  Harmonious thunders roll
(In language low of men to ſpeak)
  From echoing pole to pole!

Whilſt this grand chorus ſhakes the ſkies—
  "Above, beneath the ſun,
"Through boundleſs age, by men, by gods,
  "Jehovah's will be done."

'TIS done in heav'n; whence headlong hurl'd
  Self-will with Satan, fell:
And muſt from earth be baniſh'd too,
  Or earth's another hell;

Madam! ſelf-will inflicts your pains:
  Self-will's the deadly foe
Which deepens all the diſmal ſhades,
  And points the ſhafts of woe:

Your debt to nature fully paid,
  Now virtue claims her due:
But virtue's cauſe I need not plead,
  'Tis ſafe; I write to YOU;

You know, that virtue's baſis lies
  In ever judging right;
And wiping error's clouds away,
  Which dim the mental ſight:

Why mourn the dead? You wrong the grave,
From ſtorm that ſafe reſort;
We are ſtill toſſing out at ſea,
Our admiral in port.

Was death deny'd, this world, a ſcene
How diſmal, and forlorn?
To death we owe, that 'tis to man
A bleſſing to be born;

When every other bleſſing fails,
Or ſapp'd by ſlow decay,
Or, ſtorm'd by ſudden blaſts of fate,
Is ſwiftly whirl'd away;

How happy! that no ſtorm, or time,
Of death can rob the juſt?
None pluck from their unaching heads
Soft pillows in the duſt?

WELL-PLEAS'D to bear heav'n's darkeſt frown,
Your utmoſt power employ;
'Tis noble chymiſtry to turn
Neceſſity to joy.

Whate'er the colour of my fate,
My fate ſhall be my choice:
Determin'd am I, whilſt I breathe,
To praiſe and to rejoice;

What ample cauſe? Triumphant hope!
O rich eternity!
I ſtart not at a world in flames,
Charm'd with one glimpſe of thee;

And thou! its great inhabitant!
How glorious doſt thou ſhine?
And dart thro' ſorrow, danger, death,
A beam of joy divine?

The void of joy (with ſome concern
The truth ſevere I tell)
Is an impenitent in guilt,
A fool or infidel;

Weigh this, ye pupils of V——taire!
From joyleſs murmur free;
Or, let us know, which character
Shall crown you of the three.

RESIGN, reſign: this leſſon none
Too deeply can inſtill;
A crown has been reſign'd by more,
Than have reſign'd the will;

Tho' will reſign'd the meaneſt makes
Superior in renown,
And richer in celeſtial eyes,
Than he who wears a crown;

Hence, in the boſom cold of age,
It kindled a ſtrange aim
To ſhine in ſong; and bid me boaſt
The * grandeur of my theme;

* Page 147.

But oh! how far preſumption falls
  Its lofty theme below,
Our thoughts in life's December freeze,
  And numbers ceaſe to flow.

FIRST! greateſt! beſt! grant what I wrote
  For others, ne'er may riſe
To brand the writer; thou alone
Canſt make our wiſdom wiſe;

And how unwiſe, how deep in guilt,
  How infamous the fault?
"A teacher thron'd in pomp of words,
  "Indeed, beneath the taught!"

Means moſt infallible to make
  The world an infidel;
And, with inſtructions moſt divine,
  To pave a path to hell;

O! for a clean and ardent heart,
  O! for a ſoul on fire,
Thy praiſe, begun on earth, to ſound
  Where angels ſtring the lyre;

How cold is man? to him how hard
  (Hard, what moſt eaſy ſeems)
"To ſet a juſt eſteem on that,
  "Which yet he—moſt eſteems."

What

What ſhall we ſay, when boundleſs bliſs
Is offer'd to mankind,
And, to that offer when a race
Of rationals is blind?

Of human nature ne'er too high
Are our ideas wrought;
Of human merit ne'er too low
Depreſs'd the daring thought.

THE END.

*** The firſt * Impreſſion (from which the Printed Extracts were taken) was given only to Friends; as ſuch they are requeſted to deſtroy it; ſince keeping that out of ſight is the Writer's only Apology for publiſhing this.

* Printed in Quarto.

On the Late

QUEEN's DEATH,

AND HIS

MAJESTY's

ACCESSION to the THRONE.

Inſcribed to JOSEPH ADDISON, Eſq.

Secretary to their Excellencies the Lords Juſtices.

—— Gaudia Curis, HOR.

MDCCXIV.

On the Late

QUEEN's DEATH,

AND HIS

MAJESTY's

ACCESSION to the THRONE.

SIR, I have long, and with impatience, ſought,
To eaſe the fullneſs of my grateful thought,
My fame at once, and duty to purſue,
And pleaſe the public, by reſpect to you.

Though you, long ſince beyond Britannia known,
Have ſpread your country's glory with your own;
To me you never did more lovely ſhine,
Than when ſo late the kindled wrath divine
Quench'd our ambition, in great Anna's fate,
And darken'd all the pomp of human ſtate.

Though

Though you are rich in fame, and fame decay,
Tho' rais'd in life, and greatneſs fade away,
Your luſtre brightens: virtue cuts the gloom
With purer rays, and ſparkles near a tomb.

Know, ſir, the great eſteem and honour due,
I choſe that moment to profeſs to you,
When ſadneſs reign'd, when fortune, ſo ſevere,
Had warm'd our boſoms to be moſt ſincere.
And when no motives could have force to raiſe
A ſerious value, and provoke my praiſe,
But ſuch as riſe above, and far tranſcend
Whatever glories with this world ſhall end,
Then ſhining forth, when deepeſt ſhades ſhall blot
The ſun's bright orb, and Cato be forgot.

I ſing—but ah! my theme I need not tell,
See every eye with conſcious ſorrow ſwell:
Who now to verſe would raiſe his humble voice,
Can only ſhew his duty, not his choice.
How great the weight of grief our hearts ſuſtain!
We languiſh, and to ſpeak is to complain.

Let us look back, (for who too oft can view
That moſt illuſtrious ſcene, for ever New!)
See all the ſeaſons ſhine on Anna's throne,
And pay a conſtant tribute, not their own.
Her ſummer's heats nor fruits alone beſtow,
They reap the harveſt, and ſubdue the foe;
And when black ſtorms confeſs the diſtant ſun,
Her winters wear the wreaths, her ſummers won.

Revolving

Revolving pleaſures in their turns appear,
And triumphs are the product of the year.
To crown the whole, great joys in greater ceaſe,
And glorious victory is loſt in peace.

Whence this profuſion on our favour'd iſle?
Did partial fortune on our virtue ſmile,
Or did the ſcepter, in great Anna's hand,
Stretch forth this rich indulgence o'er our land?
Ungrateful Britain! quit thy groundleſs claim,
Thy queen and thy good fortune are the ſame.

Hear, with alarms our trumpets fill the ſky;
'Tis Anna reigns! the Gallic ſquadrons fly.
We ſpread our canvaſs to the ſouthern ſhore;
'Tis Anna reigns! the ſouth reſigns her ſtore.
Her virtue ſmooths the tumult of the main,
And ſwells the field with mountains of the ſlain.
Argyle and Churchill but the glory ſhare,
While millions lie ſubdu'd by Anna's pray'r.

How great her zeal! how fervent her deſire?
How did her ſoul in holy warmth expire!
Conſtant devotion did her time divide,
Not ſet returns of pleaſure or of pride.
Not want of reſt; or the ſun's parting ray,
But finiſh'd duty, limited the day.
How ſweet ſucceeding ſleep! what lovely themes
Smil'd in her thoughts, and ſoften'd all her dreams!
Her royal couch deſcending angels ſpread,
And join'd their wings a ſhelter o'er her head.

Though

Though Europe's wealth and glory claim'd a part,
Religion's cauſe reign'd miſtreſs of her heart:
She ſaw, and griev'd to ſee the mean eſtate
Of thoſe who round the hallow'd altar wait;
She ſhed her bounty, piouſly profuſe,
And thought it more her own in ſacred uſe.

Thus on his furrow ſee the tiller ſtand,
And fill with genial ſeed his laviſh hand;
He truſts the kindneſs of the fruitful plain,
And providently ſcatters all his grain.

What ſtrikes my ſight? does proud Auguſta riſe
New to behold, and awfully ſurpriſe!
Her lofty brow more numerous turrets crown,
And ſacred domes, on palaces look down:
A noble pride of piety is ſhown,
And temples caſt a luſtre on the throne.
How would this work another's glory raiſe!
But Anna's greatneſs robs her of the praiſe.
Drown'd in a brighter blaze it diſappears,
Who dry'd the widow's, and the orphans tears?
Who ſtoop'd from high to ſuccour the diſtreſt,
And reconcile the wounded heart to reſt?
Great in her goodneſs, well could we perceive,
Whoever ſought it was a queen that gave.
Misfortune loſt her name, her guiltleſs frown
But made another debtor to the crown;
And each unfriendly ſtroke, from fate we bore,
Became our title to the regal ſtore.

Thus injur'd trees adopt a foreign ſhoot,
And their wounds bloſſom with a fairer fruit.

Ye numbers, who on your misfortunes thriv'd,
When firſt the dreadful blaſt of fame arriv'd,
Say what a ſhock, what agonies you felt,
How did your ſouls with tender anguiſh melt!
That grief which living Anna's love ſuppreſt,
Shook like a tempeſt every grateful breaſt.
A ſecond fate our ſinking fortunes try'd!
A ſecond time our tender parents dy'd!

Heroes returning from the field we crown,
And deify the haughty victor's frown.
His ſplendid wealth too raſhly we admire,
Catch the diſeaſe, and burn with equal fire:
Wiſely to ſpend is the great art of gain;
And one reliev'd tranſcends a million ſlain.
When time ſhall aſk, where once Ramillia lay,
Or Danube flow'd that ſwept whole troops away,
One drop of water, that refreſh'd the dry,
Shall riſe a fountain of eternal joy.

But ah! to that unknown and diſtant date,
Is virtue's great reward puſh'd off by fate;
Here random ſhafts in every breaſt are found,
Virtue and merit but provoke the wound.
Auguſt in native worth, and regal ſtate,
Anna ſate arbitreſs of Europe's fate;
To diſtant realms did every accent fly,
And nations watch'd each motion of her eye.

Silent

Silent, nor longer awful to be ſeen,
How ſmall a ſpot contains the mighty queen?
No throng of ſuppliant princes mark the place;
Where Britain's greatneſs is compos'd in peace:
The broken earth is ſcarce diſcern'd to riſe,
And a ſtone tells us where the monarch lies.

Thus end matureſt honours of a crown!
This is the laſt concluſion of renown!

So when with idle ſkill the wanton boy
Breathes through his tube; he ſees, with eager joy,
The trembling bubble, in its riſing ſmall;
And by degrees expands the glittering ball.
But when, to full perfection blown, it flies
High in the air, and ſhines in various dyes,
The little monarch, with a falling tear,
Sees his world burſt at once, and diſappear.

'Tis not in ſorrow to reverſe our doom,
No groans unlock th' inexorable tomb!
Why then this fond indulgence of our woe!
What fruit can riſe, or what advantage flow!
Yes, this advantage; from our deep diſtreſs
We learn how much in George the Gods can bleſs.
Had a leſs glorious princeſs left the throne,
But half the hero had at firſt been ſhown:
An Anna falling all the king employs,
To vindicate from guilt our riſing joys:
Our joys ariſe, and innocently ſhine,
Auſpicious monarch! what a praiſe is thine?

Welcome,

Welcome, great ſtranger, to Britannia's throne!
Nor let thy country think thee all her own.
Of thy delay how oft did we complain!
Our hopes reach'd out, and met thee on the main.
With pray'r we ſmooth the billows for thy fleet;
With ardent wiſhes fill thy ſwelling ſheet;
And when thy foot took place on Albion's ſhore,
We bending bleſs'd the Gods, and aſk'd no more.
What hand but thine ſhould conquer and compoſe,
Join thoſe whom intereſt joins, and chaſe our foes?
Repel the daring youth's preſumptuous aim,
And by his rival's greatneſs give him fame?
Now in ſome foreign court he may ſit down,
And quit without a bluſh, the Britiſh crown.
Secure his honour, tho' he loſe his ſtore,
And take a lucky moment to be poor.

Nor think, great ſir, now firſt, at this late hour,
In Britain's favour, you exert your power;
To us, far back in time, I joy to trace
The numerous tokens of your princely grace.
Whether you chuſe to thunder on the Rhine,
Inſpire grave councils, or in courts to ſhine;
In the more ſcenes your genius was diſplay'd,
The greater debt was on Britannia laid:
They all conſpir'd this mighty man to raiſe,
And your new ſubjects proudly ſhare the praiſe.

All ſhare; but may not we have leave to boaſt
That we contemplate, and enjoy it moſt?
This ancient nurſe of arts, indulg'd by fate
On gentle Iſis' bank, a calm retreat,

For many rolling ages juſtly fam'd,
Has through the world her loyalty proclaim'd;
And often pour'd (too well the truth is known!)
Her blood and treaſure to ſupport the throne!
For England's church her lateſt accents ſtrain'd,
And freedom with her dying hand retain'd;
No wonder then her various ranks agree
In all the fervencies of zeal, for thee.

What tho' thy birth a diſtant kingdom boaſt,
And ſeas divide thee from the Britiſh coaſt?
The crown's impatient to incloſe thy head;
Why ſtay thy feet? the cloth of gold is ſpread.
Our ſtrict obedience thro' the world ſhall tell
That king's a Briton, who can govern well.

THE INSTALMENT.

To the Right Honourable

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE,

Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the GARTER.

Quæſitam Meritis. HOR.

MDCCXXVI.

THE

INSTALMENT.

WITH invocations ſome their breaſts inflame;
I need no muſe, a Walpole is my theme.

Ye mighty dead, ye garter'd ſons of praiſe!
Our morning ſtars! our boaſt in former days!
Which hovering o'er, your purple wings diſplay,
Lur'd by the pomp of this diſtinguiſh'd day,
Stoop, and attend: by one, the knee be bound;
One, throw the mantle's crimſon folds around;
By that, the ſword on his proud thigh be plac'd;
This, claſp the diamond girdle round his waiſt;
His breaſt, with rays, let juſt Godolphin ſpread;
Wiſe Burleigh plant the plumage on his head;
And Edward own, ſince firſt he fixt the race,
None preſt fair glory with a ſwifter pace.

When fate would call ſome mighty genius forth
To wake a drooping age to godlike worth,
Or aid ſome favourite king's illuſtrious toil,
It bids his blood with generous ardour boil;
His blood, from virtue's celebrated ſource,
Pour'd down the ſteep of time, a lengthen'd courſe;
That men prepar'd may juſt attention pay,
Warn'd by the dawn to mark the glorious day,
When all the ſcatter'd merits of his line
Collected to a point, intenſely ſhine.

See, Britain, ſee thy Walpole ſhine from far,
His azure ribbon, and his radiant ſtar;
A ſtar that, with auſpicious beams, ſhall guide
Thy veſſel ſafe, through fortune's rougheſt tide.

If peace ſtill ſmiles, by this, ſhall commerce ſteer
A finiſh'd courſe, in triumph round the ſphere;
And gathering tribute from each diſtant ſhore,
In Britain's lap, the world's abundance pour.

If war's ordain'd, this ſtar ſhall dart its beams
Thro' that black cloud, which riſing from the Thames,
With thunder, form'd of Brunſwick's wrath, is ſent
To claim the ſeas, and awe the continent.
This ſhall direct it, where the bolt to throw,
A ſtar for us, a comet to the foe.

At this the muſe ſhall kindle, and aſpire:
My breaſt, O Walpole, glows with grateful fire,
The ſtreams of royal bounty, turn'd by thee,
Refreſh the dry domains of poeſy.

My

My fortune ſhews, when arts are Walpole's care,
What ſlender worth forbids us to deſpair:
Be this thy partial ſmile from cenſure free;
'Twas meant for merit, though it fell on me.

Since Brunſwick's ſmile has authoriz'd my muſe,
Chaſte be her conduct, and ſublime her views.
Falſe praiſes are the whoredoms of the pen,
Which proſtitute fair fame to worthleſs men:
This prophanation of celeſtial fire,
Makes fools deſpiſe, what wiſe men ſhould admire.
Let thoſe I praiſe, to diſtant times be known,
Not by their author's merit, but their own.
If others think the taſk is hard, to weed
From verſe, rank flattery's vivacious ſeed,
And rooted deep; one means muſt ſet them free;
Patron! and patriot! let them ſing of thee.

While vulgar trees ignobler honours wear,
Nor thoſe retain, when winter chills the year;
The generous Orange, favourite of the ſun,
With vigorous charms can thro' the ſeaſons run;
Defies the ſtorm with her tenacious green;
And flowers and fruits in rival pomp are ſeen:
Where bloſſoms fall, ſtill fairer bloſſoms ſpring;
And midſt their ſweets the feather'd poets ſing.

On Walpole, thus, may pleas'd Britannia view
At once her ornament, and profit too;
The fruit of ſervice, and the bloom of fame,
Matur'd, and gilded by the royal beam.

He when the nipping blaſts of envy riſe,
Its guilt can pity, and its rage deſpiſe;
Lets fall no honours, but ſecurely great
Unfaded holds the colour of his fate:
No winter knows, though ruffling factions preſs;
By wiſdom deeply rooted in ſucceſs;
*One glory ſhed, a brighter is diſplay'd;
And the charm'd muſes ſhelter in his ſhade.

O how I long, enkindled by the theme,
In deep eternity to launch thy name!
Thy name in view, no rights of verſe I plead,
But what chaſte truth indites, old time ſhall read.

" Behold! a man of ancient faith, and blood,
" Which, ſoon, beat high for arts, and public-good;
" Whoſe glory great, but natural appears,
" The genuine growth of ſervices and years;
" No ſudden exhalation drawn on high,
" And fondly gilt by partial majeſty:
" One bearing greateſt toils, with greateſt eaſe,
" One born to ſerve us, and yet born to pleaſe:
" Whom, while our rights in equal ſcales he lays,
" The prince may truſt, and yet the people praiſe;
" His genius ardent, yet his judgment clear,
" His tongue is flowing, and his heart ſincere,
" His council guides, his temper chears our iſle.
" And ſmiling, gives three kingdoms cauſe to ſmile."

Joy then to Britain, bleſt with ſuch a ſon,
To Walpole joy, by whom the prize is won;

* Knight of the Bath, and then of the Garter.

Who

Who nobly-conſcious meets the ſmiles of fate,
True greatneſs lies in daring to be great.
Let daſtard ſouls, or affectation run
To ſhades, nor wear bright honours fairly won;
Such men prefer, miſled by falſe applauſe,
The pride of modeſty to virtue's cauſe.
Honours, which make the face of virtue fair,
'Tis great to merit, and 'tis wiſe to wear;
'Tis holding up the prize to public view,
Confirms grown virtue, and inflames the new;
Heightens the luſtre of our age and clime,
And ſheds rich ſeeds of worth for future time.

Proud chiefs alone, in fields of ſlaughter fam'd,
Of old, this azure bloom of glory claim'd,
As when ſtern Ajax pour'd a purple flood,
The violet roſe, fair daughter of his blood.
Now rival wiſdom dares the wreath divide,
And both Minervas riſe in equal pride;
Proclaiming loud, a monarch fills the throne,
Who ſhines illuſtrious not in wars alone.

Let fame look lovely in Britannia's eyes;
They coldly court deſert, who fame deſpiſe.
For what's ambition, but fair virtue's ſail?
And what applauſe, but her propitious gale!
When ſwell'd with that, ſhe fleets before the wind
To glorious aims, as to the port deſign'd;
When chain'd, without it, to the labouring oar,
She toils! ſhe pants! nor gains the flying ſhore,
From her ſublime purſuits, or turn'd aſide
By blaſts of envy, or by fortune's tide:
For one that has ſucceeded ten are loſt,
Of equal talents, ere they make the coaſt.

Then let renown to worth divine incite,
With all her beams, but throw thoſe beams aright.
Then merit droops, and genius downward tends,
When godlike glory, like our land, deſcends.
Cuſtom, the garter long confin'd to few,
And gave to birth, exalted virtue's due:
Walpole has thrown the proud encloſure down;
And high deſert embraces fair renown.
Though rival'd, let the peerage ſmiling ſee
(Smiling, in juſtice to their own degree,)
This proud reward by majeſty beſtow'd
On worth like that, whence firſt the peerage flow'd.
From frowns of fate Britannia's bliſs to guard,
Let ſubjects merit, and let kings reward.
Gods are moſt Gods by giving to excel,
And kings moſt like them, by rewarding well.

Though ſtrong the twanging nerve, and drawn aright,
Short is the winged arrow's upward flight;
But if an eagle it transfix on high,
Lodg'd in the wound, it ſoars into the ſky.

Thus while I ſing thee with unequal lays,
And wound perhaps that worth I mean to praiſe;
Yet I tranſcend myſelf, I riſe in fame,
Not lifted by my genius, but my theme.

No more: for in this dread ſuſpence of fate,
Now kingdoms fluctuate, and in dark debate,
Weigh peace and war, now Europe's eyes are bent
On mighty Brunſwick, for the great event,
Brunſwick of kings the terror or defence!
Who dares detain thee at a world's expence?

AN

A N

EPISTLE

TO THE

Right Honourable Sir ROBERT WALPOLE *.

—— Quæ cenſet Amiculus, ut ſi
Cæcus iter monſtrare velit —— HOR.

THO' ſtrength of genius, by experience taught,
Gives thee to ſound the depths of human thought,
To trace the various workings of the mind,
And rule the ſecret ſprings, that rule mankind;
(Rare gift!) yet, Walpole, wilt thou condeſcend
To liſten, if thy unexperienc'd friend
Can ought of uſe impart, tho' void of ſkill,
And win attention by ſincere good will;
For friendſhip, ſometimes, want of parts ſupplies,
The heart may furniſh what the head denies.

* This piece was written by Mr. Doddington, afterwards Lord Melcomb Regis.

As when the rapid Rhone, o'er ſwelling tides,
To grace old Ocean's court, in triumph rides,
Tho' rich his ſource, he drains a thouſand ſprings,
Nor ſcorns the tribute each ſmall riv'let brings.

So thou ſhalt, hence, abſorb each feeble ray,
Each dawn of meaning, in thy brighter day;
Shalt like, or, where thou can'ſt not like, excuſe,
Since no mean intereſt ſhall prophane the muſe,
No malice, wrapt in truth's diſguiſe, offend,
Nor flattery taint the freedom of the friend.

When firſt a generous mind ſurveys the great,
And views the crowds that on their fortune wait;
Pleas'd with the ſhow (tho' little underſtood)
He only ſeeks the Power, to do the Good;
Thinks, till he tries, 'tis godlike to diſpoſe,
And gratitude ſtill ſprings, where bounty ſows;
That every grant ſincere affection wins,
And where our wants have end, our love begins:
But thoſe who long the paths of ſtate have trod,
Learn from the clamours of the murmuring crowd,
Which cramm'd, yet craving ſtill, their gates beſiege,
'Tis eaſier far to give, than to oblige.

This of thy conduct ſeems the niceſt part,
The chief perfection of the ſtateſman's art,
To give to fair aſſent a fairer face,
Or ſoften a refuſal into grace:
But few there are that can be truly kind,
Or know to fix their favours on the mind;

Hence ſome, whene'er they would oblige, offend,
And while they make the fortune, loſe the friend;
Still give, unthank'd, ſtill ſquander, not beſtow,
For great men want not, What to give, but How.

'The race of men that follow courts, 'tis true,
Think All they get, and more than All, their due;
Still aſk, but ne'er conſult their own deſerts,
And meaſure by their intereſt, not their parts:
From this miſtake ſo many men we ſee,
But ill become the thing they wiſh'd to be;
Hence diſcontent, and freſh demands ariſe,
More power, more favour in the great man's eyes;
All feel a want, tho' none the cauſe ſuſpects,
But hate their patron, for their own defects;
Such none can pleaſe, but who reforms their hearts,
And, when he gives them places, gives them parts.

As theſe o'erprize their worth, ſo ure the great
May ſell their favour at too dear a rate;
When merit pines, while clamour is preferr'd,
And long attachment waits among the herd;
When no diſtinction, where diſtinction's due,
Marks from the many, the ſuperior few;
When ſtrong cabal conſtrains them to be juſt,
And makes them give at laſt—becauſe they muſt,
What hopes that men of real worth ſhould prize,
What neither friendſhip gives, nor merit buys;

The Man who juſtly o'er the Whole preſides,
His well-weigh'd choice, with wiſe affection guides;

Knows

Knows when to ſtop with grace, and when advance,
Nor gives thro' importunity, or chance;
But thinks how little gratitude is ow'd,
When favours are extorted, not beſtow'd.

When ſafe on ſhore ourſelves, we ſee the crowd
Surround the great, importunate, and loud;
Thro' ſuch a tumult, 'tis no eaſy taſk
To drive the man of real worth to aſk:
Surrounded thus, and giddy with the ſhow,
'Tis hard for great men, rightly to beſtow;
From hence ſo few are ſkill'd, in either caſe,
To aſk with dignity, or give with grace.

Sometimes the great, ſeduc'd by love of parts,
Conſult our genius, and neglect our hearts;
Pleas'd with the glittering ſparks, that genius flings,
They lift us, towering on their eagle's wings,
Mark out the flights, by which themſelves begun,
And teach our dazzled eyes to bear the ſun;
Till we forget the hand that made us great,
And grow to envy, not to emulate:
To emulate, a generous warmth implies,
To reach the virtues, that make great men riſe;
But envy wears a mean malignant face,
And aims not at their virtues—but their place.

Such to oblige, how vain is the pretence!
When every favour is a freſh offence,
By which ſuperior power is ſtill imply'd,
And, while it helps their fortune, hurts their pride.

Slight is the hate, neglect or hardſhips breed;
But thoſe who hate from envy, hate indeed.

"Since ſo perplex'd the choice, whom ſhall we truſt?"
Methinks I hear thee cry?—The brave and juſt,
The man by no mean fears, or hopes control'd,
Who ſerves thee from affection, not for gold.

We love the honeſt, and eſteem the brave,
Deſpiſe the coxcomb, but deteſt the knave;
No ſhew of parts the truly wiſe ſeduce,
To think that knaves can be of real uſe.

The man, who contradicts the public voice,
And ſtrives to dignify a worthleſs choice,
Attempts a taſk, that on that choice reflects,
And lends us light to point out new defects.
One worthleſs man, that gains what he pretends,
Diſguſts a thouſand unpretending friends:
And ſince no art can make a counterpaſs,
Or add the weight of gold to mimick braſs,
When princes to bad ore their imagine join,
They more debaſe the ſtamp than raiſe the coin.

Be thine the care, true merit to reward,
And gain the good—nor will that taſk be hard;
Souls form'd alike, ſo quick by nature blend,
An honeſt man is more than half thy friend.

Him, no mean views, or haſte to riſe, ſhall ſway,
Thy choice to ſully, or thy truſt betray:
Ambition, here, ſhall at due diſtance ſtand;
Nor is wit dangerous in an honeſt hand:

Beſides,

Beſides, if failings at the bottom lie,
We view thoſe failings with a lover's eye;
Tho' ſmall his genius, let him do his beſt,
Our wiſhes and belief ſupply the reſt.

Let others barter ſervile faith for gold,
His friendſhip is not to be bought, or ſold:
Fierce oppoſition he, unmov'd, ſhall face,
Modeſt in favour, daring in diſgrace,
To ſhare thy adverſe fate alone, pretend;
In power, a ſervant; out of power, a friend.
Here pour thy favours in an ample flood,
Indulge thy boundleſs thirſt of doing good;
Nor think that good to him alone confin'd;
Such to oblige, is to oblige mankind.

If thus thy mighty maſter's ſteps thou trace,
The brave to cheriſh, and the good to grace;
Long ſhalt thou ſtand from rage and faction free,
And teach us long to love the King, thro' thee:
Or, fall a victim dangerous to the foe,
And make him tremble, when he ſtrikes the blow,
While honour, gratitude, affection join
To deck thy cloſe, and brighten thy decline;
(Illuſtrious doom!) the great, when thus diſplac'd,
With friendſhip guarded, and with virtue grac'd,
In awful ruin, like Rome's ſenate, fall,
The prey, and worſhip of the wondering Gaul.

No doubt to genius ſome reward is due,
(Excluding that were ſatirzing you;)
But yet, believe thy undeſigning friend,
When truth and genius for thy choice contend,

Tho'

Tho' both have weight when in the balance caſt,
Let probity be firſt, and parts the laſt.

On theſe foundations if thou dar'ſt be great,
And check the growth of folly and deceit;
When party rage ſhall droop thro' length of days,
And calumny be ripen'd into praiſe,
Then future times ſhall to thy worth allow
That fame, which envy would call flattery Now.

Thus far my zeal, tho' for the taſk unfit,
Has pointed out the rocks where others ſplit;
By that inſpir'd, tho' ſtranger to the Nine,
And negligent of any fame—but thine,
I take the friendly, but ſuperfluous part;
You act from nature what I teach from art.

THE

THE

OLD MAN's RELAPSE.

Verſes occaſioned by the foregoing EPISTLE.

——— Sopitos ſuſcitat Ignes. VIRG.

I.

FROM man's too curious and impatient ſight,
The future, heaven involves in thickeſt night.
Credit grey hairs: Tho' freedom much we boaſt,
Some leaſt perform, what they determine moſt.
What ſudden changes our reſolves betray?
To-morrow is a ſatire on to-day,
And ſhews its weakneſs. Whom ſhall men believe,
When conſtantly themſelves, themſelves deceive?

II.

Long had I bid my once-lov'd muſe adieu;
You warm old age; my paſſion burns anew.

How

How ſweet your verſe? How great your force of mind?
What power of words? What ſkill in dark mankind?
Polite the conduct; generous the deſign;
And Beauty ſiles, and Strength ſuſtains each line.
Thus Mars and Venus are, once more, beſet;
Your wit has caught them in its golden net.

III.

But what ſtrikes home with moſt exalted grace
Is, haughty Genius taught to know its place;
And, where worth ſhines, its humbled creſt to bend,
With zeal devoted to that godlike end.
When we diſcern ſo rich a vein of ſenſe,
Thro' the ſmooth flow of pureſt eloquence;
'Tis like the limpid ſtreams of Tagus rowl'd
O'er boundleſs wealth, o'er ſhining beds of gold.

IV.

But whence ſo finiſh'd, ſo refin'd a piece?
The tongue denies it to old Rome and Greece;
The Genius bids the moderns doubt their claim,
And ſlowly take poſſeſſion of the fame.
But I nor know, nor care by whom 'twas writ,
Enough for me that 'tis from human wit,
That ſooths my pride: All glory in the pen
Which has done honour to the race of men.

V. But

V.

But this have others done; a like applauſe
An ancient and a * modern Horace draws.
But they to glory by degrees aroſe,
Meridian luſtre you, at once, diſcloſe.
'Tis continence of mind, unknown before,
To write ſo well, and yet to write no more.
More bright renown can human nature claim,
Than to deſerve, and fly immortal fame?

VI.

Next to the godlike praiſe of writing well,
Is on that praiſe with juſt delight to dwell.
Or to ſome God my drooping ſoul to raiſe!
That I might imitate, as well as praiſe;
For all commend: Ev'n foes your fame confeſs;
Nor would Auguſtus' age have priz'd it leſs;
An age, which had not held its pride ſo long,
But for the want of ſo compleat a ſong.

VII.

A golden period ſhall from you commence;
Peace ſhall be ſign'd 'twixt wit and manly ſenſe;
Whether your genius, or your rank they view,
The muſes find their Hallifax in you.
Like him ſucceed! nor think my zeal is ſhewn
For you; 'tis Britain's intereſt, not your own:
For lofty ſtations are but golden ſnares
Which tempt the great to fall in love with cares.

* Boileau.

VIII. I would

VIII.

I would proceed, but age has chill'd my vein,
'Twas a ſhort fever, and I'm cool again.
Though life I hate, methinks I cou'd renew
Its taſteleſs, painful courſe to ſing of you.
When ſuch the ſubject, who ſhall curb his flight?
When ſuch your genius, who ſhall dare to write?
In pure reſpect I give my rhyming o'er,
And to commend you moſt, commend no more.

IX.

Adieu, whoe'er thou art! on death's pale coaſt
E'er long I'll talk thee o'er with Dryden's ghoſt;
The bard will ſmile. A laſt, a long farewell!
Henceforth I hide me in my duſky cell;
There wait the friendly ſtroke that ſets me free,
And think of immortality and thee ———
My ſtrains are number'd by the tuneful Nine;
Each maid preſents her thanks, and all preſent thee mine.

An APOLOGY for PRINCES;

OR, THE

REVERENCE due to GOVERNMENT.

A

SERMON

PREACHED AT

ST. MARGARET's, Weſtminſter,

Before the Honourable

HOUSE of COMMONS,

JANUARY the 30th, 1728-9.

Veneris 31° die Januarii, 1728.

Ordered,

THAT the Thanks of this Houſe be given to the Reverend Dr. Edward Young, for the Sermon by him preached before this Houſe Yeſterday, at St. Margaret's, Weſtminſter; and that he be deſired to print the ſame, and that Mr. Doddington, Mr. Cary, and Mr. Gibſon, do acquaint him therewith.

E. STABLES.
Cl. Dom. Com.

TO THE

MEMBERS

Of the Honourable

HOUSE of COMMONS.

GENTLEMEN,

AN apology for princes may depend on your loyalty for protection; and the reverence for government, is a reverence for you. But while I mention your dignity, I may ſeem to forget it, by preſuming to ſpeak to thoſe to whoſe deliberations the princes of the continent liſten with attention, and, we hope, at this juncture, with awe: with awe will they ever liſten, while your country with love: you ſhall ever be great in the eyes of foreign nations, while dear to the hearts of your own; ſo long ſhall you ſhine forth the pure fountain of law; the firm patrons of liberty; the faith-

ful council of the crown; the bright example of loyalty; the dread of foreign powers; the rivals of ancient worth; and the pattern of that to come; or, in one plain expreſſion, honeſt men.

Law is the reſtraint of appetite, and defends us from ourſelves; liberty is the reſtraint of power, and defends us from the tyranny of princes; council is the reſtraint of error, and defends us from their miſtakes; loyalty is the reſtraint of diſobedience, and defends us from miſtaken liberty; awe abroad is the reſtraint of ambition, and defends the rights of Great Britain, or the balance of Europe; imitation of ancient worth is the reſtraint of ſelf-love, and defends us from any private ends; your ſtanding forth the patterns of worth to come, is the reſtraint of time's dominion over you, and carries on your title to ſhare in the glories which ſhall ariſe hereafter; the character of honeſt men, comprehends the whole. That gives great authority where there is not great ability, and where there is, breathes ſomething divine.

From integrity of heart, our national characteriſtic, riſe honour and privilege, your eſtabliſhed claim: for ſomething thoſe words muſt import, which men with a ſafe conſcience

can receive, and enjoy; honour, therefore muſt imply deſert; privilege, an engagement in, and devotion to the public good. Honour, then, is the bloom, and privilege the fence of merit: a fence thrown round it by law, that it may flouriſh unmoleſted, and put forth the more numerous benefits for the common weal. Thus, while ſhrubs are left naked, the ſound-hearted oak is ſheltered in its growth, that it may thrive uninjured, and anſwer our various demands on the peculiar uſefulneſs of that truly Britiſh tree. Nor can that tree be thought an improper emblem of Britiſh ſenates, which has ſheltered a * prince in its branches; which protects the people with its ſhade; and which commands the ſeas in commerce, and in war.

The Roman ſenate was taken by the Gauls for an aſſembly of Gods. You, (and to your honour I ſpeak it) are delegates from, and miniſters for the loom, the anvil, the anchor, and the plough. Theſe, and all other trades, arts, and profeſſions, lay their fortunes, lives, families, liberty, and religion in your hands: all they have received from God, they entruſt to mortal men; and thus give them an opportunity of becoming immortal, by hold-

* Charles the Second.

ing ſacred the vaſt depoſit, and proving worthy the conſummate confidence repoſed in them.

I ſpeak with freedom; for whatever may be ſaid with decency to parents, who gave us being, or to friends, who promote our fortunes, is not improper to the truſtees, and guardians of both. Who dares to mean, what he dares not ſpeak? And to whom ſhall we ſpeak with liberty, if not to the great protectors, and the great examples of it?

For were it poſſible for any in a Britiſh ſenate to ſpeak under awe, reſerve, or reſtraint from aught but decency, and truth; he would give a ſpecimen of that evil, againſt which we fly to him for protection. He is no ſenator, who dares not ſpeak what he thinks: he is no Patriot, who dares not act what he ſpeaks: he is no Briton, who dares not act, and ſpeak what is right, with a noble openneſs of heart, and intrepid firmneſs of hand, beyond that of other nations; or we have long been flattered by others, and ourſelves.

Long has the Britiſh ſenate been reputed the moſt powerful aſſembly in the world. And why? becauſe the moſt free; for power and freedom are one. And becauſe the moſt free, therefore, likewiſe is the Britiſh ſenate the

faireſt

faireſt ſtage for great abilities; on which a Tully might have found full ſcope for his eloquence, a Cæſar for his ambition, as long as ambition was a virtue in him. It is the ſeat of Eloquence, becauſe the ſeat of Liberty, that parent of Eloquence through all ages paſt, and which muſt be ſo, through all to come. How prudent, then, how juſt, how grateful your defence of that liberty, which is the ſingle ſource of your power to defend it; the nobleſt ſubject to diſplay that power; and when diſplayed at full, its moſt important and adequate reward? Like the dominion of the ſeas, it ſecures all other bleſſings to you; and, to what is dearer, your country. But liberty, and diſſolution of manners in a nation, cannot be long compatible: if a vicious people are not ſlaves, the courſe of nature is ſuſpended in their favour; they are miraculouſly ſafe. A flame is in the buſh, and the buſh is not conſumed. Legiſlators, therefore, cannot too carefully provide for virtue, though temporal advantages alone were in view. Without this care,

Venit ſumma dies, and ineluctabile tempus. VIR.

When I look on you as legiſlators, and as the great council of prince and people, I can-

not help conſidering you in a moſt awful light, in which perhaps, you have never before been conſidered, not even by yourſelves. For what is a council? the ſupreme of all characters on earth. What honour, what importance, what ſanctity, belonging to it? As to its honour; all other truſts are only for parts, fame, life, or liberty; this is for the whole. What confidence, what eſteem from others muſt it, then, imply; what fidelity, what affection in yourſelves? As to its importance; counſel is the ſacred fountain; all bleſſings, mortal and immortal, are but derivations from it: all other things, how glorious ſoever, are but ſecondary; commerce, good-manners, conqueſt, triumph, and peace, are its fair deſcendants only; the moſt proſperous people but aſks, and receives the bleſſing; the moſt powerful prince but approves, and executes the will of counſel; that great parent of all.

As to its ſanctity, we well remember who is emphatically ſtyled the counſellor in holy writ. Beſides, human nature, (and perhaps the divine) is never ſo auguſt as in this ſituation, in this capacity. Counſel is as the wife of power; the womb of great events; the mother of every praiſe, every benefit of human race: all productions of power without it are

ſpurious,

ſpurious, at beſt; often monſtrous, and deformed. Wiſdom, and integrity, are the two pillars on which it reſts; love of liberty, and freedom of ſpeech, are its heart, and ſoul; law is nothing but its reſolutions; authority nothing but its miniſter, to carry forth thoſe portions of general reaſon, which it has ſtamped into poſitive laws, and to make them current through the land; laſtly, national happineſs is nothing but a ſubmiſſion to its will.

You are, now, acting in this moſt exalted capacity; and at a peculiar criſis; you are a mighty court, provided for more than the preſent times.

Attollens humeris famamque, & fata nepotum. VIR.

Thus have I looked on a Britiſh ſenate in the moſt glorious, that is, the moſt proper light; and from this ſhort and imperfect view of the honour, privilege, eloquence, freedom, and ſublime dignity of it, the tranſition, Mr. Speaker, is moſt eaſy to one who ſupports that dignity ſo well. But you are ſafe. I leave your character to that high ſtation you adorn; a few years in which may turn into ſeeming detraction the much I could now ſpeak with juſtice and with joy. For this, ſir, is the progreſs of human excellence. It ſets out with fair talents and diſpoſitions; better ſtill, if animated by an

illuſtrious anceſtry; it proceeds by riſing daily above itſelf, and burying its former in a more ſhining character; when at higheſt, it ſtands in awe of its own example; and it concludes with the care of tranſmitting that example unimpaired to poſterity.

Or more diſtinctly to mark the ſtages of great life, (for of what other ſhould I now ſpeak?) Its youth is vigorous in purſuit of polite letters, and human knowledge; the knowledge of human nature from men, and of its laws from books; its advancing age applies that knowledge to the moſt proper uſe; its age mature graſps at honours, and preferments, which that moſt proper uſe deſerves; its evening diſcerns the vanity of thoſe honours, preferments, and all tranſitory things; eaſes itſelf on the contemplation of what paſſes not away; and provides, under the ſhadow of no ignoble retreat, for an immortality of its merit in the memories of men, and for a better immortality in the favour of heaven. For the final (which is the only true) underſtanding of every ſenſible man, whatever mazes it has run in the former courſe of life, comes home to religion, at laſt; it will, it muſt end in pleaſure, or pain, from the views of eternity. The moſt that can poſſibly be ſaid of the greateſt man that ever lived,

if

if void of virtue, is, "That he gave every proof, "but the beſt, of a conſummate capacity." It is pity good, wiſe, and great, ſhould be ſeparable terms; but if we muſt ſeparate them, a good man is ſkilled in the concerns of eternity; a wiſe adds to thoſe the concerns of this life; and the great man is he, who with nature, and fortune on his ſide, carries on his ſkill in both thoſe concerns, to the moſt perfect ſucceſs. The beſt ſchool of goodneſs is due retirement; the beſt ſchool of wiſdom is your public ſcene of the ſtate; the beſt ſchool of greatneſs is both; is the world; is the whole compaſs of nature; and it is well if we can find it there. The great man knows what the world is, and is not chimerical in his notions; he knows what it ſhould be, and is not diſſolute in practice; but complies in many things, diſſents in more: which is the ſingle means of making prudence, and virtue conſiſtent; which claſh in the weak, but agree in the truly wiſe.

Thoſe ſlight out-lines which I have drawn of the moſt illuſtrious human life, you, ſir, from hiſtory can tell us to be truth; this truth future records may tell others from you; and from many, no doubt, in that venerable aſſembly, where you, with ſuch dignity preſide. A perſonal authority, no ſhining endowments of perſon, parts, or fortune, can give; nothing can give it but an alienation of them; for an allowance

of perſonal authority is the return which the public makes, for that property in themſelves, which men make over to the public uſe. A large property of merit in ourſelves, and a frank alienation of it to our country, is the conſummation of a parliamentary character; which leſſens in proportion to its diſtance from this only juſt definition of it.

Thus, gentlemen, with all deference and humility have I let fall ſome private conjectures concerning the dignity of a parliament; as in the following diſcourſe, concerning the dignity of a prince; the ſubject was ſo related, that I could not reſiſt it; ſo noble that I could not forbear running into ſo great length. A ſimple love of truth was my guide through the whole; of truth, that only thing immortal belonging to our mortality; of truth, that ſoul of ſenates, without which a patriot is but a name, for his eſſence is, to build the public welfare on ſolid foundations; and falſhood is moſt periſhable; a falſhood never grows old, but to the great ſorrow of its parent, is cut off in its youth. Therefore a love of truth will, I hope, recommend to your indulgence, and protection, the otherwiſe mean endeavours of, Gentlemen,

With all due ſubmiſſion,

Your moſt obedient,

Feb. the 10th, 1728-9. and moſt humble ſervant.

EDWARD YOUNG.

1 PETER II. and part of the 17th verſe,

Being part of the Epiſtle for the Day.

Honour the King.

NATIONS are of various characters, as well as men; this is frequent, and warm in political debate. We can amicably converſe with thoſe of a different religion, rarely ſo with thoſe of a different faction: politics, in general, are no great friend to religion: religion itſelf without charity is to be feared; doubtleſs, then, uncharitable politics muſt threaten much evil.

Now to be uncharitable, that is, violent, is the very merit of politics; and a merit ſo great as to ſuperſede all other. An intemperate zeal for a party, is a full expiation for the breach of laws human, and divine. The terms of good and bad are transferred from our moral, to our political capacity: whence it inevitably

follows, that the ſame perſon, at the ſame time, muſt be the beſt, and the worſt, with different ſets of men; which ſo far flings down all diſtinction of right and wrong, virtue and vice, as abſolutely to confound the weak; and to confirm the wicked by a full perſuaſion of an univerſal depravation: and to ſtartle the few that retain their integrity.

Thus our political merit goes far toward the deſtroying all other; if, therefore, that is not real itſelf, we are quite empoveriſhed, and left without any merit at all. And how notoriouſly have many of all ranks been determined, in their politics, by temporal views? 'Tis avowed in ſo many, that it is ſuſpected in all. Now, what is the natural conſequence of this modern ſtate of things? even what we feel; mutual contempt, hatred, violence, and ignorance; which lead directly to ruin: mutual contempt, becauſe there's little merit; mutual hatred, becauſe that little merit is fierce, and injurious; violence, becauſe that is the greateſt recommendation: and ignorance, becauſe, ſince blind violence can ſo powerfully recommend; to labour after attainments of any kind, is ſuperfluous trouble. Laſtly, probable ruin, becauſe violence, and ignorance are like a fire by night; as dreadful in the ſight of reaſon, and more fatal in their conſequence.

What numbers ruſh into the depths of party, without knowing ſo much as the general principles, much leſs the particular intentions of them? Parties are no more without their faults, than perſons; and he that

will

will run their utmoſt lengths, muſt be a very weak, or a diſhoneſt man. But granting a thing ſo rare as a blameleſs ſtate-party; yet violence is ſtill wrong, becauſe ineffectual. Who ſo ſanguine as to conceive his paſſion, argument, or authority, ſhall ever heal the long, tranſmitted, conſtitutional, and therefore, probably, incurable diviſions among us? And if they do not heal, they muſt inflame.

But beſide theſe general reaſons againſt exerting a party-ſpirit, which is one inconteſtable cauſe of our degeneracy; all political diſpute is at beſt but a natural digreſſion from the duty of this day, not to ſay, of our profeſſion too.

The duty of the day is a double ſorrow; ſorrow for a royal martyr's ſufferings; and ſorrow for a nation's guilt. Martyr carries in it all that is good; royal, all that is great: How, then, ſhall we ſufficiently lament Him? Principally, by conceiving a juſt ſenſe of merit.

Firſt, therefore, I ſhall ſpeak of the dignity of good princes.—But how ſhall we ſufficiently lament the nation's guilt? Principally, by conceiving a juſt ſenſe of its duty.

Secondly, therefore, I ſhall ſpeak of the duty of ſubjects.—Now both the martyr's ſufferings, and the nation's guilt, call loud for national mourning on this day; and, thence, the inſtitution of its ſolemnity.

Thirdly, therefore, with national mourning, I ſhall conclude the diſcourſe.

This

This moſt natural deduction from the day, is no leſs natural from the text; honour the king. Honour implies dignity in its object, which is my firſt head; honour explained, reſolves itſelf into the ſeveral parts of our duty, which is my ſecond; and duty tranſgreſſed, exacts national ſorrow, and humiliation for it, which is my third.

But what is natural, ſometimes, ſeems common in its kind, and therefore is not common in its uſe. Elſe, why ſtate-conteſts here? Why paſſion indulged on a day of abſtinence; animoſities excited on a day of humiliation; thoſe embers ſtirred which kindled civil-ſtrife on a day of atonement for it? Why, in a word, this ſolemnity ſo obſerved, as to furniſh argument for its abolition? In which the dignity of good princes, (of which I am, firſt, to ſpeak,) ſeems to have ſome concern.

I ſay of good princes, out of regard to the day, and to reaſon. For a martyr muſt be good; and virtue in all is the beſt title to a crown: without it, conqueſt is uſurpation; election is miſtake; and inheritance is running in debt to the merit of anceſtors, for the glories a prince puts on. Doing good is a prince's calling, wearing glories is the premium for his illuſtrious toils; princes, and planets muſt travel, as well as ſhine.

Good princes are of the higheſt dignity, natural, civil, and religious. Their natural dignity has, perhaps, never been fully conſidered. I take it to riſe from

from the diſpoſitions they are of, and the diſadvantages they lie under, naturally, as princes. They are diſpoſed, (as ſuch), to a ſtronger paſſion for glory, a more ſerious temper, more devotion, more zeal for learning, and for virtue, than other men: I mean, that to theſe they have ſtronger motives from their natural ſituation, than others enjoy. The more difficult the proof of ſome of theſe may ſeem, the more needful; and, I hope, not the leſs welcome.

Firſt, Their paſſion for glory. This is kindled by their generous blood; blown up by public fame; and fomented by their power: power feeds it with high hopes; and their conſpicuous ſtation deters them from letting it languiſh ſo full in the eye of all mankind. Now a paſſion for glory is the ſtrongeſt motive to virtue in time, and even with good men, only ſecond to that in eternity.

And as their paſſion for glory is ſtronger, their proſpect of it is fairer than other mens. They arrive at it with more eaſe; they enjoy it with more advantage; and they retain it with more ſecurity. As to the firſt, that high deſcent which kindles it, directs it by kindred examples, aſſiſts it by a family-experience in great atchievement, and puſhes it on with a native authority in them. They are born with an authority, which is the reſult of old age in others; and with an authority which men value moſt, as other things, becauſe it comes from far. Their blood rowling down from high, like a river from a hill, cuts its way to virtue through greater difficulties.

Secondly,

Secondly, They enjoy their glory with more advantage; for the world gives thoſe the moſt liberal applauſe, who are above their emulation, and who are able to return the moſt ample reward. Thirdly, They retain it with greater ſecurity; becauſe, it is more ſhameful to degenerate, than to be ſimply baſe; becauſe, their ſpirit increaſes as they go greater lengths; and becauſe, great atchievement, that ſource of their glory, is likewiſe a witneſs, and herald of their power; and to ſhow their power, there is a pride in all: hence evil princes, if bad means fail for an oſtentation of their power, are ſometimes tempted to do great good; which not obſerved, confounds hiſtory, and gives us inconſiſtent characters of princes.

Secondly, princes are of a more ſerious and compoſed temper than others; from their large, and important objects of thought, which gives a poiſe to the mind; and from that awe in perſons, and grandeur in things about them, which give it a ſolemnity. For grandeur is nothing but a ſumptuous, and elegant gravity. Their familiarity with great ſcenes, counſels, and events deſtroys to them thoſe cauſes of tumultuous ſpirits in others. Moreover, their own perſonal grandeur, and majeſty is of a piece in nature, and effect with that about them; and (though ſometimes cenſured by the weak) is only a juſt, viſible teſtimony of a conſcience, that they deſerve the crown they wear. A prince without majeſty is but a common man, and looks like one who had borrowed

his

his diadem. Cæſar retained a care for the preſervation of majeſty, after he had reſigned the care of life.

Thirdly, princes are diſpoſed to devotion, from that compoſed temper ſpoken of; but much more from the conſideration, that they have received more from Heaven, and have leſs farther to expect on earth than other men. For human deſires will aſcend; and if not intercepted by temporal views, aſpire at eternal. Hence, princes, after great things finiſhed either in peace or war, having none equal to ſucceed; have, ſometimes, abſolutely thrown up the world, impatient of that emptineſs they felt in their minds: and turned recluſe, to fill them with the contemplations of Heaven. Of devotion in princes, we have no greater inſtance than the martyr of this day.

Fourthly, they are diſpoſed to the promotion of learning. As it ſerves to direct them in thoſe arduous affairs that need it moſt, by the lights of all antiquity; to inflame them to virtues by juſt applauſe; then, by faithful record, to tranſmit thoſe virtues to poſterity, and make their names immortal. Leſt they die, and their names periſh. Of this the ſecond Cæſar is the moſt illuſtrious inſtance; who thought the maſter of the world an inferior title, to the father of patrons, and friend of learned men. Power wants counſel, fidelity, and praiſe; learning wants ſupport, protection, and reſt; nature has ſtruck a league, and eſtabliſhed a traffic between them. The prince promotes their knowledge, they ſuſtain his

power;

power; nor are there any ſecond inſtruments on earth that can advance either of theſe great ends ſo well. The promotion of learning, is as that of commerce, or huſbandry; it is encouraging a branch of their own revenue; for while ſubjects cultivate their minds into knowledge, princes reap the harveſt.

Fifthly, they are diſpoſed to the promotion of virtue, and religion; as the ſtrongeſt columns of their temporal thrones; and beſt titles to their eternal. But have not all men the ſame motives in effect? Yes, the ſame in kind, but not in degree. 1ſt, Princes have more at ſtake on earth, to kindle their zeal for religion on which its preſervation depends; 2dly, they can more effectually promote it; 3dly, if they do, a proportionably larger reward is laid up for them in Heaven. Now from each of theſe three, their motive gathers ſtrength, beyond that of other men, pouring into their minds hopes full of immortality.—Theſe are a prince's natural advantages, which claim our veneration; but ſecondly, there is a counter-balance of diſadvantages which claim our affection; or ſuch a tenderneſs of diſpoſition towards them, as is due to merit in diſtreſs.

Their diſadvantages are, the want of equal hopes, equal friendſhips, and equal ſhelter with other men.

Firſt, princes have but few hopes.—But is it not from the maturity of their fortune; as autumn has few flowers? And want not other men hopes, as much

much from being at the bottom, as they from being at the top of things? Yes; but then theſe have little to loſe; they have few fears alſo. Now princes abound as much in fears, as they fail in hopes. And human happineſs is a deluſion, which hope, by diſtance enjoys; poſſeſſion ruins, by approach. Hope triumphs in all the joys which laviſh imagination can ſupply, poſſeſſion is cut cloſe to the ſcanty ſubſtance of things, to ſheer realities.

But grant poſſeſſion its utmoſt, (and its utmoſt princes enjoy;) yet is there in our natures a ſecret ſpring impatient of reſt, (meant, perhaps, as an indication of an immortal ſoul) which makes it much more delightful to proceed in little things, than to be at a ſtand in great. Hence, ſome princes have deſcended from their proper ſphere, to ſcenes that admitted of advance, though in purſuits but little to their reputation,—to gratify this natural appetite of the human mind. Nero, the player, the fidler, the charioteer, is a notorious inſtance of this.

Secondly, princes have few friends;—becauſe no equals. Men approach them with deſign: men carry, to courts, rather their heads, than their hearts. And where hearts are wanting, human faces are but a ſet of pictures, human voices, as the whiſtling of the wind: thus princes want not only friends, but men. It is a thronged ſolitude, a crowd of abſent perſons about them: kings have no company. Flattery keeps them not only at a diſtance from others, but from themſelves. Nor is ſolemn council itſelf always to be relied

relied on: in councils through all ages, ſome underſtandings do not go; ſome point wrong through the imperfection of their make; and ſome are wrong ſet by the finger of deſign: deſign, which cuts off the communication between our real ſentiments, and a prince. His power makes him a prey: becauſe he can make the fortunes of others, his own is in danger; and his natural appetite of friendſhip is famiſhed, by turning all about him into gain.

If to remedy this evil, a prince ſhould lift up any above a ſubject to make him a friend; this friendſhip is often attended with no leſs danger, than the moſt deſperate will run for love. Love, which opens another, and moſt melancholy ſcene of their diſadvantage: the countleſs, and unſpeakable joys flowing from that ſource, belong to the property of ſubjects, not the prerogative of kings; they are not determined by choice, but by prudence; they wed not ſo properly a queen, as a deſign; their nuptial is little more than a covenant between two nations; their perſons are the pledges of public faith; and conſequently the ſupreme bleſſing of human life they pay as a tribute to their exalted ſituation in it. Hence in that ſituation ſo little nuptial happineſs; but hence alſo, the more happy, the more glorious, when we ſee it there.

Thirdly, princes want equal ſhelter with others.

Firſt, from expectation. Self-love thinks all is its due which others can beſtow. Hence all expect from princes; and can all be ſatisfied? if not, the repulſed

are

are more angry, than the favoured are grateful. For great thanks, they think, argues little merit of the favour conferred. Beſides, the favours of princes, as death-bed benefactions, are the leſs valued, becauſe they muſt be parted with to ſome. The repulſed, in the mean time, are high in reſentment, to ſpeak their merit; gratify their paſſion; and to make out of their deep ſenſe of paſt diſappointment, a title to future ſucceſs.

A ſecond ſhelter they want is from temptation; from the power of doing much evil. The heathens complained they knew not for what to pray, and one of the wiſeſt of them ſays, (very remarkably) that one would riſe who would teach them that leſſon. The reaſon of their complaint was, that men perverſely turned good into evil. Now no good ſo liable to that perverſion as power. The firſt happineſs, indeed, is not to be willing to do evil; the ſecond, not to be able. Great power is great danger; nor ſecures us more from others, than it expoſes us to ourſelves, to violence of appetite, and impotence of will. Beſides, high power brings with it a neceſſity for many cares, but leſſens the diſpoſition to them; and to neglect them is guilt.

A third ſhelter princes want is from the general eye; which makes what guilt they have, the public mark. Thrones open the eyes, and what is worſe, ſhut the hearts of men. Princes faults are moſt ſeen by others, and leaſt ſhown to themſelves, of any mens. Nothing is ſo public as the private actions of princes; becauſe

becauſe mens being in their ſecrets is a glory too great to be concealed. Princes deter cenſure, the beſt guard of virtue, and by their ſplendor exhale adulation, (from all that is ſordid,) that greateſt nurſe of vice.

Theſe are ſome of a prince's diſadvantages; you balance them with his glories; rather ſay you increaſe them. For what is their vaſt revenue, but a declaration of vaſt wants? what, great authority, but a covenant for great duty? what, adulation, but aſking favours for an injury? what are guards, but confeſſions of danger? what, pomps eternal, but as lights in the eye of him that would go to reſt? ſo that the empire is like old age, which all will deſire, and of which all muſt complain. In proportion to the largeneſs of princes fortunes, the ſhadows are larger that fall from them, I mean their misfortunes; a ſubject can part with nothing more valuable than life; he that loſes a crown thinks life of no value; thinks it a comfort to die. Life fades at empire, as a fire at the ſun. Moreover, the misfortunes of princes as rarely move compaſſion, as their ſucceſſes, love; a cooler affection of the heart, a ſort of ſpeculative ſorrow waits on them in one, as a ſpeculative joy in the other.

In daring to encounter, and being able to ſurmount theſe diſadvantages, conſiſts the ſecond branch of princes natural dignity.

Secondly, princes are of the higheſt civil dignity. Proving this may lie under the imputation of making a queſtion

a queſtion of what is readily allowed;—allowed,—but not ſo thoroughly underſtood, by all.

The ſupreme law is the peoples welfare; the ſupreme dignity his who moſt promotes that welfare, which is the prince. This dignity ſupreme, ere a prince is choſen, is thin ſpread through numbers of the moſt deſerving among the people; when choſen, each reſigns his private ſhare, to make up a revenue of glory for the crown. Which revenue is ſuperior to that other of wealth; for that is but proportioned to the expence of princes; and thus often leaves them poorer than ſome of their ſubjects. If, therefore, we pay them not with dignity, we pay them with nothing, for the greateſt, the ſevereſt duty. For what is a throne? it is expoſed itſelf, for the ſhelter of others; it ſtands the mark of admiration indeed, and of ſtorms. How great, to admit the concern of millions to a ſingle breaſt; and turn out ſelf-love for its reception? to take a whole people for his children, and alienate his own, to the public? to be the guardian of thoſe laws that reſtrain him; and make his power act againſt itſelf? to think the adminiſtration of juſtice for others right, the moſt valuable part of his own? and to lead armies to his own hazard, but his ſubjects, and among thoſe, perhaps, his oppoſers, ſafety?

From theſe difficulties, they who have moſt deſerved to fill a throne, have been raviſhed into it againſt their will. They indeed who deſign

not

not to comply with its obligations, need not be ſo tender.

A throne is a poſt of anxiety, toil, danger, temptation, envy, and (I had almoſt ſaid) of ſervitude to the public good. And ſhall it not be a poſt of honour too, as my text directs? yes, for from theſe duties, and the ſubjects reſignation mentioned above, the ſupreme civil dignity is entirely their own.

Nor are they only above us, which is allowed; but far above us, which ſome have diſputed. Subjects, from the loweſt to the higheſt, preſs gradually on one another; but there is a mighty interval between the higheſt, and a prince: at the higheſt ſubject, the chain ends. The prince is ſeparate, cut off as an iſland; and ſurrounded by a ſea of power.

Thirdly, good princes are of the higheſt religious dignity. I mean more, than as they are ſupreme in all cauſes civil, and eccleſiaſtic. Wrong I not, then, the ſupreme eccleſiaſtics by this aſſertion? no: for example is more prevalent than precept; becauſe men live more in deference to others opinions, than their own reaſon; and becauſe example is, as it were, a precept which we give ourſelves. Now a prince's example is moſt prevalent, becauſe that ſeems to double the ſanction of virtue; and promiſe it temporal, as heaven, eternal reward. Another's example is an argument, a prince's is an authority.

Nor promote they religion by example only, but trebly by their power. Thence, 1ſt, drawing rewards for

for others virtue; 2dly, inſtruments, and energy for their own; and 3dly, their execution of the laws, without which all laws human and divine, little more than upbraid us with our guilt.

Then their high deſcent, and ſituation inſpires a largeneſs of heart, and elevation of mind to this good end, which others cannot reach; and their greater intereſt in it makes them puſh it on with greater vigour. Hence the prieſt and king, in ſome nations, have been joined in the ſame perſon.

In a word, good princes are as much above good ſubjects, as great good in fact is above great good in will. God indeed may equally accept both; but the world cannot equally enjoy them. Therefore, the world, which is the gainer, will, I hope, allow them the higheſt religious, as well as natural and civil dignity, though the doctrine may be ſomewhat new.

In this character their right is truly divine; in this let them be as unlimited monarchs as they pleaſe. By this they teach their doctors religion, and their ſenators wiſdom; by this they are more effectually heads of the church, than by their crowns; and more properly, than by their fleets and armies, defenders of the faith. But ſince both titles meet in them, how great, how indiſpenſable our duty? which is the ſecond general head of this diſcourſe.

Our duty conſiſts of three branches, good will, good words, and good behaviour. Preſſed in time,

I ſhall ſpeak only of good words; which is the leaſt material branch of the three. If therefore this ſhall appear to be of great conſequence, your inference is plain as to the other two. Here, I ſhall endeavour to eſtabliſh a due reverence for government; that principal pillar of a ſtate, and inherent right of dominion; which ſtands charged with the care of all things human, and divine.

Firſt, I ſhall give a general motive for this reverence.

The wiſdom of all ages has aggrandized governors, and thrown a glory round their power, to make way for obedience by veneration. Hence forms, and ceremonies, whoſe oſtentation is their virtue; hence, robes, enſigns, retinue, and pomp of office, whoſe ornament is their uſe. Hence, the pretended commerce of ancient legiſlators with heaven, to raiſe human grandeur by ſuper-inducing divinity; hence, that divinity conferred, at death, on themſelves, to render religion a ſupplement to their laws.—Nor were the people of the true God leſs zealous for the dignity of dominion, as far as truth would permit; but confirmed, and rendered ſuperfluous the former authorities by their own. Both old and new teſtament are the moſt loyal writings in the world; both cry, in general, as my text, in particular, honour the king. Whatever has been the practice of mankind, this has been univerſally their decree; and their decrees tell us what is right; for men decree in deliberation,

beration, and wiſdom; but practiſe in paſſion, and prejudice.

Honour the king; for the ceremony of anointing, appointed by God himſelf, is a proof of his own concern in that inſtitution. The oil, is called God's oil; the oath of allegiance, God's oath; and the perſon, God's anointed. Nor is it a little to the glory of crowned heads to be vouchſafed the diſtinguiſhing title of our ſaviour, the Chriſt. I believe it has never been obſerved, to the preſent purpoſe, that the oil was made warm, and fragrant with ſpices, as an emblem of two ſpiritual influences from it. What they were, we learn from this text. "He anointed him with the Holy Ghoſt, and with power." (Our Saviour, of whom it is ſpoken, becauſe his kingdom was not of this world, never received the literal unction, but the ſpiritual only.")

By the Holy Ghoſt, is meant ſuch gifts as qualify princes for the diſcharge of their office; courage to command, prudence to determine, ſteadineſs to execute, and largeneſs of heart to ſatisfy the various demands of their exalted ſtation, and duty. As ſoon as Saul was anointed, it is ſaid, God gave him a new heart, and changed him into another man. And why? no doubt, for the benefit of the whole people. And ſince the ſame reaſon ſubſiſts in all ages, and nations (unleſs forfeited particularly), why ſhould we think this a perſonal indulgence to Saul, and not a general endowment of all who receive a crown in the fear of God?

But is it not an argument that God confers not theſe gifts by unction, ſince many princes give but little indications of them? No; all grace is reſiſtible; reſiſtible, when offered, by malignity of temper; and extinguiſhable, when received, by careleſſneſs of uſe. But, thence, we can no more infer that God is wanting to this inſtitution; than that he is wanting to baptiſm, from our frequent violation of its ſolemn vows.

The ſecond influence was including a title to ſubmiſſion, and obedience. "I have ſaid, ye are Gods; and, thou ſhalt not revile the Gods:" are text in ſcripture intimating, that God's own authority, eſpouſes, joins, and ſupports that of his vicegerents below.

A good prince is a guardian, a friend, a tutor, a father, a law, an example, a God (ſays God himſelf) of his people. God vouchſafes to be called a prince himſelf, and to call princes Gods. Only then, to continue God's own metaphor, ill words towards princes, are blaſphemies againſt them.

But, ſecondly, though they did not juſtify ſo ſtrong a term, yet are there, among others, two powerful reaſons why we ſhould be tender, and cautious in our cenſures.

The firſt, from generous allowance to princes diſadvantages, who are the moſt liable to be miſtaken by us.

For to be free from all poſſible, nay plauſible cenſure (conſidering how able the world is in the wrong) a prince muſt not only be innocent, but pleaſe all. An abſolute impoſſibility! The guilty will clamour, even becauſe he is innocent; the envious, becauſe he is bountiful; the haughty, becauſe they miſs his favours; the favourite, becauſe he is not laviſh. Few virtues, but in the ſelfiſh, may create ill-will; no virtues, but by the craſty, may be conſtrued into crimes.

This is, by no means, ſo much a ſubject's calamity. He has not ſuch numbers to pleaſe, ſuch different intereſts to reconcile, ſuch various expectations to ſatisfy, or ſuch invidious duties to diſcharge. High merit blames not him if it fails of its reward; deep guilt fears not him for the completion of its puniſhment. He creates not equal envy by his ſtation, equal miſtake by his conduct, equal ambition in oppoſers, or equal hopes from his defeat. He has not equal power of doing much evil, nor conſequently of raiſing equal ſuſpicions of it.

Now the juſt, and natural counter-balance for theſe diſadvantages of the prince, is a proportionable caution, and forbearance of ſurmiſes in the people: and, indeed, unleſs by ſuch a tender diſpoſition in us, princes are ſometimes indulged, though ſeemingly, nay partly, to blame; they muſt, often, be cenſured when abſolutely without a fault. Who, then, on other terms, would ſtoop to dominion? who would be ſo wretched as to wear a crown?

It is not meet that a prince ſhould be in a worſe condition than his ſubjects; who are as liable to miſtake, as he to be miſtaken by them. Which is my

Second reaſon for caution in our cenſures of him. Had not a prince the mentioned diſadvantages, we ſhould be liable to fall into groundleſs prejudices; from ignorance, through diſtance; from envy, through ſubordination; from deſire of change, through neceſſities, or deſire of tumult, through vice. From natural malignity, civil emulation, pique to miniſters, or from imputing the faults of the perſon to the prince. From error, through paſſion, inadvertence, incapacity, or credulity. From credulity in, fear of, affection to, or expectation from men worſe than ourſelves. I dare affirm there is ſcarce a bad, or weak quality in the mind of man, but may prove inſtrumental to this deluſion. Nay, ſometimes good qualities are made acceſſary to it.

What a world of enemies has power? Great merit is quick to take offence; little merit to fear juſtice; the proud think it magnanimity to oppoſe; the ill-natured, pleaſure; the poor have a natural quarrel with the wealth of power; the vitious with its virtues; and the ignoble with its glory: and what is more melancholy, men of riches, talents, and birth, are ſometimes tempted to conſpire with their oppoſites, by thinking that power is held by others, in their own wrong. All that deſire change are foes to

government;

government; all that are uneaſy deſire change; and all that are ambitious are uneaſy.

What are the chief ingredients of political remonſtrance? Anger, and ſuſpicion: neither reputable. The weakeſt are moſt ſubject to anger, as they have leaſt reaſon to govern it; and as they have the moſt to fear; for men are angry with all that puts them in a fright. Suſpicion has three bad ſources, ill-will, ignorance, and puſillanimity; and as bad effects; it diſpoſes kings to tyranny; ſubjects to ſedition; wiſe men to irreſolution; and fools to madneſs: if real, it is often a defect of the head; if pretended, of the heart. And it is often pretence. Some have talents to ſhow, and theſe have no more real quarrel with power, than an archer with his mark. Some find their account in oppoſition, and theſe have no more real quarrel with the political, than that artiſt with a body natural, who diſſects it for gain.

But granting men begin in ſincerity, they may end in prejudice. For though men enter into a point through error, they will not, always, quit it when better informed. When it ceaſes to be their country's cauſe, (becauſe once eſpouſed,) it becomes their own; their credit, their paſſion, perhaps their intereſt is engaged in it. It is therefore to be feared they would be glad to have their accuſations juſtified, and their prophecies fulfilled. That is, they would be glad of the miſmanagement they pretend ſo deteſt. All immoderate zeal is paſſion, all paſſion is ſelf-love, and no ſelf-love is for the public good.

Beſides, it is ſomewhat difficult for them to know if they are ſincere or not. For they that hate maladminiſtration moſt, have, often, ſo far an affection for it, as it furniſhes occaſion for their cenſures, which carry the glory of patriotiſm in them.

But grant men ſincere, and that they know they are ſo; yet knowledge is as requiſite as ſincerity; and their knowledge will meet with many obſtructions.

For how often hear we the report of a miſmanagement, of which we neither know the remote cauſe, nor preſent motive, nor its degree of force, nor the actor's intention, nor the nature of the conſequence. Either of which is, ſometimes, ſufficient to juſtify an ill-appearing action, and to return calumniators the guilt they beſtowed upon it. Princes often neceſſarily dwell, like their great maſter, in clouds, and thick darkneſs: and what ſtrange apparitions will men fancy they ſee in the dark? Severe alternative! Princes councils if known, are often diſappointed; if unknown, always condemned. Though "clouds and darkneſs are round about him; righteouſneſs, and judgment may be the habitation of his ſeat."

But farther ſtill, and (perhaps to the ſurprize of an audience leſs knowing than this,) I aſſert, "That "princes are not only guiltleſs of many faults which "are often laid to their charge, but ſometimes of thoſe "too, (in a very great degree,) which they actually "commit." Of which I ſhall give a moſt evident inſtance from ſcripture.

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We are told, 1 Chron. xxi. that David numbered the people; which being an act of pride, and directly contrary to God's command; he ſent a peſtilence which raged thtough the land, and ſwept away ſeventy thouſand of the people.

Had this been done in a late generation, the prince would have been told, "that he was fallen "from grace, and therefore from dominion." That he had occaſioned the death of many innocents, and therefore his own ſhould make atonement for it.

But at the 2d of Sam. xxiv. we find they would have reaſoned wrong. For there, it is ſaid, "the "anger of the Lord was kindled againſt ISRAEL, "and he moved David againſt them to ſay, go, num-"ber Iſrael and Judah."—The caſe, therefore, was this. Iſrael had provoked God, probably by repoſing more confidence in their numbers, than his protection. On which David was tempted, and God ſuffered him to fall, by withdrawing his grace, that the people might have their pride made the immediate cauſe of their humiliation, by the peſtilence that followed. Subjects are ſometimes commended for declining faults which they cannot commit; princes often are condemned for committing faults which they cannot decline.

Hence it appears that princes crimes are not always imputable to themſelves alone; that they are not ſimply voluntary, but judicial for the correction of a people; and, therefore, more chargeable

on thoſe that occaſion, than on thoſe who put them in execution.

From this follows a doctrine ſomewhat new, nor quite to our national taſte; viz. "That the faults "of princes ſhould move us rather to repentance, "than cenſure: and, that reformation of them- "ſelves ſhould be the ſubjects firſt expedient for "amending their governors; leſt while they con- "ceive that they are proſecuting another's guilt, they "ſhould be only transferring their own." How dreadful to plunge in extremities through miſtake, and to do ourſelves imagined juſtice, by throwing (like Brennus the barbarian, or thoſe of this day,) the ſword into the ſcale? A ſet of men! that were for a dutiful prince, and an exorbitant people. The king was a good man with ſome faults, his immediate deſtroyers bad men with few merits, but what rendered their vices more dangerous; reſolution, and ſagacity. They made the form of juſtice, ſet its hand to murder; the form of reformation, to anarchy; and the form of religion to the total ſubverſion of the pureſt church in the world.

Since then, (as we have ſeen) not only the malevolent may miſrepreſent, the unwary miſ-judge, the weak miſapprehend, the ſelfiſh miſapply, but the wiſe and good not always fathom the councils, and pronounce right on the conduct of princes; we ſhall ſtand in eternal hazard of doing them wrong, unleſs we ſet over our ſuſpicions the ſtrongeſt guard of tem-

per, caution, deliberation, prudence, and good-will; that firſt part mentioned of our duty.

But what different influences have all ages, and nations felt? How many have ſpoke, and writ through vice, againſt their conſciences; through intereſt, againſt their affections; through malice, againſt their humanity; through ingratitude, againſt obligations; through want, againſt their credit; through wantonneſs, againſt their ſafety; through vanity, againſt their genius; through wit, againſt their wiſdom; and through diſaffection, againſt their duty?

But if men will let looſe their evil words, which (as this day atteſts) are, as the ſecret ſwell of the waters, and the murmurs of the wind before a ſtorm, and the civil ſtorm enſues; then nothing remains, but national mourning; which is the third, and laſt head of which I propoſe to ſpeak.

Since I ſpeak to thoſe who are not only willing to deprecate judgments for our fathers offences, but able to reſtrain our own! I ſhall, (under this head) lightly touch the latter; becauſe real ſorrow for paſt, is inconſiſtent with indulgence of preſent guilt.

Sorrow for national iniquity is as needful, and more excellent than for private; as it is the reſult of a nobler charity. It anſwers to the heroic virtue of the heathens, which ever implied a public concern. And as its excellence is great, its efficacy, by God's

vouchsafement, is proportionable. Its power is mighty to procure public blessings, or avert public evils: when, therefore, so proper as at this hour?

If a fact so singular, as to transcend example, and (God be praised) imitation, can awaken, and alarm; if a guilt so deep, as to astonish strangers, and startle actors in it, though flushed with civil blood, can humble, and terrify; if a consequence so diffusive as to involve three kingdoms, and their posterity in certain infamy, and possible judgments, can soften, and afflict; if a solemnity so just, ordained by authority, supported by reason, and established by religion, can claim observance, and impose awfulness of thought; this day will find us all alarmed, and humbled, and afflicted, and devout.

Much more; if we cast too an eye on our own account. Have we contracted no national guilt? or is the moral world almost reversed, a system of infatuation nigh finished amongst us? Have we not luxurious poverty, avaricious wealth? shamefaced religion, frontless immorality; industrious debauchery, contemplative impiety; corruption in high place, insolence in low; ambitious shame, and criminal repentance? repentance for omission of sins; that black inversion of this day's duty.

Has not sin its commandments, error its creed, hypocrisy its saints, prophaneness its confessor, and sensuality its martyrs? How unlike that martyr—but it is impious to name them together. Nay, do not

we

we who cenſure this account, ſometimes, inflame it? If practice is the proof, are you not ſometimes tempted to ſay our wit is for religion, our judgment againſt it? and our tongues commuting for indulgence in our hearts?

Where are you, then, ye large of heart! ye public ſpirits! ye men of compaſſion, who wiſh your eyes were fountains of waters! ye ſecret ſtrengths! ye unarmed guards of theſe kingdoms! where are you? Mourners we ſee of every kind, but the right; mourners that increaſe, not expiate our guilt. Mourners from form, who make real grief a fable; mourners from vanity, proud of talents at complaint; from ill-nature, who grieve to pain their friends; from hypocriſy, who would weep us out of our bounties; from treachery, who bewail ill actions to ſpread their report; from querulity, who are glad of occaſions that give them colour to complain; from terror, who walk ſoftly under the apprehenſions of evil, but relapſe when ſecure; from political deſign, who lament mal-adminiſtration, to draw partizans into tumult; and, laſtly, from debauch, who mourn under the literal burthen of their ſins; decayed ſpirits, waſted fortune, and loſt reputation: they mourn, but what? Their paſt follies? No; but want of ſtrength to repeat them: Is this cenſure ſevere? Should there, then, be ſuch, how deep that guilt, which, without breach of charity, I cannot ſuppoſe to be true!

But

But where, in the mean time, is the true, religious mourner? for ſuch, no doubt, there are, or where had we been ere this? Such there are, no doubt, it were an injury to you to ſuppoſe the contrary. But where-ever they are, they are where the former mourners are not, where they neceſſarily ceaſe. For ſuch is the different moment between the concerns of time, and eternity; that ſorrows for ſin put an end to all other; quite draw their ſtings. In a world, then, where ſorrows are countleſs in number, and intenſe in degree, ſhall we not make choice of that ſorrow which cures all the reſt; nay, itſelf too, at laſt? For a heart in ſorrow, through ſin, like a liquor, through foulneſs, thrown into trouble, and fermentation, precipitates that which diſturb it, and brightens, by degrees, into joy everlaſting.

Let us, then, perform the duty of the day. But can we ſincerely mourn for a martyred ſovereign, and not honour his ſucceſſors? "He that ſayeth he "loveth God, and hateth his brother, is a liar:" he that ſayeth he honoureth God, and honoureth not the king, what is he? Let us honour, love, and obey thoſe God hath ſet over us; let us ſupport, applaud, and defend them; in their perſons, power, and fame; with our counſels, fortunes, prayers, repentance, the reformation, or expence of our lives; let us hold them dearer than our intereſt; reverence them more than our parents; as indulgently ſurvey their conduct, as our own perfections; yes, let us hold them

them ſacred;—ſacred, next the laws, by which they reign.

And if the prince be good, and we thus honour him; obſerve, what mutual gain? Each ſide enjoys the bleſſings of both. Our hearts are his property, and his glory is our private crown. Of prerogative, the moſt valued part will be the power of doing the greater good; of liberty, the merit of pure choice in our returns. Thus ends liberty in the prince's ſatisfaction; prerogative in our own. Power is the patron of privilege, and privilege the friend of power. Diſpute vaniſhes, extremes ceaſe. For who can make court to the prince by ſtretching that prerogative, he would not ſtretch? Who to the people, by ſtraining that liberty, which they value moſt as it renders their ſervice the more acceptable? While the balance is equal, the nation is at reſt; new weight thrown into either ſcale but unſettles the beam that ſupports the public good. Why, therefore, an enlargement of power, or for prince or people, when that may make tyrants of either? Why ſhould we make friends, rivals; and by too great zeal for one, threaten both with that ruin we now deplore?

Let none miſtake univerſal truths, for particular reſpects. By reverence for government throughout the diſcourſe, I only mean, what none can deny, that its reverence ſhould be as ſacred, as that liberty, property, and religion, which government defends. Whereas miſtaken liberty is apt to be jealous of its defenders; property, to ſeize their characters; and religion,

religion, not to reſtrain us, becauſe its ſanctions are only eternal. Diſreliſhing government for the ſake of liberty, is like diſreliſhing religion for the ſake of morality, (ſo common among us.) And both are throwing down the fence for the ſake of the vineyard. It was this error brought the royal martyr to his end; the laſt ſcene of whoſe life was adorned with ſuch truly chriſtian reſignation, and meekneſs; that, like a ſummer's ſun, it triumph'd in decline, to the world's admiration; and ſet in blood, to the world's amazement.

To conclude: The prince's virtue firm tempered as ſteel, is the principal ſpring in the delicate machine of government; his majeſty is as a golden caſe, which embraces, adorns, and defends the whole. The life of government is in danger when the majeſty of or reverence for it, is loſt. This to the people; to the prince be it ſaid; That without goodneſs there is no majeſty; without majeſty, no reverence; without reverence, no dominion; without dominion, no order; without order, no ſtate. We fall back into primitive chaos, and confuſion.

Since goodneſs, then, is the baſis of all, it imports us much to know wherein it conſiſts.

I ſhall only touch a few principal features of this ſublime character, which, nor my time, nor my talents permit me to draw at length. But thoſe I touch, I ſhall ſet in a peculiar, perhaps, but juſt, point of light.

God

God is abſolutely good, becauſe univerſally beneficent; in proportion to their beneficence, his vicegerents are good below.

His vicegerents are called in ſcripture by his name; which implies their obligation to partake of his nature; and ſo juſtify their high appellation by a conduct, in ſome meaſure divine.

Never, therefore, will the good prince acquieſce in common degrees of virtue; he flies at excellence. His virtues are the virtues of a prince; they ſpeak a greatneſs of mind; and in their nature, or manner, or meaſure, ever carry his title to the crown. Simple innocence is guilt; a ſubject's merit is beneath his dignity, becauſe inadequate to his power. Superior power is nothing but a meaſure, aſſigned him by heaven, to determine the proportion of his excellence, and a warrant to demand it of him.

He therefore exerts all his powers to the utmoſt; turns over nothing, from his own prudence, to Providence; but when his prudence ſucceeds, he gives Providence the glory; juſtly eſteeming it of greater honour to be the general care of heaven, than to perform any particular exploit, (were that poſſible) by his own ſtrength.

To ſpeak ſuitably to the ſcripture metaphor of him; his conſtant proviſion for good manners is his general courſe of providence, that ſuſtains, and keeps in order his part of the world. Public works, and magnificent

magnificent buildings are his visible creation, which because it strikes the senses more powerfully, procures more converts to his glory. His delegation of proper magistrates, which are never wanting to the relief of the meanest, and most distant of his subjects, is his omnipresence with them.

To carry on this sublime similitude to the divine nature, a good prince is not a man that he should be angry: he is somewhat more. He has less to do with particulars, than generals; with individuals, than societies; with persons, than kingdoms; and the latter of all these are but little more proper objects of passion, than good or bad seasons, a storm or a calm. He, therefore, is all reason; he has no passion, at least, no blameable passion in him. A passionate prince is no prince; for he is no prince who wants another to rule over him. Passion can never do the work of justice; and justice is the business of a prince.

He is much too great to take revenge on a subject; which implies a sort of equality in him: nor will he give a misdeserver the glory of saying, that his prince was angry with him: he leaves him to the law. Besides, the subject that thinks himself hated by a prince, will boast that he is feared by him.

He studies the laws of his country, as the medicine of his subjects, and the tenure of his crown; and he considers his crown as the deposit of his people.

His

His example is a comment on the laws; and his favour and rewards are a bribe for his ſubjects obedience to them.

He rewards merit; and rewarding preſent merit, he creates the future. He rewards in perſon; but he puniſhes by proxy: the province of rewarding he enjoys; of puniſhing he ſuffers. God made not death, ſays the ſcripture; nor a good prince, puniſhment. Thus, he gains affection by favouring deſert; and reſtrains evil-doers without incurring their diſpleaſure. Troubles, and ſeditions occaſion not fear, but care; and his enemies give him, one friend of the greateſt conſequence, himſelf; the fuller exertion of his own abilities, and the fairer diſplay of all that is virtuous in him.

He favours or diſfavours the deſert, and not the perſon; and, thus, lays the favoured under a double obligation, of a benefit, and of a praiſe. And, thus too, the diſfavoured feel but half a reſentment, as knowing they lie not under any perſonal diſlike.

To confirm this opinion, and for better ends, he ſometimes pardons criminals, and is an aſylum from the laws. That prince does a good thing who makes a good law; he that ſometimes diſpenſes with it, gives proof he did that good thing with the beſt intention, and to the beſt end. When mercy can reclaim, juſtice is unjuſt. There is but one good in puniſhment, two in mercy; for pardon implies a condemnation

condemnation of the crime, as well as a compaſſion for the perſon. Beſides, a merciful prince takes the cheapeſt way of purchaſing the hearts of his ſubjects; what an immenſe treaſure muſt they coſt the ſevere?

He is compaſſionate even in war. Metellus wept for the miſeries which his own conqueſt had cauſed, and gained more glory by ſhedding a ſingle tear of his own, than all the blood of his enemies. And we know who wept over Jeruſalem for the calamities of his moſt inveterate foes, though yet to come, though diſtant forty years.

He thinks not his high ſtation an exemption from the power, but a ſtronger engagement in the intereſt of laws; which are only portions of that reaſon which flows down from the higheſt of all: and how can he be farther from the influence, by being nearer to the fountain of it? No; he conſiders his own breach of the laws as an abrogation of them with his ſubjects; and that abrogation as the ruin of his own power, and his people's ſafety.

Conformably to this idea of princely perfection, he binds himſelf with two laws, which hang looſe on other princes, ſtrict juſtice, and ſtrict gratitude.

As what is extraordinary, is moſt princely, he is a firm keeper of faith even on a throne. The Roman grandeur was chiefly owing to this ſingle virtue. He makes no pernicious diſtinction between a public and

and private conſcience; between the reaſon of things, and the reaſons of ſtate. Nor hopes to ſanctify bad means, by good ends. Which is making ſure of evil, to gain a chance for good. He liſtens not to theſe, nor any other refinements of the Florentine, and his fraternity; who fooliſhly defeated his own end, which was promoting the power of a prince. For thoſe princes are moſt powerful, who can do what they will; which they only can, who are willing to do what they ought. Deceit is moſt unprincely, as it argues want of power, and virtue, the conſtituent parts of a prince. Deceit in a prince, is like ſpots in the ſun; prophetic of his own decay, and his people's calamity. Indeed, there is no ſuch thing as an art of government, any more than an art of honeſty. The very notion is pernicious, and leads to thoſe evils it would avoid: it ſets cunning in the place of wiſdom; and cunning is, at beſt, but a prudence for parts, wiſdom for the whole.

This with regard chiefly to foreign powers. With regard to his own people; as he is the fountain of law, he will enact that of gratitude for himſelf, though it is, nay becauſe it is, too refined in its nature, to ſtand enacted for a whole people. It is the nobleſt part of his prerogative to enjoy ſublime virtues, which others cannot reach. Hence, like that great maſter which he ſerves, he himſelf is never ſerved in vain: but every ſubject finds his account in it: he gives titles to merit by his power, and merit to titles by his example.

He

He is rather awed, than exalted, by ſeeing millions, ſo like in nature, ſo different in fortune, from himſelf. In humble devotion, he aſks God the cauſe; and finds no anſwer, but in the ſuperiority of his merit.

He conſiders a throne, only as the beſt argument this world can afford for man's acquieſcence in it; and finding that invalid, is more powerfully, than others, converted to the thoughts of a throne eternal.

By his powerful example he makes religion the mode, and virtue a court-accompliſhment. The court catches the example of the prince, the country of the court; thus the whole nation wears the image, and ſuperſcription of Cæſar. Pride, ambition, intereſt, and adulation, though ſworn foes of religion, come over to its party: and this he will do, not only if he is zealous for religion, but if he has any. For an avowed indifference for religion, is ſecret atheiſm.

He knows that religion is his all, either as a prince, or as a man. He knows, that as a prince, religion is the ſtrength of empire; the great palladium fabled of old Troy, and prophetic of every other ſtate, without which all falls to the ground. Vice may gain an empire, religion alone can preſerve it.

He knows as a man, that religion is the ſingle means of perſonal peace: that all our complaints are nothing but the natural, the neceſſary bleatings of ſtray and helpleſs beings after their almighty parent;

who

who waits their return into the paths of virtue, there, and there only, to quiet those complaints; and lead them into paſtures everlaſting, by the rivers of comfort, and in the beams of glory.

Knowing this, he becomes ſo familiar with the ſenſe of death; that he is foreign to the fear of it. He thinks it more fit, by his tranſcendent valour, and public virtues, to leave the fear of his own death entirely to his people. The fear of death is all the braveſt is ſure to conquer; and this is a conqueſt which he retains inviolated, although his enemy ſhould win the field.

The life of a ſubject is from nature; of a prince, from excellence. One conſiſts in the union of ſoul, and body; the other in the union of his people's happineſs, and his own glory; one in being, the other in reigning well. He thinks himſelf no where vulnerable, but in the welfare of his dominions. Is much leſs deſirous of living as a man, than of dying as a prince. And knows full well that it is not the perſon, but the virtue of a prince that truly reigns.

Now as religion, which alone can ſuggeſt ſuch glorious thoughts, is ſupported by the laws, (ſpoken of above) ſo laws are formed by counſel. To counſel he lends a willing ear; nor thinks it any derogation from his perſonal wiſdom. That is ſhown moſt in being avaricious of all means to promote it. Fools alone are content with themſelves. Furthermore, he ſhows himſelf ſuperior to his counſellors, among their

their various advice, by chuſing the beſt. Which no one can do, but who has a full comprehenſion of, and perhaps a judgment above, them all. Thus by taking counſel, he ſhows how little he ſtood in need of it.

Of a good prince's benevolence, a whole national wiſdom is the counſellor; imperial power the ſervant; ſelf-intereſt the victim; glory the ray; kingdoms its object; and a double immortality its reward.

He knows his counſellors, but keeps himſelf unknown. There is a robe, if I may ſo ſpeak, becoming the mind, as well as the perſon of princes, which ſhows dignity, and creates reſpect. A nakedneſs of heart is indecent, and dangerous in them. His wiſdom promotes goodneſs, his reſerve enforces his wiſdom with the people; and keep his miniſters in awe.

He retains his majeſty in all circumſtances, which is his natural robe in his glory; and his natural guard in all diſtreſs. As Marius found it, though no good man.

Though, therefore, he is moſt liberal of affection, and favour to deſerving counſellors, yet he ſhews it like a prince. He condeſcends with ſuperiority, and rather makes his diſtance the greater by it. It is hard to make a ſubject an equal, without making him a ſuperior; and that prince is poor, who has it not in his power to let a ſubject into a new ſecret with him.

As

As he loves counſel, he muſt diſreliſh flattery, which is its reverſe; the poiſon of it. He muſt diſlike it, too, as it is a traitor, and ſtabs with its ſmile. For why falſe applauſe, if there is foundation for true? Every flouriſh ſuppoſes the abſence of a fact; and facts are the real praiſe. And as he reſents flattery, he takes the nobleſt revenge by deſtroying it; by turning, what was deſigned as flattery, into truth, by new attainments in perfection. He has more ſubjects than a bad prince would have in the ſame dominion; for his paſſions, and his flatterers are among them, which reign elſewhere.

He is as perfect, and truly great as poſſible; not only for his ſubjects general good, but for their perſonal glory. That a ſubject to ſuch a prince may be a character of dignity. And what can, there, be wanting, where it is an honour to obey?

Of his perfection he gives a proof by being gracious, and affable to all. For real worth can afford to condeſcend; the diſputed will be proud. He is eaſy of acceſs, as it opens a door for the larger knowledge to come in; and (what he values more) for the larger relief, and bleſſing to flow out on the reſpective wants, and deſerts of his people. And, likewiſe, as this acceſs lets in light upon him, for the meaneſt of his ſubjects to ſee his manners, and infer his commands. For he would have his ſubjects tell themſelves their duty: and had much rather that his royal pleaſure ſhould be collected from his life, than promulged by his authority. Hence the people will be ready to obey the leaſt intimation of his will. "He breathes, "and the waters flow."

Hence a glorious traffic between the prince, and people. He is ever conferring kind regards, and ever receiving them. And receiving more than the people think they confer. For his juſtice obliges them to perform their duty; and his goodneſs looks on that duty performed, as a favour to himſelf, becauſe a bleſſing to them.

But there is another traffic between him, and his people, of bounty and tribute. He is like heaven, they like earth; his liberality is caſual, their gratitude at ſtated times; his bounty deſcends in ſhowers, they yield him fruit in due ſeaſon.

Frugality is the virtue of a ſubject, liberality of a prince. Profuſion is merit, expence is good huſbandry in him. It fecundates the land for his own uſe. Theſe oppoſites are reſpective virtues in them, becauſe the people ever ſupplies, the prince is ever ſupplied, and his own expence continues the circulation. A prince's coffer is as the heart of a nation, which keeps proſperity alive, by receiving, and emitting its treaſure, (which is its blood) with a pulſe eternal.

Nor does he leſs promote proſperity by cheriſhing arts and induſtry. He cheriſhes arts, and ſciences, as the glory of the nation, and income of the crown; as the growth of a free, and the cauſe of a happy people; and denies them nothing, but a more glorious theme than his own actions, and virtues.

He makes his people ſhine with induſtry in peace, that they may be the fonder of it, having much to loſe by war. And he forms them terrible for war, that they may keep it at the greater diſtance. He draws his ſword, that he may have no occaſion for its uſe.

To

To promote the wealth, and ſpare the blood of his people, he had rather prevail by treaties, and accommodation, than by conqueſt. Treaties, moreover, give him an undivided glory; in which his ſubjects do not partake; as they do in his victories. Conqueſt can only proclaim him a ſoldier: prudently declining it, a prince. It was a Roman law, that no general ſhould triumph who had ſlain leſs than five thouſand of the enemy; but the preſervation of a ſingle citizen, was a triumph eternal. Its oaken garland hung, for ever ſacred, on the columns of the imperial palace.

The greater his power, the leſs uſe he makes of it; and takes the more pleaſure, and noble pride in aiding and protecting, becauſe he is able to moleſt, and deſtroy. Misfortunes often prove advantages under him, becauſe they recommend to his notice, and patronage.

But if war is inevitable, he leads his armies in perſon; as the leaſt expenſive way of doubling their numbers; for every ſoldier aſſumes a new ſpirit from the preſence of his prince. Danger, and death become objects of deſire, and envy, when ſhared in common with him. He ſhows in all, that he is a prince from nature, and not from fortune; that his people were the only gainers when he put on a crown, which made no real acceſſion to himſelf. He is, in a word, what other princes would appear: thus, and thus only, a prince hereditary becomes, in effect, a prince elective too. A prince purely hereditary, only enjoys thoſe honours, which his anceſtors deſerved. They raiſed virtue from themſelves, and from virtue, glory. Their heir partly in-

herits their glory, though he wants their virtue. But that glory, like a gathered flower, ſevered from the root, cannot flouriſh long.

Therefore the good prince inſpires his princely ſpirit into thoſe that ſpring from him, and ſends the paternal luſtre through the whole royal race. Nor is youth incapable of glory, nor will this divine afflatus be loſt upon it. David was a great conqueror before he was a man. Æmilius Lepidus, yet a boy, ſlew an enemy in battle, and ſaved the life of a citizen: for which he had a ſtatue covered with the toga puerilis ſet up in the Capitol. Cato, when a boy, though threatened with death for his obſtinacy, was a chief cauſe of denying the Latins the liberties of Rome: and being carried by his tutor to viſit Sylla, ſeeing the heads of proſcribed perſons brought into his palace, aſked his tutor for a ſword that he might kill the tyrant. Caſſius, gave a blow to one of his fellows at ſchool, little inferior, in glory, to that in the Capitol. And Alcibiades, yet a boy, gave advice to his uncle Pericles, a great, and wiſe man, which he followed, in a point of the greateſt conſequence to himſelf, and his country. But perhaps theſe diſtant examples will not be able to keep your thoughts entirely from glancing homeward on a ſubject of this nature.

He reputes reaſon his greateſt ſtrength; his people's welfare, his beſt revenue; doing his duty, his moſt certain ſucceſs; his own good deeds, his ſtrongeſt guard; out-bleſſing others, his choiceſt prerogative; diſdain of ambition, his brighteſt glory; forbearing conqueſt, his nobleſt fortitude; and his ſupreme triumph, his being able not to conquer, when conqueſt is not for the public good.

A prince

A prince muſt, however, be potent for war, though paſſionately for peace; or he cheriſhes, in vain, an expectation of enjoying it long. He that preſerves a poſture for arms in peace, has made the beſt ſtep towards victory in war.

He labours for the good, wakes for the care, feels for the wants, lives for the glory, or ſets death at defiance for the preſervation of the whole. The good prince is the eye of government that never cloſes; the hand of government that is never weary; the heart of government that never ceaſes pouring out the vital ſtreams of prudence and good-will; to feed, and ſupport the public ſafety, and the public peace.

To theſe, (and to theſe deities only) were two ſtatues erected by Auguſtus; a name that brings me back to the main drift of my diſcourſe, "the reve-"rence for government." For this title, (which till then was ſacred to the Gods alone,) was choſen by the wiſeſt of princes, well apprized of what moment was the majeſty of dominion, and a due veneration for his power. Nor want we a ſtill greater authority to this purpoſe, greater I mean as to us, from a prince of the ſame name, opinion, and dignity on the Britiſh throne.

A good prince I conceive to be ſuch a character as I have here deſcribed.

A good people, and a very good people indeed, is that, which —— deſerves him. Of both prince and people the perfection is one, a public-ſpirit. And be this an eternal maxim; "Kings, kingdoms, and in-"dividuals, all periſh, like the boy in the fable, "through a miſtaken love of themſelves."

Illuſtrious examples of public ſpirit, were Codrus the

the king of Athens; Trasybulus and Themistocles of the same country; the Philæni of Carthage; Junius Brutus, the Curtii, Genutius Cipus, Ælius Patus, the Decii, Scipio Africanus, and the Catos of Rome.

But, where is Athens? where is Carthage? where is Rome? The seat of science is darkened; the regent of the seas is sunk; the conqueror of the world is nothing. Their glories are gone; they are passed by, as a bubble on a stream, or the thought of a drunken man; as a post, or a shadow by day, as a watch, or a vision by night; though their cities were of marble, their mighty monuments of brass; though the mountains fell, and the rivers flowed, as they bid them; though their roots struck deep in earth, and their heads rose high in heaven. Of what, once, was all, now, nothing remains, but what virtue has preserved. Illustrious names! that lay death under foot, and take hold of immortality. Nothing is there which the strength, or art of man can acquire, except virtue, but is fugitive as air, and evanid as a vapour. Of virtue, the fairest field is empire. Nor have we cause to question, but the prince we serve will convince us that nature is not partial; that she does not indulge her public spirits, and sublime accomplishments, only to particular ages, or nations of the world. We know our prince's justice; we know his valour. These are the two master-pillars of a state; one founds its basis in peace, the other in war; and the constitution with safety may rely upon them. Nay, the more it relies, the firmer its support. Distrust is ruinous of that safety it desires, and disobeys my text, "Honour the "king." Let Britons put their confidence in two things

things which cannot deceive; a good prince, and his only maſter; and this confidence will be returned to them in kind, from the reſt of the world: nay, it will do more, much more than the riſe of national credit, much more than the moſt flouriſhing commerce, than the moſt victorious fleets, and armies, than the conqueſt of mankind; it will give them a kingdom, when kingdoms are no more; when the ſun is gone out, it will give them light everlaſting.

Or if a profligate age more greedily liſtens after temporal advantages; be it known, that the Romans, as they were the moſt proſperous, ſo were they the moſt religious people in the world: for religious duties, and rites, they had what they called their pontifical inſtitutions; for entrance on ſecular action, they had their auguries, as a divine authority for it; for predictions, they had their books of prophets; for averting ill omens, they had their doctrines from Etruria. They never commenced any thing without prayer; never prayed for any thing, without vows; never received any bleſſing without thankſgiving; never offered thankſgiving, without the coſt of ſacrifice. This poured in upon them the rapid conqueſt of numberleſs cities, mighty kings, and the moſt martial countries on earth; this carried them over the ſeas, and Alps; this made Romulus's handful of hay, the glorious ſtandard of the nations, and raiſed his cottage into a mighty dome, where the tribute and homage of all climates, and languages, was paid to the maſters of the world; and where incenſe was offered, as to Gods, at their deceaſe. With the Jews, virtue, and vice, ſucceſs, and defeat, were weighed,

as

as it were, in a balance, and with a ſcrupulous exactneſs, never failed to correſpond. If, therefore, Britain has her complaints, ſhe ſees her remedy. Who that looks into the hiſtories of Providence, can doubt of this truth? Who that looks into the lives of men, can, poſſibly, believe it?

The ſubject which I have choſen, on this occaſion, is as wide, as it is noble, which will, I hope, excuſe my length; and it is as delicate as wide, which will, I hope, excuſe other faults, if not in eſſentials; if in eſſentials, he that confutes, obliges me: for truth, and the general reaſon of things, is aimed at throughout, with an entire abſtinence from party, without which, moſt modern compoſitions would be famiſhed: party, which was diſclaimed in the firſt ſtep of this diſcourſe; party, the bane of virtue, the cover of inſufficiency, the tool of diſhoneſty, the boaſt of fools, the calamity of the wiſe, the triumph of our enemies, the reverſe of public-ſpirit, and the moſt fatal relic of this day's iniquity; party, to be ſhunned by all, but moſt by us: ſhall we divide a ſingle audience, who ſhould, if poſſible, unite the whole world?

"FORBID it, O God of order, and government! "who ſtilleſt the waves thereof when they ariſe; O "king of ſaints, and martyrs! give princes, which "are thy own anointed, and the breath of our noſtrils, "a charge over us, to defend us with their wings, "and make us ſafe under their feathers; in return, "O Lord, ſatisfy them with long life, and then ſhow "them thy ſalvation; through Jeſus Chriſt our "ſaviour, and redeemer. Amen."

FINIS.